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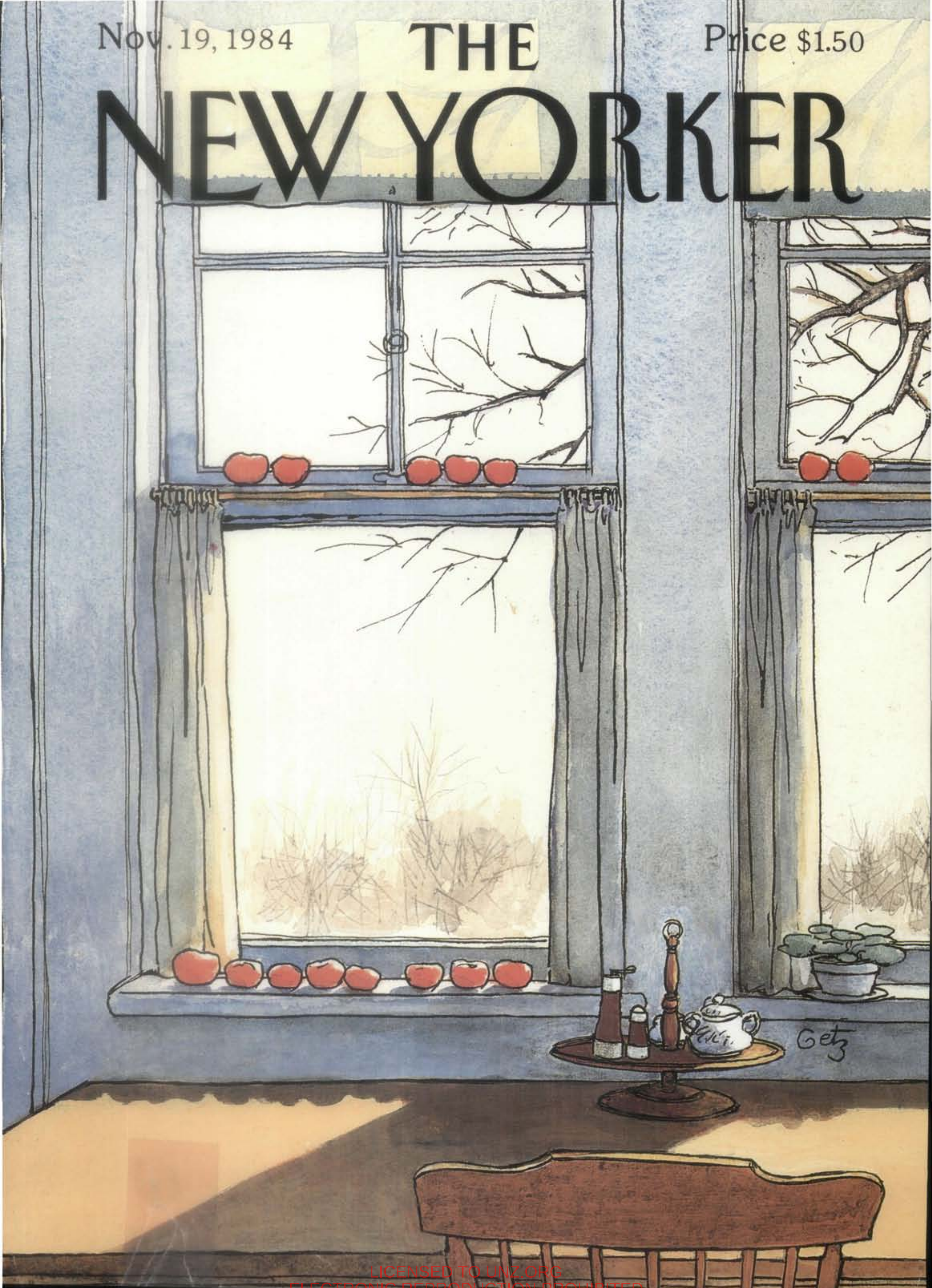

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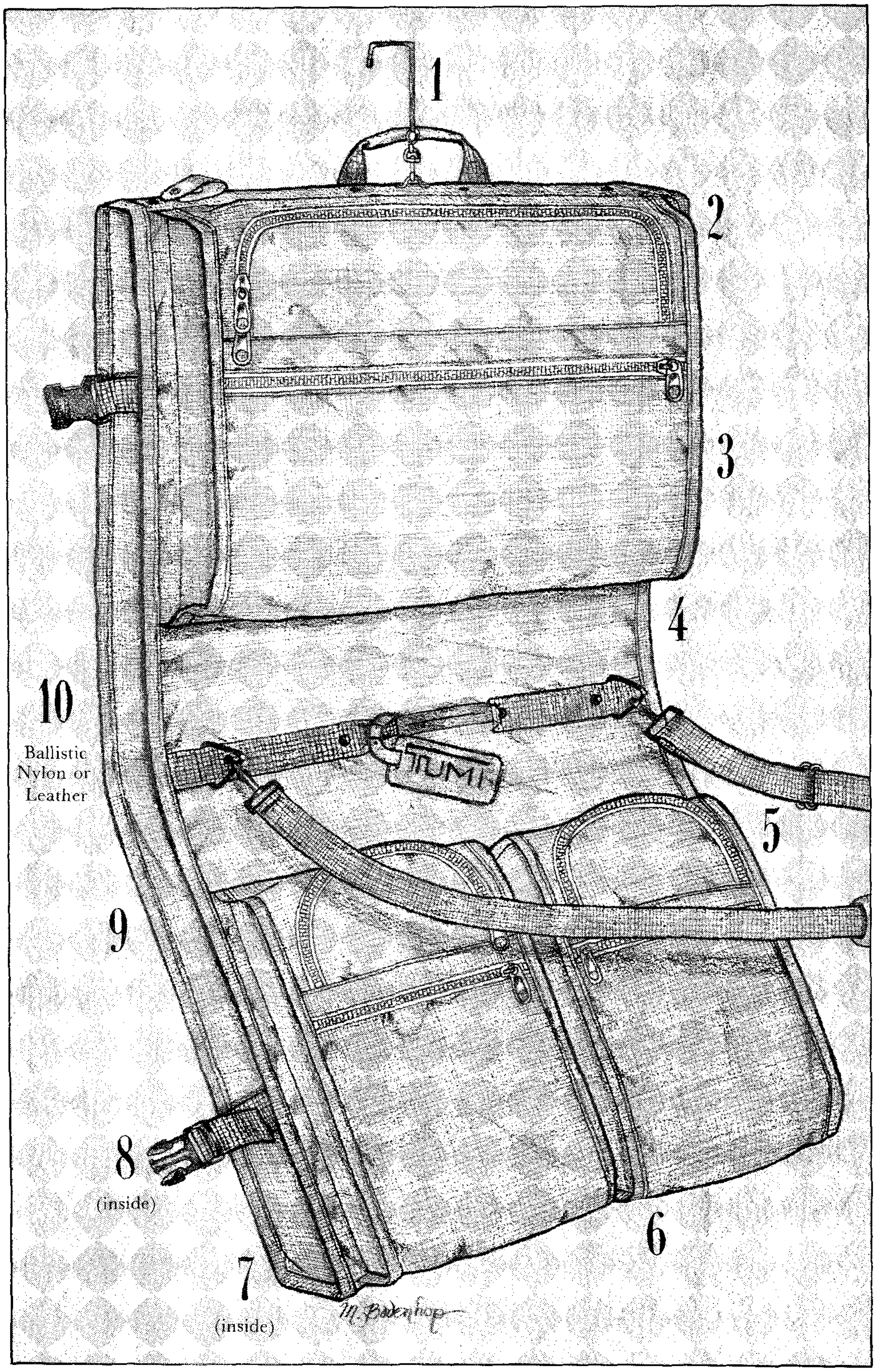

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accidental Death of an Anarchist—A farce by Dario Fo, adapted by Richard Nelson, with Jonathan Pryce. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 15, at 6:45. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy do everything possible to make this rather dusty sitcom seem a better piece of work than it is. The author, Lawrence Roman, has much to tell us about the nature of family life, but little of it rings true. (10/29/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Ballad of Soapy Smith—A play by Michael Weller. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman, aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in New York. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (10/22/84) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22-23, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30. Special performances Friday, Nov. 23, at 7 and 10.)

Burkie—A play by Bruce Graham. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

The Country Girl—Despite the presence of three excellent actors—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—this revival of Clifford Odets' play about backstage life never takes wing. (10/29/84) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists in being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Thursday and Friday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Anne Swift, Frank Converse, and John Glover, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1956 musical **Bells Are Ringing**, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feathertop—A musical with music and lyrics by Skip Kennon and a book by Bruce Peyton,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41
"FOIE GRAS" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 46
"COMPLAINT" (POEM) . . . . *Gjertrud Schnackenberg* 48
"MASCARA" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Spires* 58
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CHINA) . . . . *Orville Schell* 86
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN) 154
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 171
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 174
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 184
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 184
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 190

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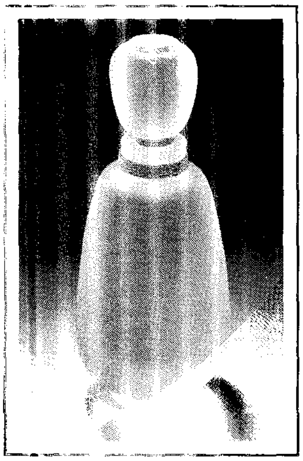

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based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story of the same name. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A musical revue conceived and directed by its star, André De Shields. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 18, at 6:30. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In Celebration—A feeble drama by David Storey about three grown men who return to their home in Yorkshire to celebrate their parents' fortieth wedding anniversary. Feeble or not, much of the dialogue is very good, and the cast, which includes Malcolm McDowell, Frank Grimes, and Pauline Flanagan, is nothing short of exemplary. (Reviewed in this issue.) (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

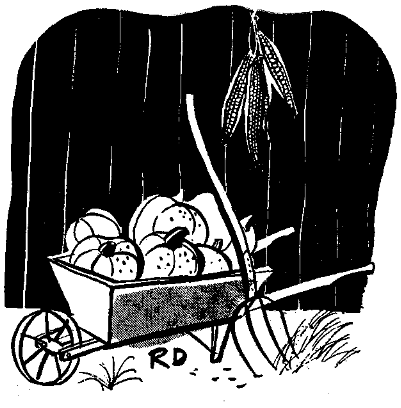
Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 18: Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 21: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba, as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder was the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes were by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)



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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 14, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. Rostand's grand old warhorse, **CYRANO DE BERGERAC,** has been ill dealt with in this production. The director, Terry Hands, so clever in his exploration of "Much Ado About Nothing," makes the mistake of exaggerating everything in "Cyrano," heating up the rhetoric at the very moment when it is most in need of being cooled. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack as Cyrano and Roxane are helpless under the circumstances. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8; Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** This is a brilliant production of the wittiest (and cruellest) of Shakespeare's comedies. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack play the quarrelling lovers Benedick and Beatrice. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3; Friday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

Shlemiel the First—Isaac Bashevis Singer's comedy about a Jewish simpleton is pleasantly performed under Edward Cohen's direction. (11/5/84) (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Streetsongs—A return engagement of Geraldine Fitzgerald's one-woman show, originally seen in 1979. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Three Musketeers—A dismal travesty of the original Friml operetta, which delighted our grandparents in the twenties. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Welcome to Black River—A play by Samm-Art Williams. Opens Thursday, Nov. 15, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—A revival of a little topical review that is just as merry and refreshing as its predecessor. (11/5/84) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.). . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tender-hearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,216 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

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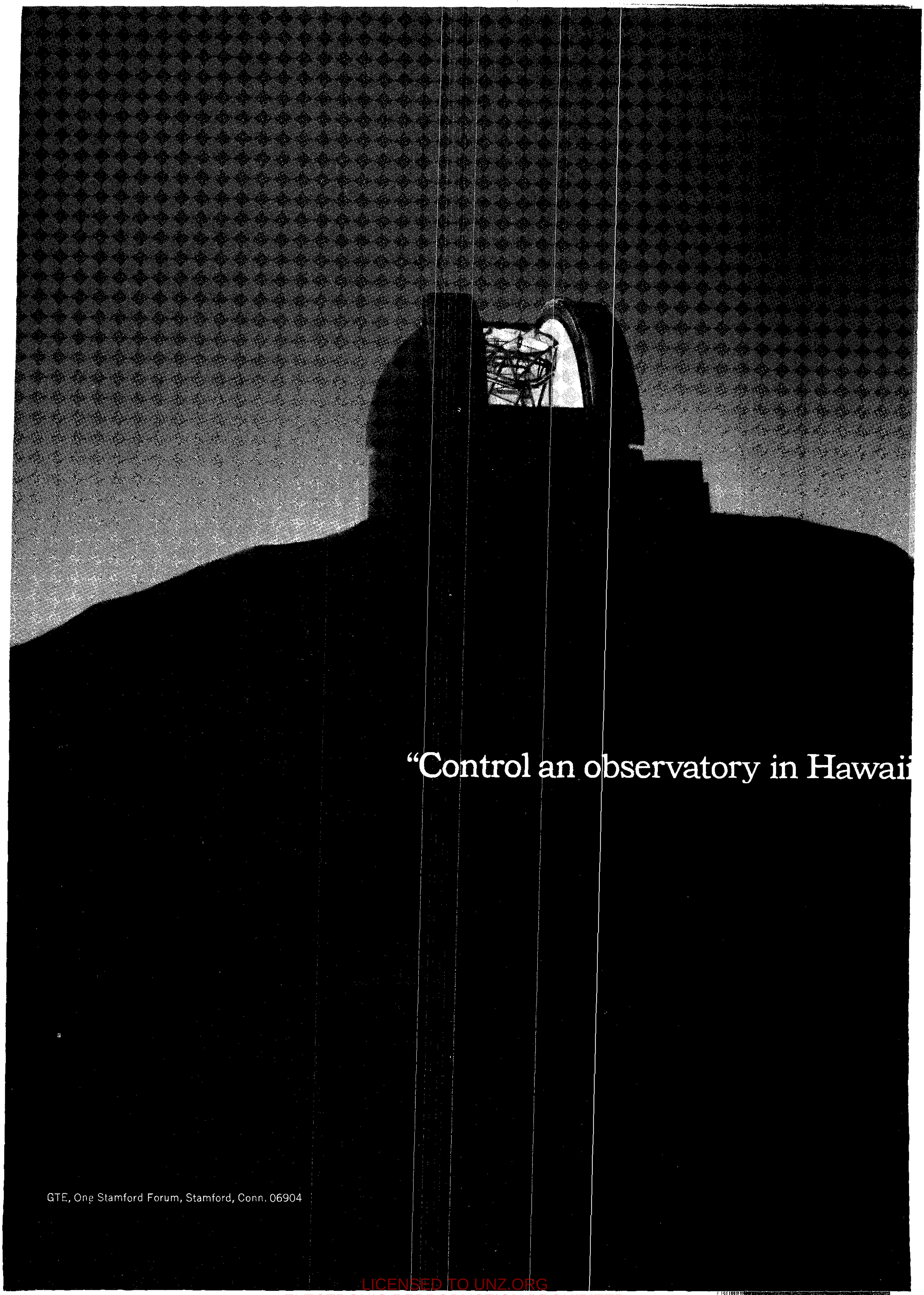
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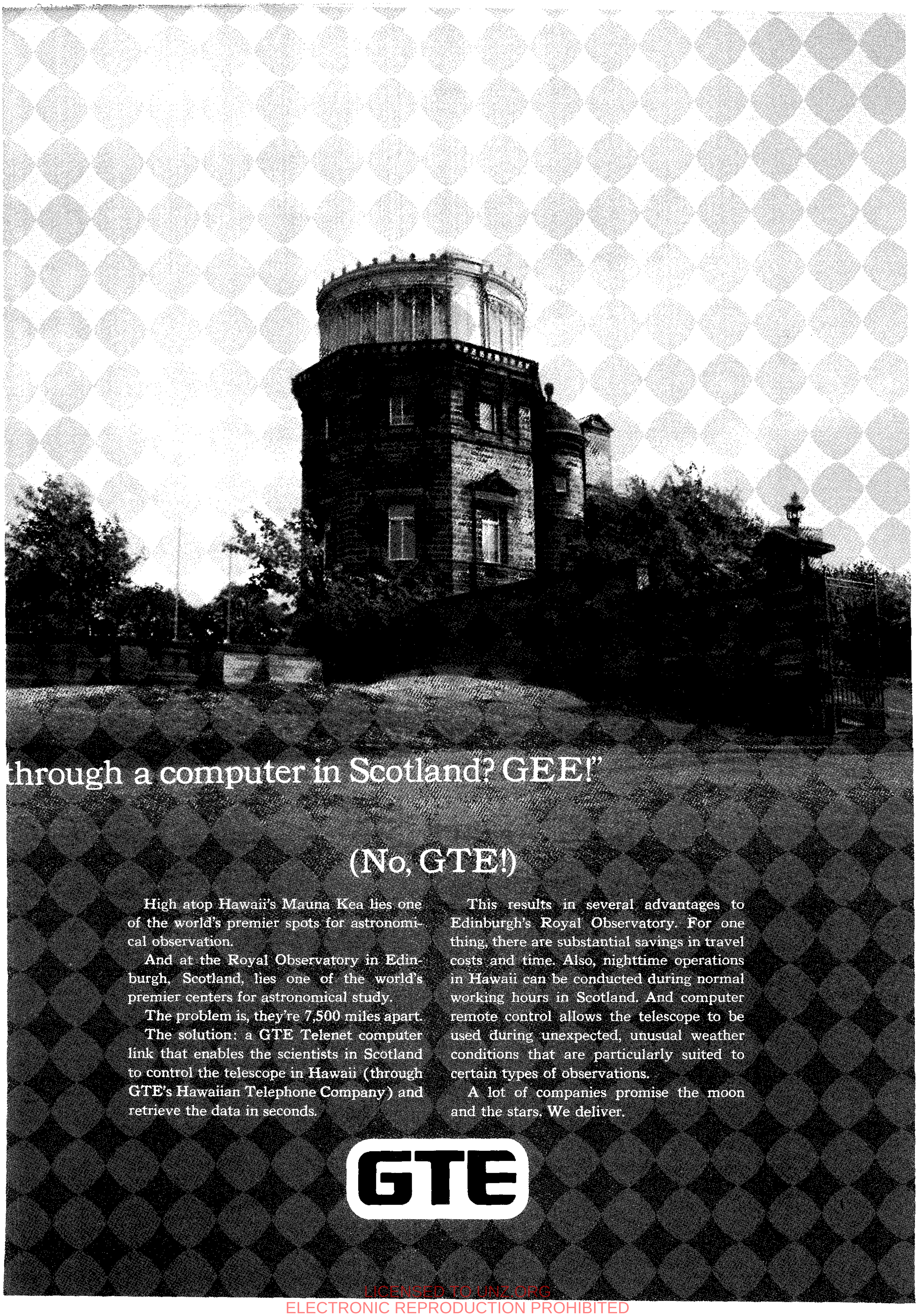

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Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Sandy Duncan and Don Correia in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting "The Zoo," a one-act operetta by Arthur Sullivan and B. C. Stephenson. (George and Annette Murphy Sports and Arts Center, at Asphalt Green, 555 E. 90th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15-16, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 4 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7472.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes, will open Friday, Nov. 16, and run through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Nov. 16, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 18, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 11 and 2:30; Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 24—Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Bugaku," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Symphony in C." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585 or 870-5676, Monday through Friday.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Swan Lake," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

DANCING INK II—A multimedia work, combining dancing by the Ohad Naharin Dance Company with music and projected images of Chinese calligraphy. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7 and 9:30 [benefit performances], and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15-16, at 8. A half hour before the performances on Thursday and Friday, there will be a demonstration of Chinese calligraphy.)

DINOSAUR DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 14-17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

LISA KRAUS AND DANCERS—Presenting "The Watchers," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

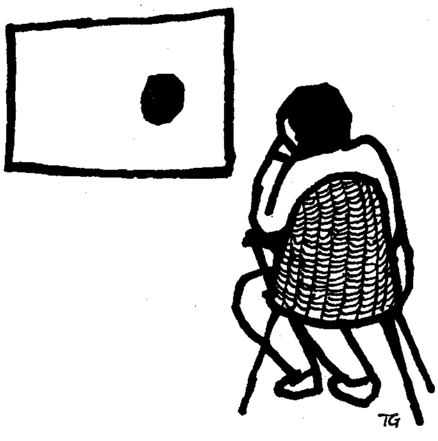
SAEKO ICHINOHE AND COMPANY—In a program of modern dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8. For tickets, call 246-4779.)

KOL DEMAMA DANCE COMPANY—A troupe from Israel, with both deaf and hearing dancers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21-22, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **DANCEMOVES/IRENE FEIGENHEIMER:** With Gail Stepanek & Company. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18 at 2. . . . **JAZZDANCE/THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer and pianist **STEVE ROSS** is back in action in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Friday, Nov. 16, saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** will head up a combo; on Saturday, Nov. 17, James Sexton will be on hand; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who sings buzzing accompaniment (à la Slam Stewart) to his instrumental solos, will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Latin-jazz alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and harmonica player **TOOTS THIELEMANS** are both on hand through Sunday, Nov. 18; Monday, Nov. 19, will belong to pianist Miranda Hentoff and the Carol Chaikin–Laura Dreyer quintet; and on Tuesday, Nov. 20, fiery tenor saxophonists **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will arrive with their quintet. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 14, **DOC WATSON,** the great North Carolinian folk-singer and flat-picking guitarist; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, comic **MORT SAHL;** Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 18-20, "Accentuate the Positive," a salute to Johnny Mercer; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, singer Al Stewart. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, Nov. 17, and **BROSS TOWNSEND** and **BOB CUNNINGHAM** starting Monday, Nov. 19. Sunday, Nov. 18, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will work with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—**JIMMY LYON,** urbane and swinging, can be found at the piano from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—New York's **BOBBY SHORT** season is under way in the Café Carlyle. Assisting Mr. Short, as usual, are bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and songwriters Porter, Coward, Gershwin, Sondheim, and Coleman. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist and Art Tatum admirer, performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here through Sunday, Nov. 18, and on Tuesday,

E 1985 TOYOTA CRESSIDA

FOR PEOPLE
WHO WANT IT ALL
WITHOUT
PAYING FOR IT ALL.

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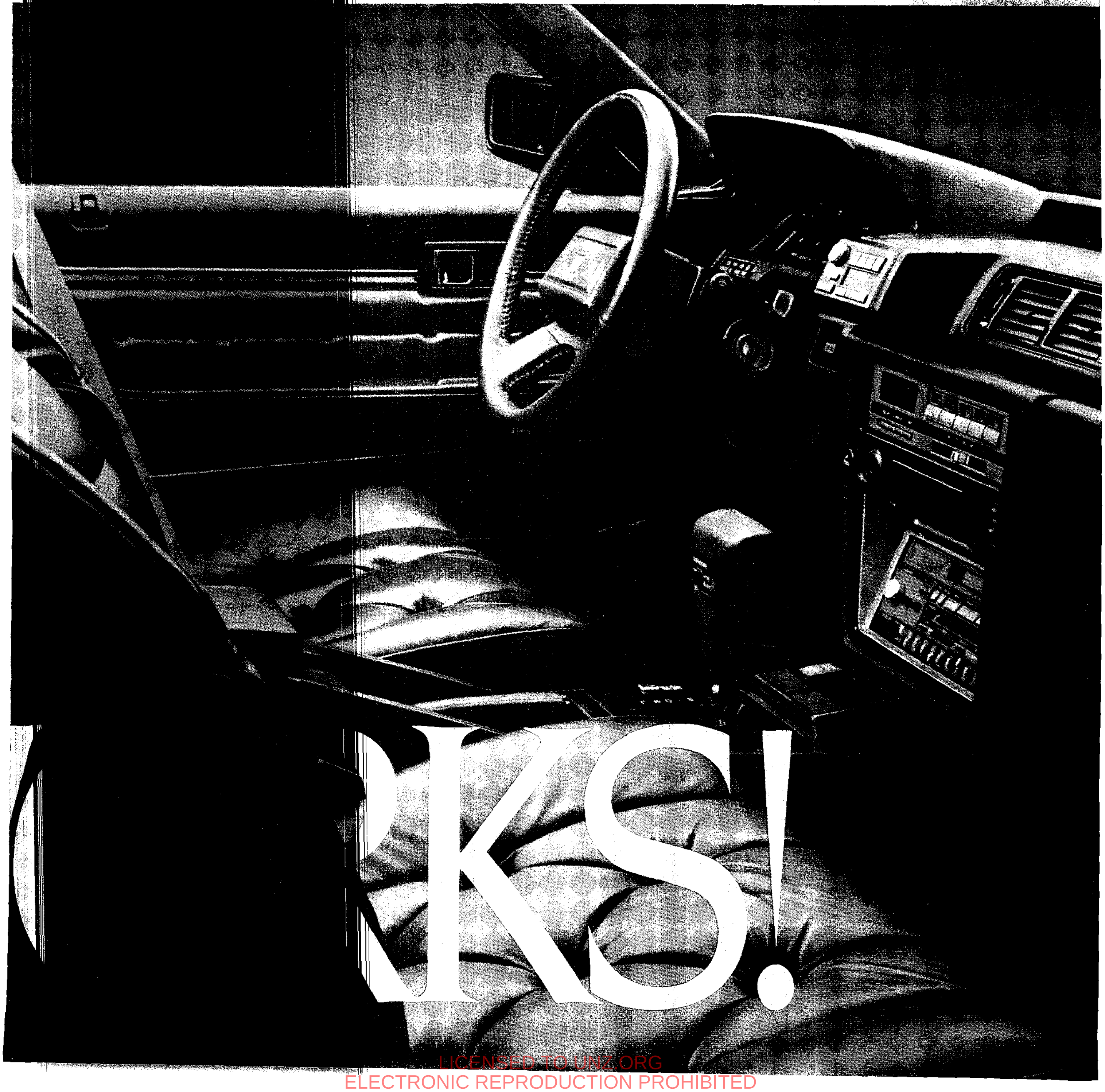
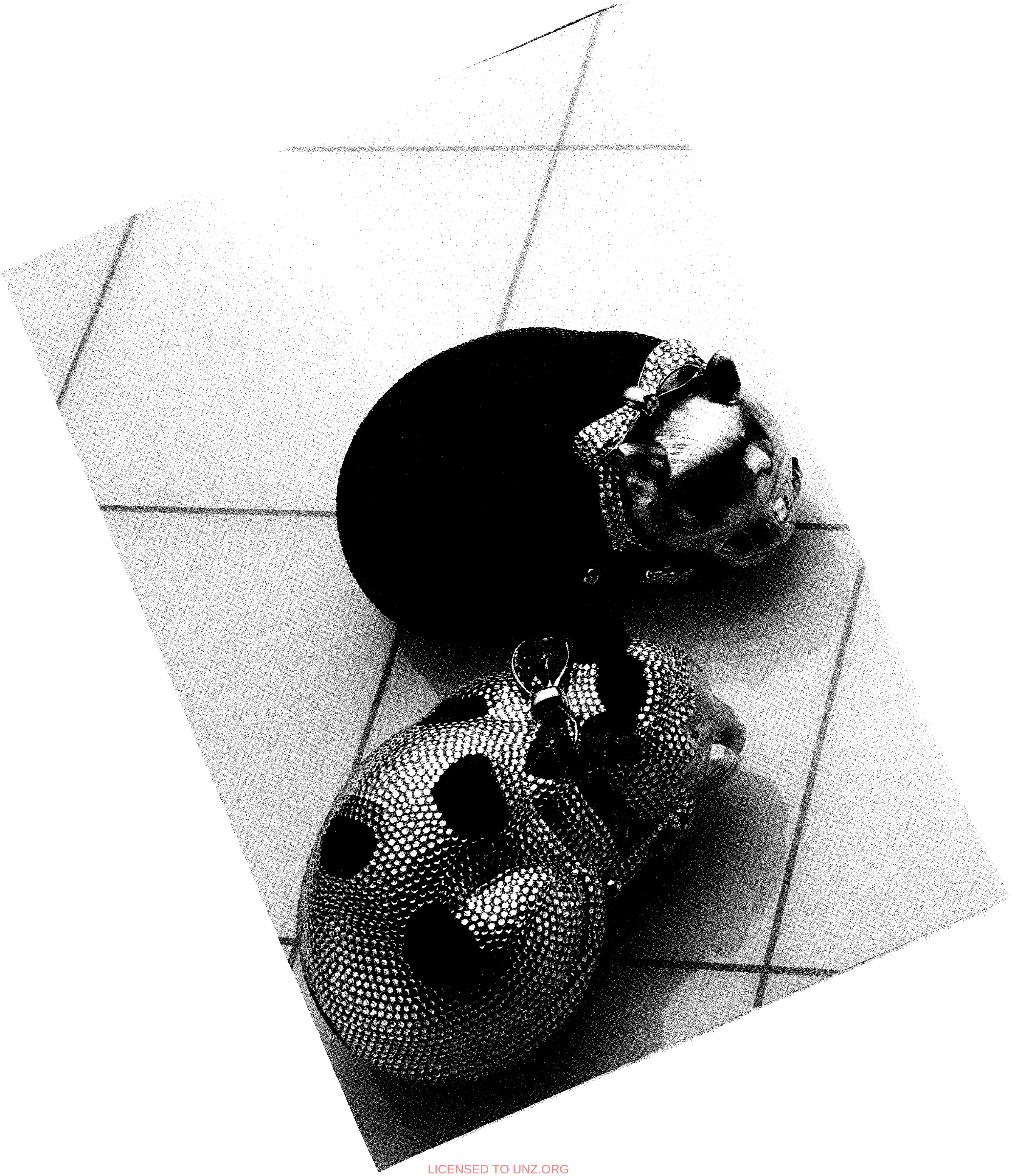
THE ALL-NEW CRESSIDA.
2.8 LITER, TWIN CAM-6, MEMORY TILT STEERING WHEEL
7-WAY DRIVER'S SEAT, ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION, THEFT-
9-BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER/POWER ANTENNA, POWER
STEERING, DUAL POWER REMOTE MIRRORS W/DEFOGGER
EUROPEAN AERODYNAMIC HEADLAMPS, REMOTE TRUNK/
ALLOY WHEELS, AUTOMATIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL A/C

OH WHAT A FEELING!

ONTROLLED AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE,
M, TECHNICS* AM/FM/MPX/CASSETTE
DOOR LOCKS, SPEED SENSING POWER
-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION,
E, STEEL BELTED RADIALS, ALUMINUM
ENTILATED DISC BRAKES, REAR WINDOW DE





Judith Leiber

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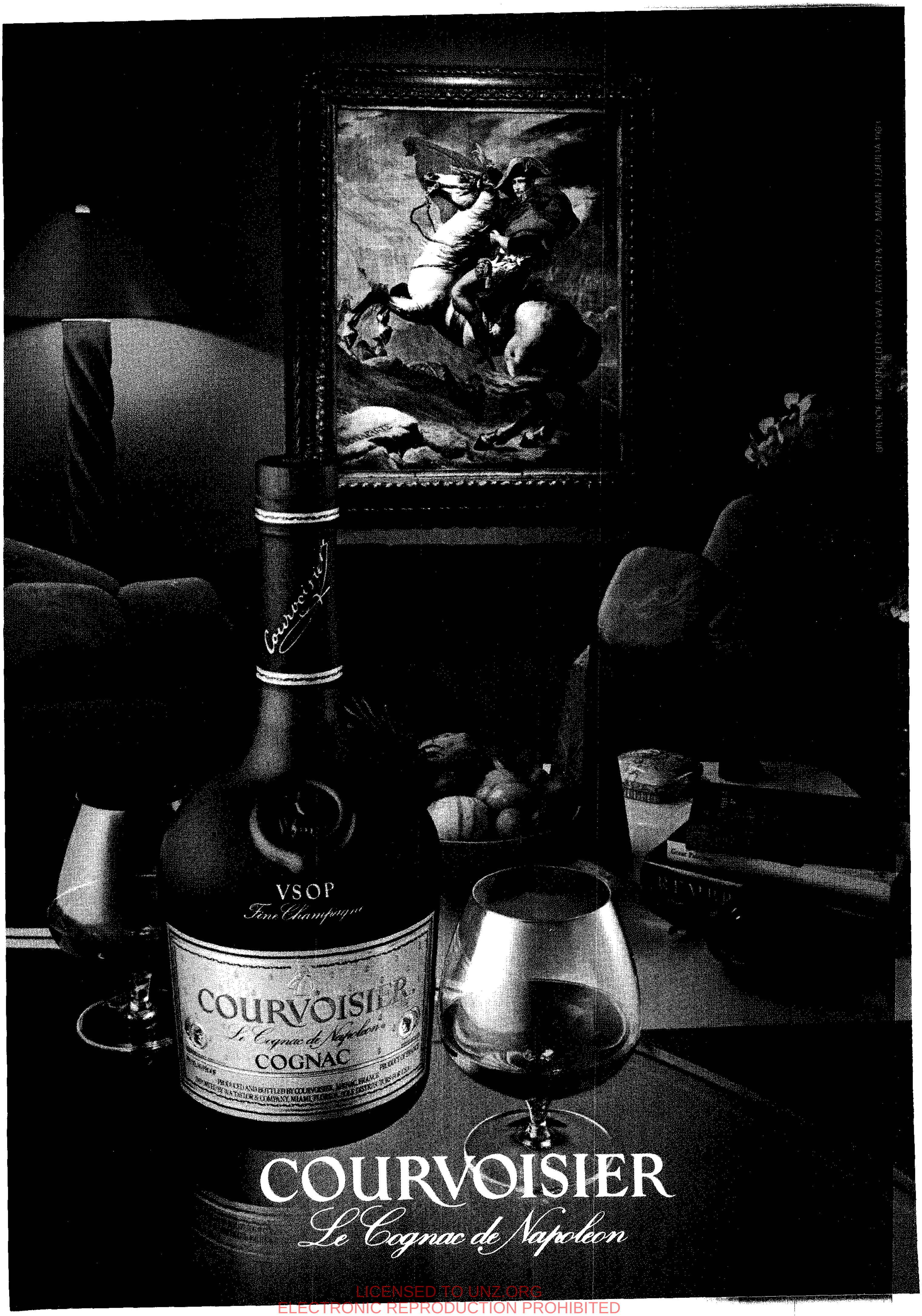
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
COGNAC
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
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Nov. 20, keyboardist and vocalist **LES MC CANN** will come in with his band. Mondays are claimed by guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the father of reverb, sound on sound, and multi-track recording. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 14, Peter Spencer; Thursday, Nov. 15, Glass Menagerie; Friday, Nov. 16, John Stewart; Saturday, Nov. 17, Suzanne Vega; Sunday, Nov. 18, the Long Island Fisherman; and Wednesday, Nov. 21, Hoy Boy & the Doys. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of the City Light Orchestra, a swing band, through Saturday, Nov. 17. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, former scientist and Fats Waller-inspired pianist Henry Francis will take charge. **JIMMY LYON** is the Sunday piano man, and **DICK HYMAN** shows up on the piano bench on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS,** and Monday through Thursday, Nov. 19-22, New Orleans' own **NEVILLE BROTHERS.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Silken tenor-sax soloist **STAN GETZ** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 18, and on Tuesday, Nov. 20, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will begin singing here. Mondays now belong to the **TOSHIKO AKYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Disc jockey and singer Jonathan Schwartz performs a program called "Illusions" Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The jazz-heavy lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, saxophonist **LOU MARINI** and trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play spirited, uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Nov. 14, Iron Cross, U.S. Chaos, and Black Market Baby; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, **FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD** and the Great Imposters; Wednesday, Nov. 21, Hanoi Rocks; and Saturday, Nov. 24, the Church. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

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St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room pianist **JOE BUSHKIN,** with the aid of a six-piece band, celebrates his fifty years in show business Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, singer Miles Jaye; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian and other music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, African bands, Caribbean bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval*-like music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Nov. 14, **OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP;** Thursday, Nov. 15, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Nov. 18, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 20-21, **SONNY OKOSUN;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Dining. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ARTHUR BLYTHE,** whose lush, full-but-not-too-filling tone on his alto sax ought to be heard live, is leading a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 18. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, ex-Basie-ites tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and **AL GREY,** the spunky trombonist, will take charge. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his **BIG BAND,** with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Nov. 19, **TITO PUENTE** & his Latin/Jazz Ensemble and **LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ** will be present. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** can be found on the job nightly, except Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** lead their stirring quintet through Sunday, Nov. 18; on Tuesday, Nov. 20, **ELVIN JONES,** an Olympian of a drummer, will bring in his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. The great saxophonist, trumpeter, and composer **BENNY CARTER** is appearing on Morningside Heights through Saturday, Nov. 17, and on Monday, Nov. 19. R. & B. and bebop tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will begin working with his quintet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** trade solos Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** jams with his longtime partner **MICHAEL MOORE,** and on Mondays Jim Roberts and Brian Torff play together. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

American Folk Roots—The first in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to Southern mountain music. With Doug Wallin, Stanley Hicks, and the Hired Hands. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Cure—With Certain Generals. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Martin Carthy & John Kirkpatrick—Alternative Museum. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7.

Tom Glazer—Presenting a benefit concert for the Corlears School Scholarship Fund. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2.)

Jerry Garcia—With Robert Hunter. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Psychedelic Furs—With the Bangles. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Don McLean—With the Jordanaires, in a benefit for Greenpeace. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Culture Club—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Scandal—With Patty Smyth. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 10: Pablo Moses & the Revolutionary Dream Band and the I-Tones. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 10: Violent Femmes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8 and 11:30: Cecil Taylor Unit. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 10: Del Fuegos and Brave Combo. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

Jazz Films—David Chertok presenting film clips of Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Benny Goodman. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—A two-gallery show of recent Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Romare Bearden—Watercolors inspired by Obeah rituals. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Eleanor De Laittre and John von Wicht (1888-1970)—Nonobjective paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 15. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stephen De Staebler—Rough-finished bronze sculptures of body fragments—a detached leg, for instance, or one side of a male figure. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

William Dole—Collages. Through Dec. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Oils as well as preparatory watercolors that have an electricity lost in the formal works. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ Oils and watercolors. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and collages. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) All shows through Dec. 29.

Seymour Fogel—Wood constructions, both

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painted and raw, plus oils and drawings, dating from 1964 to the present. Through Dec. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Charles Garabedian—Paintings, including the five-part "Crazy Horse's Strategy," which combines abstraction with American Indian motifs. Through Dec. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstract Expressionist works painted during the fifties. Through Dec. 1. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Balcomb Greene—Paintings (from geometric abstractions to semi-abstract seascapes and figures) that span his career to date. Through Dec. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

František Kupka (1871-1957)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings by a Czech artist who was in the vanguard of non-representational abstraction. Through Dec. 15. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Two shows of paintings and works on paper. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings comprised of rough-sketched portraits—up to twenty in a single work—on a background of newsprint or graffiti. Through Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Elliot Offner / Helen Hoie—Representational sculptures of fish, fowl, and other creatures—carved in wood and cast in bronze. / Collages using tissue paper, fabric, and printed matter. Through Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jon Schueler—New paintings of cloud forms, a favorite subject. Through Nov. 29. (Sachs, at a new location at 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Sarah Bernhardt and Her Times—A benefit loan show of paintings, sculptures, decorative objects, and numerous other items by Doré, Hugo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Mucha, and other admirers of the French actress, who died in 1923. Through Dec. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: Prodigies of English portraiture—Lawrence, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An assortment of works by Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Kandinsky, and Masson. Through Nov. 28. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Wood is the sole material for works that range from Marisol's carved family portrait to Budd Hopkins' architecturally inspired structures to Chris Griffin's small, intentionally primitive wall pieces. Through Nov. 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Ahearn and Rigoberto Torres—Sculptures cast in plaster from life; ten are portrait busts of City College students. Through Dec. 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Abe Ajay / Emmet Edwards (1906-82)—Box constructions and collages. / Abstract watercolors. Through Nov. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Avigdor Arikha—Quick studies of the New York scene—subway riders, bums, musicians—in graphite and in silverpoint and goldpoint. Through Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Berlind—Portraits of other artists (Eric Fischl and Leon Golub among them), cityscapes, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Brice / George H. Seeley (1880-1955)—Large, lighthearted semi-abstract paintings by an artist who is the son of Fanny Brice. / Soft-focus photographs in a pre-Raphaelite mood. Through Dec. 1. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tom Butter—Colored translucent fibre-glass sculptures with elongated shapes that run from six feet to twelve. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Clough—This artist, who used to paint abstractions over photographs, now paints them over *simulated* photographs, which he brushes in himself. Through Dec. 1. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Pastels of streets and parks in Los Angeles and Chicago, by an artist who usually devotes himself to Manhattan geography. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture, ceramics—the lot. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Max Ernst (1891-1976)—Works retrieved from a house Ernst built in Sedona, Arizona, including cement fragments of a male and a female figure, and of a hand holding a staff. Through Dec. 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Stacked stained-pine sculptures. Through Dec. 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract paintings, drawings, woodcuts. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Beverly Pepper—New abstract paintings. / Pinnacle-shaped sculptures that call attention to their materials—bronze and padouk wood, for example, or steel with a gunmetal finish. Through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist. Through Dec. 8. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ray Lewis—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Oils and watercolors of oversize flowers set against landscapes. Through Dec. 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—A show exclusively of oils by this early modernist who during his lifetime was almost never able to persuade galleries to exhibit them instead of his more celebrated watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Intaglios, primarily dry points. Through Dec. 29. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Box constructions, sometimes depicting a façade, sometimes part of a room in a New England farmhouse. Through Nov. 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

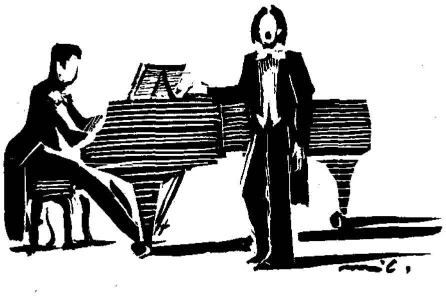
Antine Nivola—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures being exhibited in a two-gallery show. Through Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

Elizabeth Osborne / Roger Winter—Paintings and works on paper. / Landscape paintings in oil. Through Nov. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam—Semi-abstract encaustic paintings and graphite drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Julian Schnabel—Religious and mythical images (sometimes several layers of them) are the main elements in these new outsize paintings done in oil on velvet or wood, paved as usual with broken crockery. Through Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Small paintings of Léger, Magritte, Hopper, and others as this artist imagined them in their studios. Through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)



Harold Stevenson—Drawings in mixed mediums of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian sculpture representing mythological subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Wall constructions and watercolors. Through Dec. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Oils by a veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Dec. 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—Bold, simple abstractions on canvas with pieces of salvaged cardboard added to some of them. Through Dec. 1. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **french,** 41 W. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Bernard Chaet, Alexandre Hogue, Marjorie Portnow, Altoon Sultan, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by contemporary Americans Lennart Anderson, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Gregory Gillespie, and others. Through Dec. 5.

Sculpture—Malvina Hoffman, whose classical figures reflect her apprenticeship with Rodin, is one of eleven early-twentieth-century women artists represented by small bronzes. Through Dec. 8. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Sarah Canright—Abstractions on panels that were cut on the diagonal and then fitted together in a rectangle. Through Dec. 8. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Enzo Cucchi—A two-gallery show of very large, glowering works by this Italian artist, painted on sheet iron, wood, or canvas, and in some cases supplemented with piles of dirt on the floor in front of them. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Dec. 1.)

April Gornik—Landscapes that are wholly imaginary yet somehow clearly in a line of descent from the Hudson River School. Through Dec. 8. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Tom Holland—Wall reliefs and three-dimensional freestanding pieces in painted aluminum-and-fibre glass and marble. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Gerry Morehead—Paintings in which imaginative realist imagery is combined with abstractions. Through Nov. 28. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Divers and nineteenth-century figures are the subjects of new charcoal drawings. Through Dec. 5. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joseph Raffael—Portraits of the artist and his family, among other works, executed with *brush and palette knife.* Through Dec. 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Richard Rappaport—Paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Joyce Robins / Thomas Nozkowski—Bronze and painted-ceramic sculptures. / Drawings in oil on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures, distantly related to the human figure, in cast iron and bronze, wood, and plaster. Through Nov. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andy Spence and Richard Beckett—Two abstractionists. Through Dec. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings of Caribbean scenery and a couple of lolling nudes, all done in acrylic on unstretched canvas, more or less in the tradition of Dufy. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Gordon Voisey—A quality of diffraction is notable in these canvases, in one of which an abstract American flag flaps madly. Through Dec. 1. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Kes Zapkus—Very large paintings and drawings in which kindergarten playthings and the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

deadliest new military weapons compose a sort of crazy-quilt pattern, part of his series "The Children of War." Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

David Finn—Crude figures dressed in tatters and topped with cardboard boxes transformed into animal heads. Through Wednesday, Nov. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Group Show—Abstract works (mostly paintings) singled out for their exacting detail: Rapidograph drawings by Robert Horvitz, in which seventy-five thousand marks have been made on a sheet of paper four feet square, for example. Through Dec. 8. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Joel Meyerowitz and Vivian Bower—Color photographs of Cape Cod landscapes by Mr. Meyerowitz, and pastels of the same by Miss Bower. Photographer and artist are husband and wife. Through Jan. 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—The work of more than seventy *Life* magazine photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ Works by folk painter Erastus Salisbury Field, in an exhibit jointly organized with the Museum of American Folk Art (see below). Among the more than fifty paintings are many of the stylized portraits of nineteenth-century rural people for which he is best known. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: an exhibit of documents, from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Both shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection in the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two hundred archeological finds from the recent excavation site in Ban Chiang and from the National Museum of Thailand, which testify to a Bronze Age in Southeast Asia. Tools, ornaments, weapons, and pottery that scholars date from as early as 3600 B.C., as well as replicas of whole burial units. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Gold objects from Asante, a colony of the African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, on loan from the British Museum. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

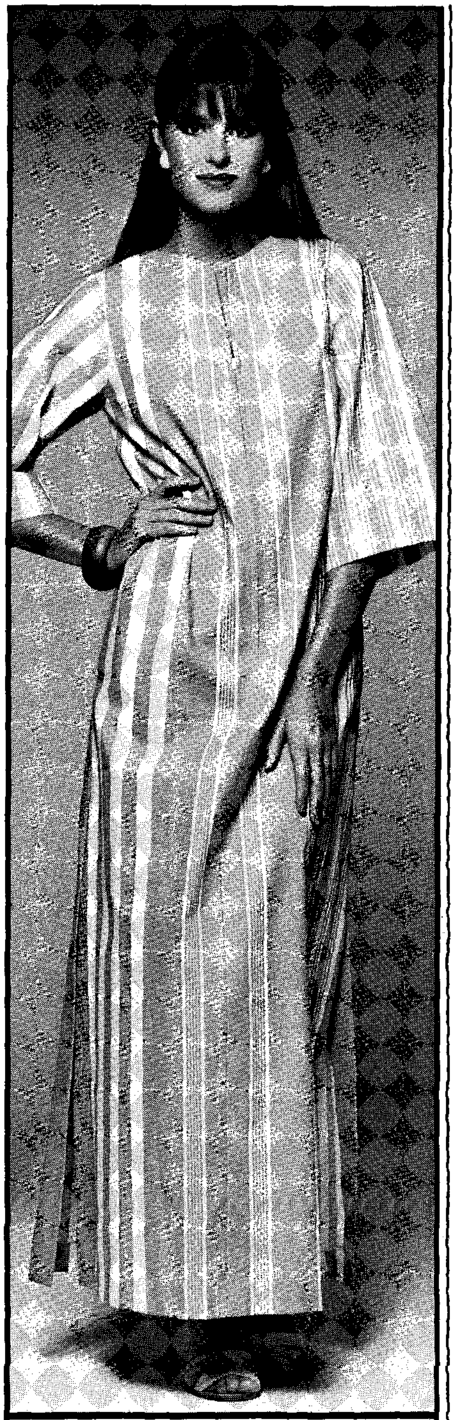
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of a hundred and fifty original illustrations by European artists which appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, and posters over the past ten years. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7.30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display of more than a hundred and twenty objects, including paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. (Open daily except Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and books. . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—Sixty canvases by Erastus Salisbury Field (1805-1900), mainly portraits of rural New



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Englanders commissioned at four dollars a clip. A joint exhibition with the Metropolitan Museum, this section is running through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than fifty paintings by Spanish artists who were roughly contemporary with and stylistically akin to French Impressionists. *Through Jan. 15.* (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Scenes of this city in the early nineteenth century and portraits of Seneca Indians in western New York are among the forty-two pencil sketches and watercolors by an amateur French artist, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, who spent fourteen years in the United States. . . . ¶ Banners, seals, crests, etc., commemorate the quincentennial of the incorporation of the College of Arms by King Richard III. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on presentation copies and dedication copies, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," given to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." Starts Friday, Nov. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.—Three programs of videotapes, Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17. (Evenings at 8; tickets at the door on the evening of the showing.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—"Almost Dance" (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 16-18, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30.

P.S. I, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among them are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Bohême," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Giuliano Ciannella, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Brent Ellis; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and John Alexander; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Elaine Bonazzi, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; conducted by Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Sweeney Todd," with Sheryl Woods, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Stanley Wexler; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Rosalind Elias, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 18, at 1: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Elaine Bonazzi, Cris Groenendaal, and Stanley Wexler; Paul Gemignani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting and acting as organ soloist on Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 21, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 (all with Daniel Barenboim, piano; Charles Rex, violin; Paige Brook, flute; Joseph Robinson, oboe; and Philip Smith, trumpet). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and the Messrs. Rex, Brook, Robinson, and Smith.

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting the last three in a series of concerts presenting, in sequence, the Beethoven symphony cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

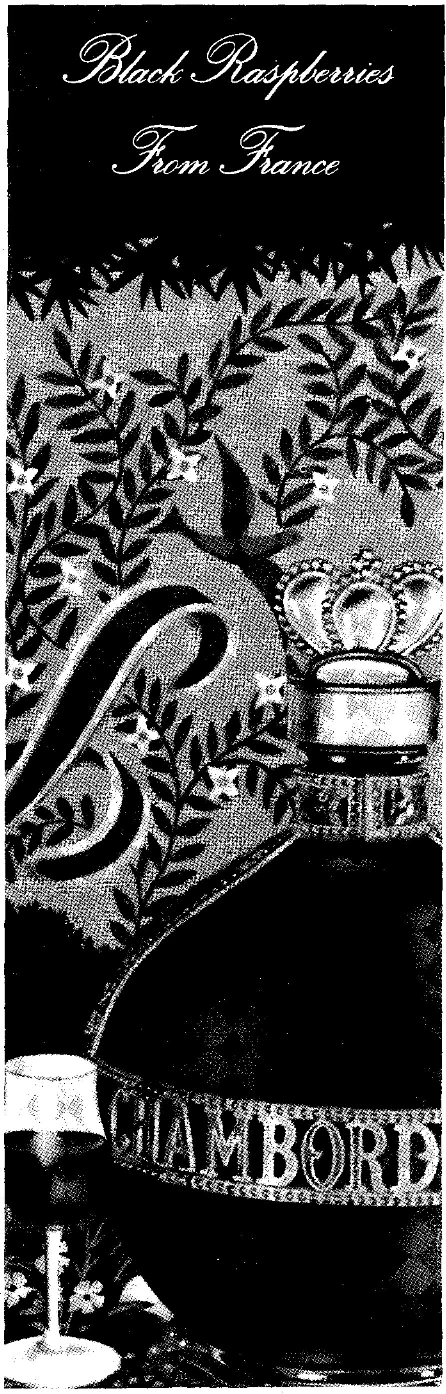
Manhattan Philharmonia—John Miner conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Boston Philharmonic—Benjamin Zander conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Peter Zazofsky, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Gerard Schwarz directing—Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3: A varied program, with Peter Serkin, piano; Delia Wallis, *mezzo-soprano;* and Randall Ellis, oboe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3: A performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Gail Dubinbaum, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Y Chorale.

Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century—Frans Brueggen conducting this forty-member ensemble in its first appearance here. With John Gibbons, fortepiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Chamber Orchestra—



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Werner Torkanowsky conducting, with Bernard Goldberg, flute, and Tedd Joselson, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Rossini's "William Tell" in concert form, with Stefka Evstatieva, soprano; Franco Bonisolli, tenor; Piero Cappuccilli, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi Chamber Orchestra—Richard Kapp conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. The program will include a showing of the documentary film "The Plow That Broke the Plains," accompanied by a performance of the Virgil Thomson score, with Studs Terkel acting as narrator. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of four programs, each of which will be performed twice, this one devoted to Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—The second in a series of three Mendelssohn-Schoenberg programs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of music by John Cage, Roger Reynolds, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

National Association of Composers, U.S.A.—A program of music by Lee Calhoun, Noam Elkies, Fedor Kabalin, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, with the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Emerson Buckley. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a Schubert-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

The King's Singers—A male vocal sextet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Elena Ivanina, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—A program of Latin-American choral music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.)

Kodály String Quartet—A program of music by Hungarian composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2.)

Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

Sequoia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Western Wind—A vocal ensemble in a program of music by Pérotin and Philip Glass. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Richard Goode and Lee Luvisi, piano; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 19-20, at 7:30.)

Homero Francesch and the Melos Quartet—A program of music for piano and string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Claude Frank—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Nov. 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Dennis Smylie—Bass clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—The first in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano, and the Amadeus Winds. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet and Brass Band—Nineteenth-century brass music performed on period instruments. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe, with Ursula Holliger, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—A program of French chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The first of two concerts performed on original instruments. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4037.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2: The première of SECRET PASTURES, choreographed by Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane and danced by their company, with music composed by Peter Gordon and performed by Mr. Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Benefit Concert—Guillermo Figueroa, violin; Rafael Torrens, baritone; and others, in a concert to benefit Boricua College. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

SPORTS

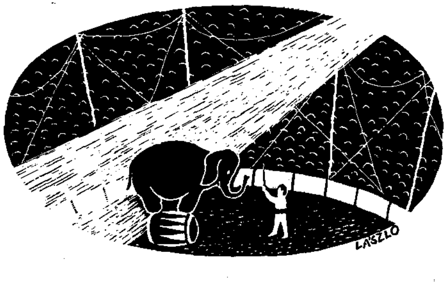
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 17: Knicks vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 20: Knicks vs. Golden State. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24: Knicks vs. Indiana. (Games begin at 7:30.)

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 17: Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Sullivan Stadium, Foxboro, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 18: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Houston.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)



Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 a.m. on Thanksgiving Day. The Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 17; the Demoiselle, Sunday, Nov. 18; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22; and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Skating—Barbara Underhill & Paul Martini, Blumberg & Seibert, Mark Cockerell, Tiffany Chin, and others in an exhibition of figure skating, for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—Chivas Regal Open—Women's round of sixteen, Friday, Nov. 16, at 6 and 8. . . . ¶ Men's round of sixteen, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 10, noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 9 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 6. . . . ¶ Finals, Monday, Nov. 19, at 6:30. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Shirley Kaufman and Philip Schultz reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8.) . . . ¶ Patricia Hampl and Mary Oliver reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Amy Gerstler reading from her own poetry and Valerie Miner reading from her own prose. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Flower Show—A Japanese chrysanthemum exhibition, featuring life-size *kiku-ningyo* dolls, whose costumes are fashioned from chrysanthemum plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 25.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-sixth annual exhibit will feature special showings by twenty-four governments. A first-day issue from the United Nations will go on sale on Thursday, Nov. 15. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Thursday, Nov. 15, noon to 7; Friday, Nov. 16, from 11 to 7; Saturday, Nov. 17, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 18, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7: Six paintings by such artists as Monet, Corot, and Daumier; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. David Bakalar. Following the Bakalar sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist paintings, Chinese and European ceramics, and French and English furniture; from the estate of Pauline K. Cave. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 11 and 2: French furniture. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Dance, theatre, opera, music-hall, and film memorabilia. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 16. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 2:30: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 10 and 2: Books and manuscripts, from the library of Doris L. Benz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 10: French and other Continental furniture, objects of art, clocks, tapestries, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 16.

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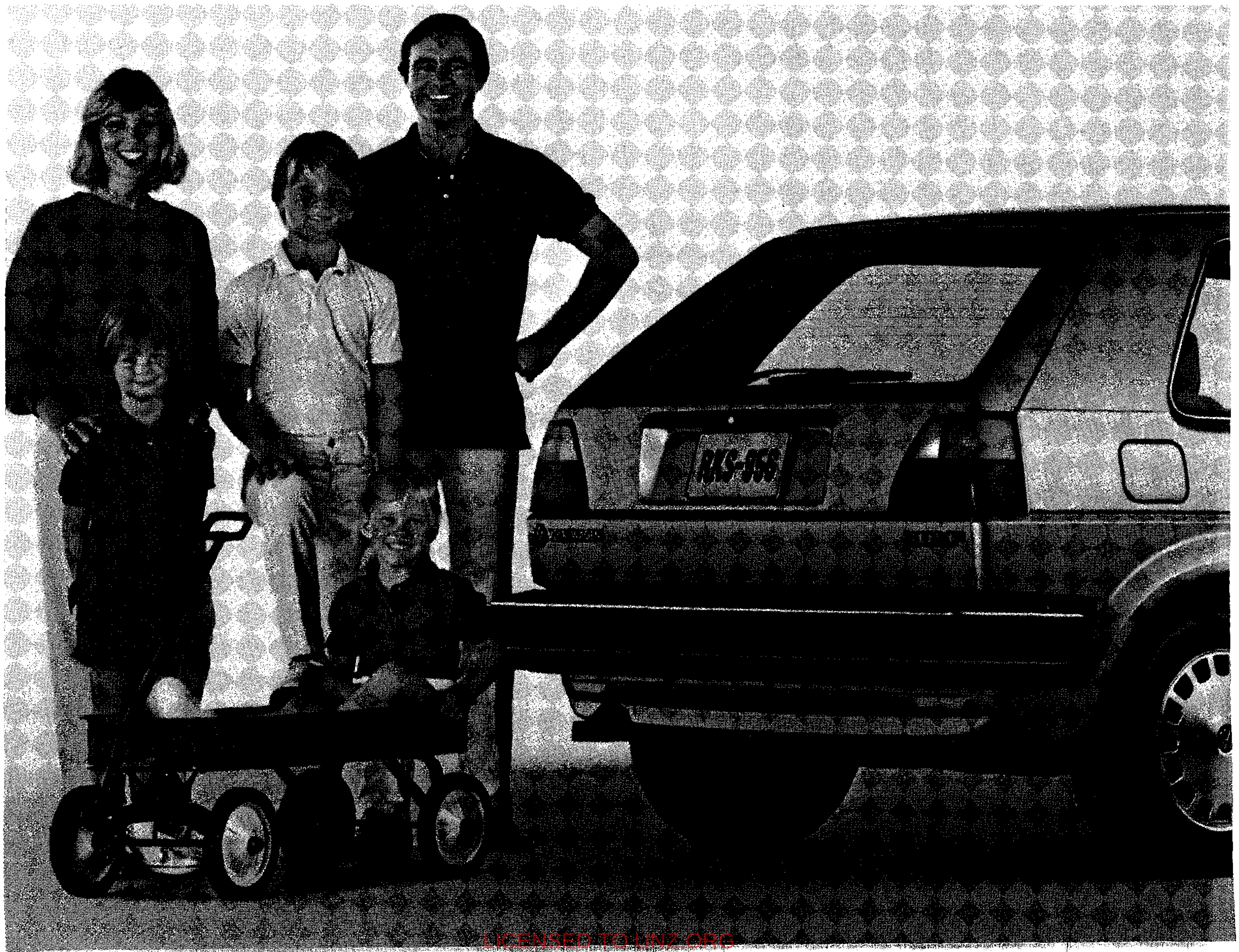

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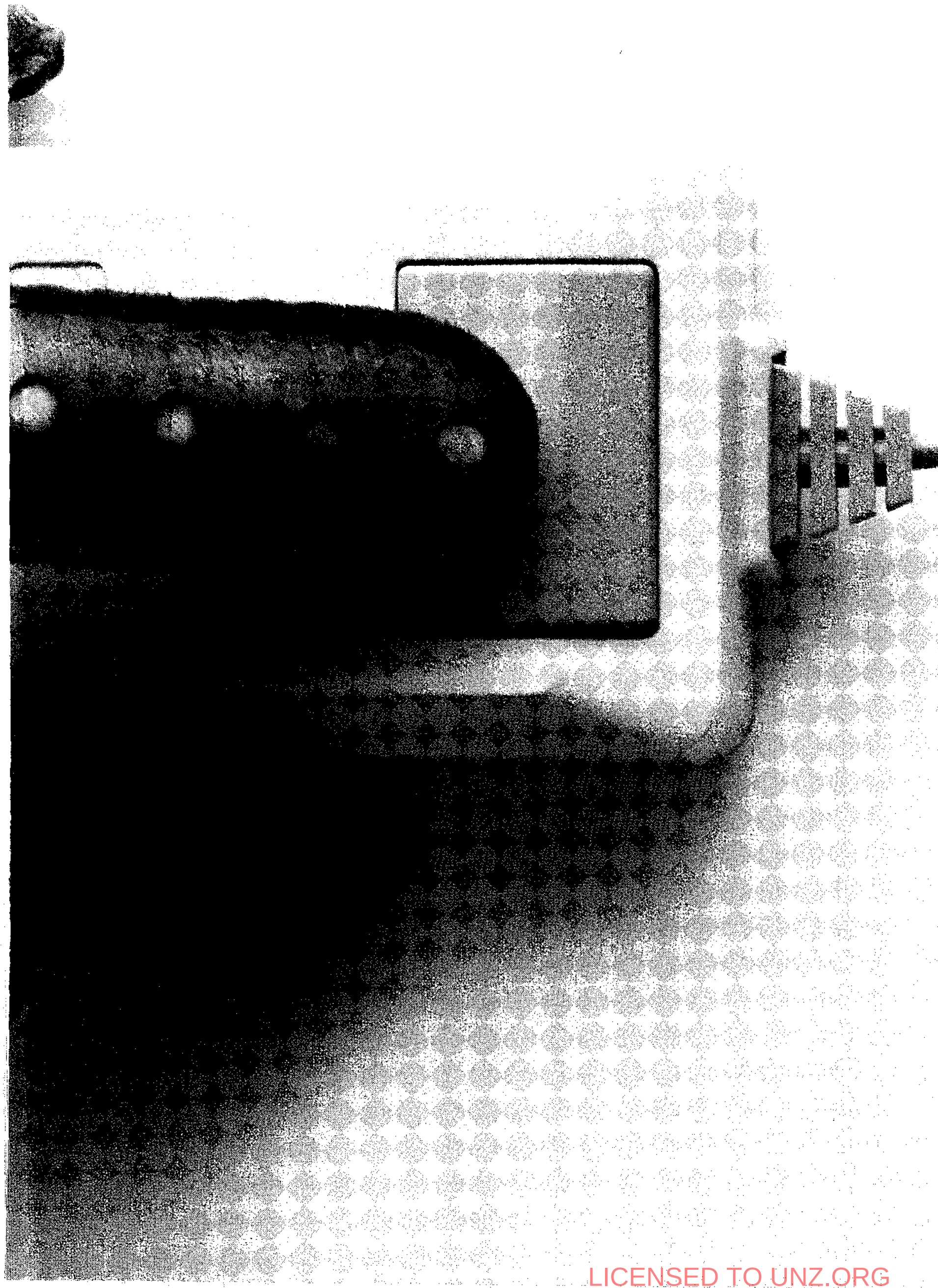

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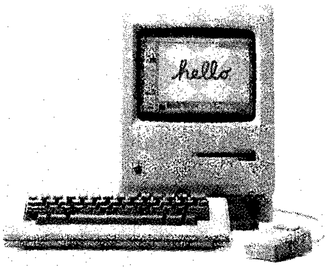

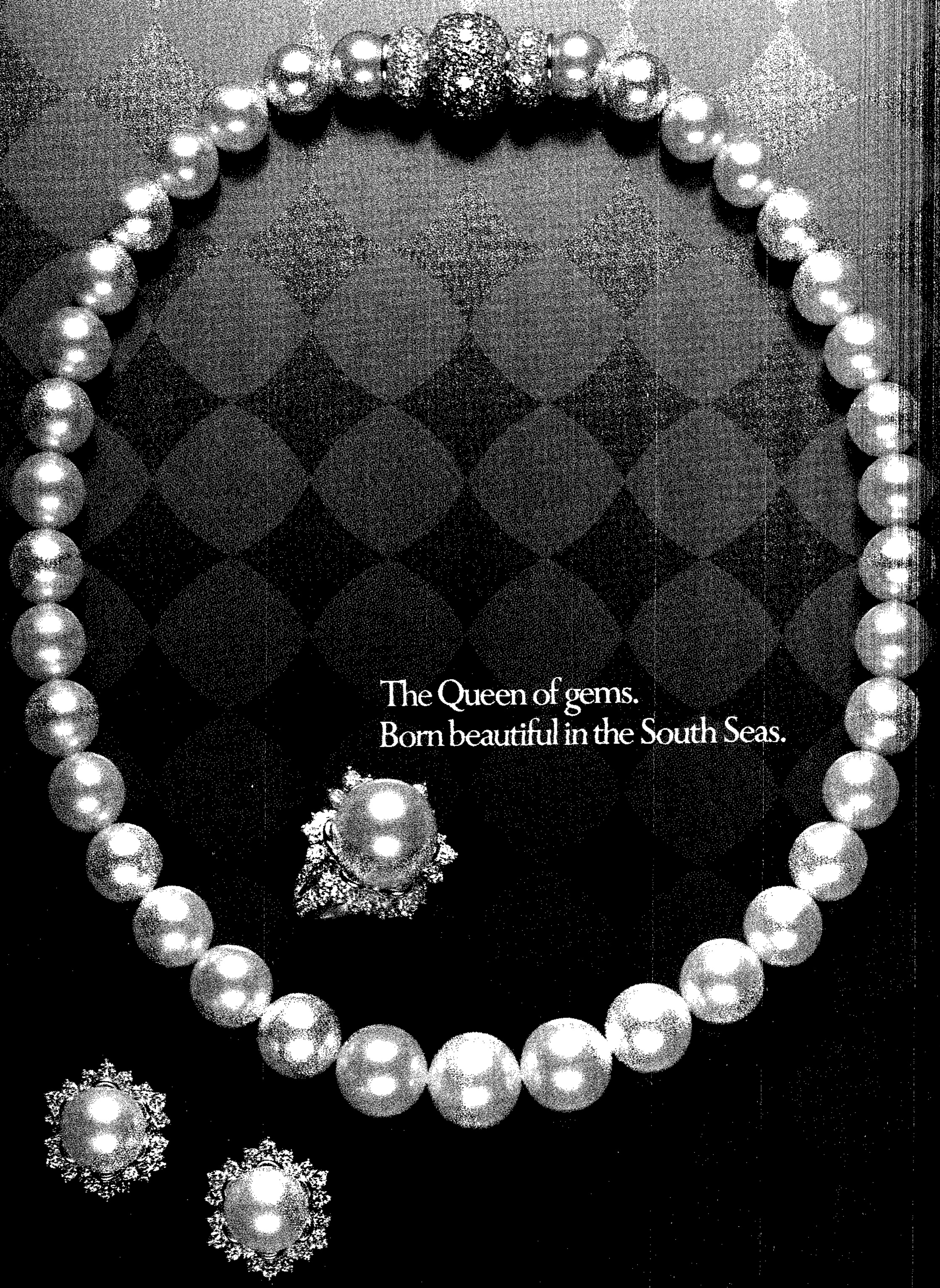
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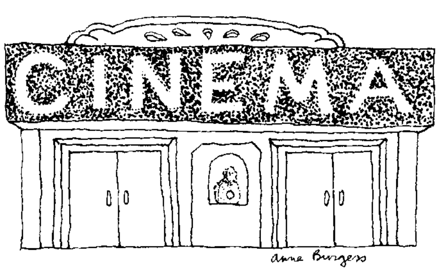

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			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 32.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 20: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
From Nov. 21: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 15: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†); and "Mr. Mom" (1983; Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Nov. 16-19: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.
Nov. 20-22: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and another feature, to be announced.
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 15: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams. From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller. From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 15: "All of Me" (†).
From Nov. 16: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 20: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.
From Nov. 21: "Amadeus" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 15: "Not for Publication" (Paul Bartel), with Nancy Allen, David Naughton, and Laurence Luckinbill.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffé), with Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 15: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams. From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Nov. 14: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller. Nov. 15: Theatre closed. From Nov. 16: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Nov. 20: "Amadeus" (†).
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 15: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Silent Night, Deadly Night" (Charles E. Sellier). From Nov. 21: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Snowdrop Festival" (1983; directed by Jiří Menzel; in Czech).
Theatre 2: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver. From Nov. 16: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Nov. 23: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 15: "Metropolis" (†). From Nov. 16: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Nov. 14: The final day of a festival of François Truffaut films.
Nov. 15-21: A week-long festival of Catherine Deneuve films.
From Nov. 22: A week-long festival of Jean-Pierre Melville films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 15: "Swann in Love" (†).
From Nov. 16: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 20: "Amadeus" (†).
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Diary for My Children" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett. From Nov. 16: "Swann in Love" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti. From Nov. 16: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.
Theatre 3: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 4: "Country" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 15: "Purple Rain" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†). From Nov. 16: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 15: "All of Me" (†). From Nov. 16: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Oh, God! You Devil" (directed by Paul Bogart) with George Burns.
Theatre 2: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 15: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Nov. 16: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 15: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†). From Nov. 16: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 6: "All of Me" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 15: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†). From Nov. 16: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Nov. 14: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Nov. 15: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 16: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 15: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams. From Nov. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Purple Rain" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Nov. 15: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From Nov. 16: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Silent Night, Deadly Night" (Charles E. Sellier).

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 15: "Country" (†). From Nov. 16: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 14: "Maîtresse" (1976; directed by Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder), with Mimsy Farmer.
Nov. 15: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Nov. 16-17: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film); and "Morgan!" (1966; Karel Reisz), with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens.
Nov. 18-19: "Pumping Iron" (†); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.
Nov. 20: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

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Nov. 21: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "Iphigenia" (1977; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas.
Nov. 22: "A Special Day" (†); and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.
Nov. 23-24: To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 15: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Nov. 16-22: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 15: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Arabian Nights" (1973), and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), all three films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Nov. 16-17: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Nov. 18-20: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Nov. 21-22: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.
Nov. 23-24: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man (†).

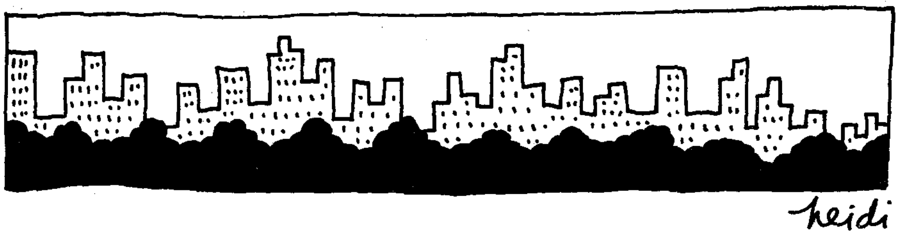
HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 14: "The Bounty" (1984; Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins; and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.
Nov. 15-17: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), all three with the Marx Brothers.
Nov. 18-19: "Privates on Parade" (1982; Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley; and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
Nov. 20-21: "The Warriors" (1979; Walter Hill), with Michael Beck and James Remar; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Nov. 22-24: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

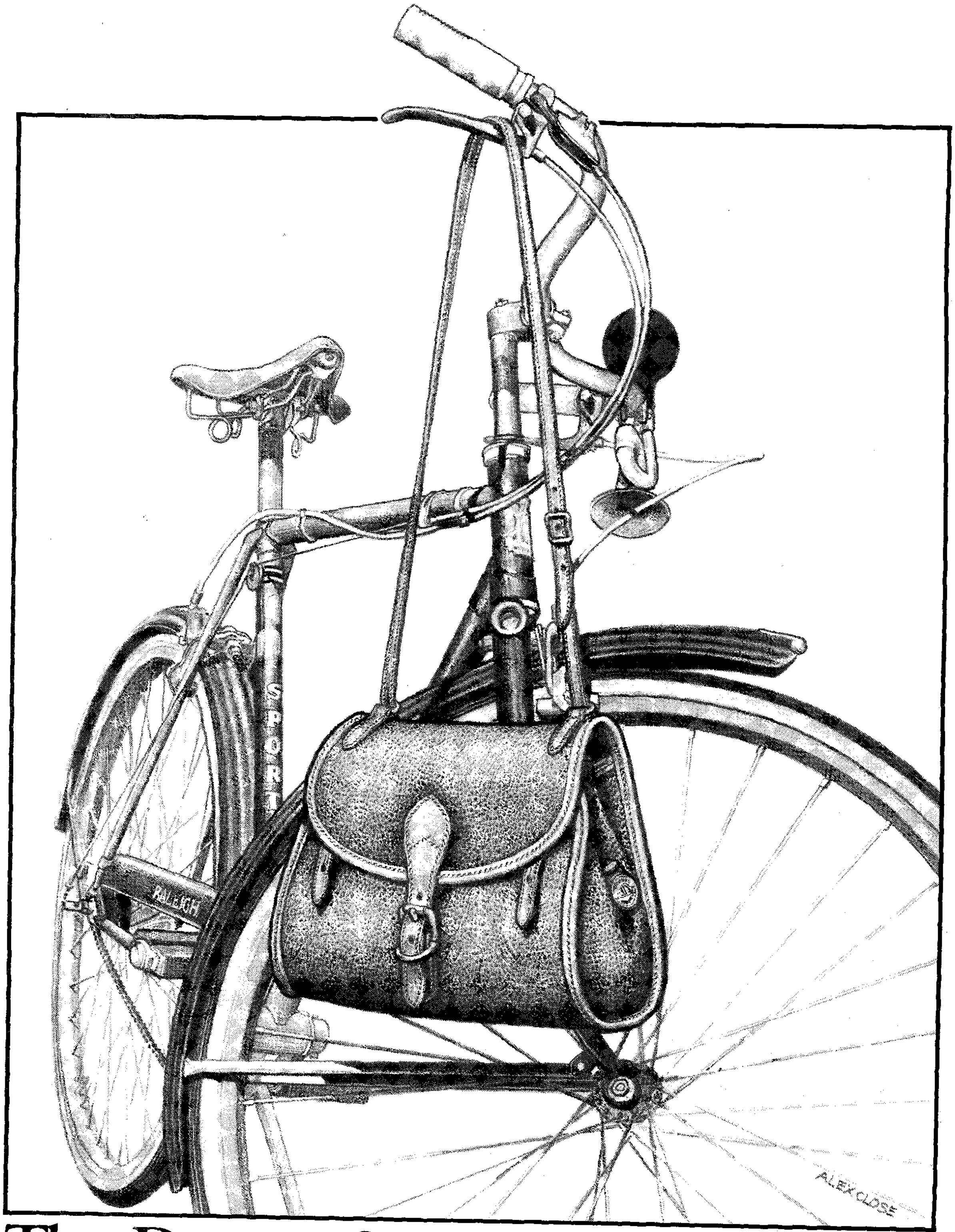
HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 15: "Joe" (1970; John Avildsen), with Peter Boyle; and "Inserts" (1976; John Byrum), with Richard Dreyfuss and Veronica Cartwright.
Nov. 16-17: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
Nov. 18: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (†); and "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley and Geraldine Chaplin.
Nov. 19-20: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (†).
Nov. 21-22: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The Pirate" (†).
Nov. 23-24: "High Anxiety" (1977; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey; "Blazing Saddles" (†); and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983; Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 15: "La Petite Bande" (1983; Michel Deville; a French film, with no dialogue).
Nov. 16: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
Nov. 17: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Nov. 18: "Swing Time" (†); and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, and Edward Everett Horton.
Nov. 19: "The Lacemaker" (1977; Claude Goretta; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton; and "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis.
Nov. 20: "The Long Goodbye" (†) and "California Split" (†).
Nov. 21: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Nov. 22: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).
From Nov. 23: "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 14: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945; Henry Hathaway), with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker.
Nov. 15-17: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956; Richard Quine), with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams.
Nov. 18-19: "They Shall Have Music" (†); and "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne.
Nov. 20-21: "Star 80" (1983; Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.
Nov. 22-24: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "The Apartment" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 14: "Que Viva Mexico!" (1932; Sergei Eisenstein); and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Nov. 15: "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and





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Nov. 16: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Nov. 17: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.

Nov. 18: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Accident" (†).

Nov. 19: "Sunny Side Up" (†) and "Me and My Gal" (†).

Nov. 20: "Payday" (†); and "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis.

Nov. 21: "Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure and Pierre Santini; and "The Entity" (1983; Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.

Nov. 22: "Try and Get Me" (1951; Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges; "Thieves' Highway" (1949; Jules Dassin), with Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb; and "Riot in Cell Block 11" (1954; Don Siegel), with Neville Brand and Leo Gordon.

Nov. 23: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Nov. 24: "Macbeth" (1971 †); and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 14: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.

Nov. 15: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

Nov. 16-17: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Nov. 18: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Nov. 19: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Nov. 20: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (†).

Nov. 21-22: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh and Warren Beatty; and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.

Nov. 23-24: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Red Ensign" (1934; directed by Michael Powell), with Leslie Banks. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "Evensong" (1934; Victor Saville), with Evelyn Laye, Fritz Kortner, and Emlyn Williams. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Past and Present" (1972; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria de Saisset. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: "Rite of Spring" (1963; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Nicolau da Silva. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2: "Past and Present." . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5: "Benilde or the Virgin Mother" (1975; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria Amélia Aranda. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2: "Doomed Love" (1978; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with António Sequeira Lopes. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Forever England" (1935; Walter Forde and Anthony Asquith), with John Mills and Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6 and Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Bulldog Jack" (1935; Walter Forde), with Jack Hulbert, Fay Wray, Claude Hulbert, and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "Forever England." . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "Boys Will Be Boys" (1935: William Beaudine), with Will Hay, Gordon Harker, and Jimmy Hanley. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Man Who Changed His Mind" (1936; Robert Stevenson), with Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, and John Loder. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Tudor Rose" (1936; Robert Stevenson), with Nova Pilbeam, Cedric Hardwicke, John Mills, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "First a Girl" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Jew Süss" (1934; Lothar Mendes), with Conrad Veidt, Benita Hume, and Cedric Hardwicke.

THEATRE 2: Nov. 15 at 3: "Bread" (1959; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles); and "The Hunt" (1963; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6:30: "Aniki-Bóbó" (1942; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 from 2 to 6, Nov. 17 from 10:30 to 6, Nov. 18 from 10:30 to 6, Nov. 19 from 2 to 6, and Nov. 20 from 2 to 6: The New York World Television Festival series of free showings of award-winning films. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at noon and 2: Seven Donald Duck cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Nice à Propos de Jean Vigo" (1984; Manoel de Oliveira; in French, with no English subtitles) and "Lisboa Cultural" (1984; Manoel de Oliveira; in Italian, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Doomed Love" (1978; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with António Sequeira Lopes.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 2: "Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACCIDENT (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford to make our flesh crawl. A cleverly barbed comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. With Stanley Baker, who is properly swinish as another academic, and Vivien Merchant, Jacqueline Sassard, Michael York, Alexander Knox, and Delphine Seyrig. (Thalia; Nov. 18.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI—A kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team," in which Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of Team Banzai—seven dapper, whiz-bang Renaissance men. The director, W. D. Richter, and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, have an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. John Lithgow, the mad-genius villain, gives the movie the anchor it needs. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema and Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 15.)

ALL OF ME—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (9/17/84) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Nov. 15.)

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Sutton; starting Nov. 21.)

THE APARTMENT (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Regency; Nov. 22-24.)

BIZET'S CARMEN—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema *Studio.)*

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks' comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties. Brooks' celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. With Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Dom DeLuise, Harvey Korman, and Slim Pickens. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 23-24.)

BODY DOUBLE—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. This time, he's just about spiting himself and giving them reasons not to like him. The central role—that of an actor who suffers from claustrophobia—is played by Craig Wasson, whose conscientious acting is a drag on the movie. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. Holly is like a dirty-minded teen-age seductress, and what she says has an element

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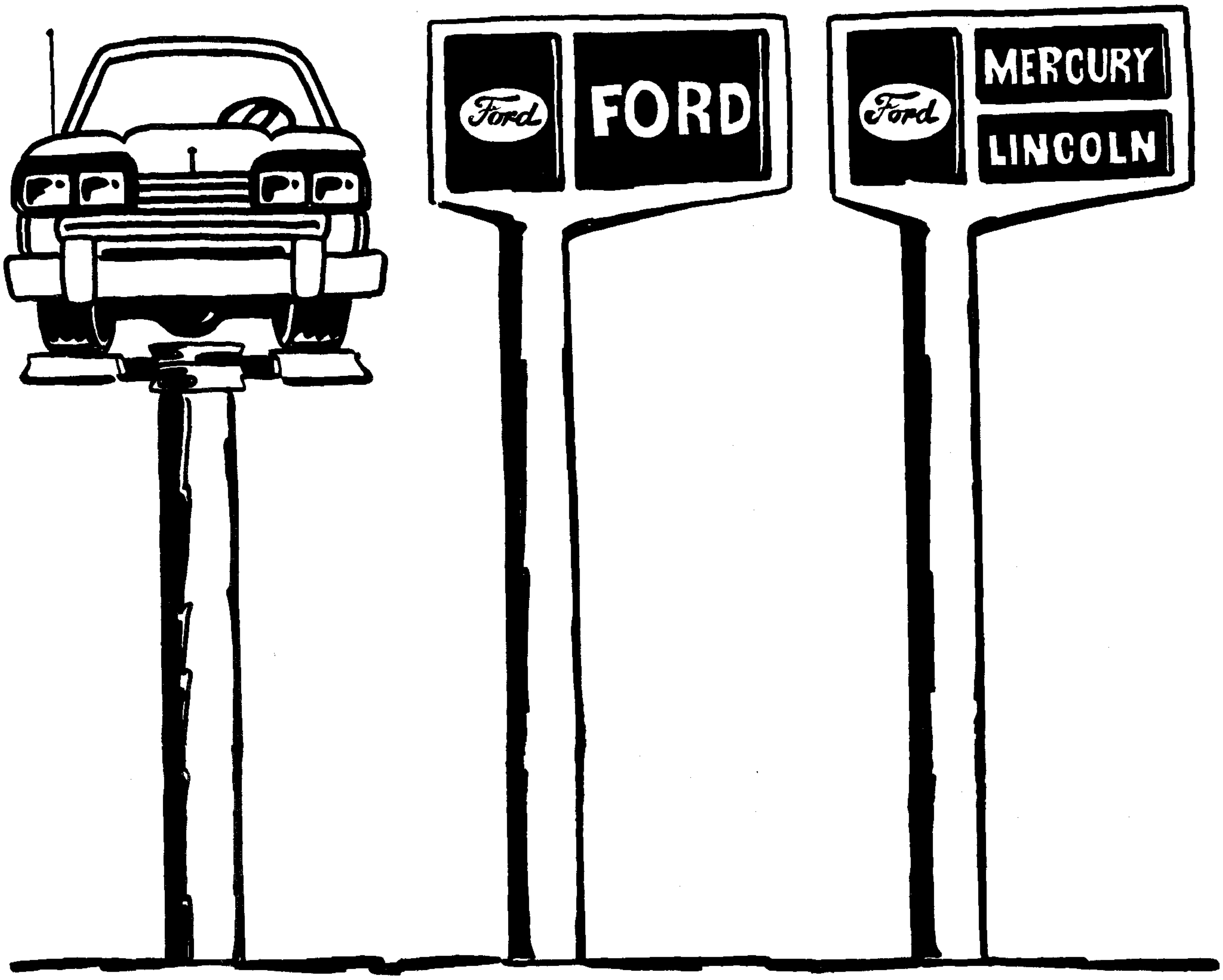

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of surprise even for her; her talk is so sexy it gives her ideas and drives her eyebrows up. But most of the movie lacks zest. In De Palma's "Carrie," when the camera moves languorously around teen-age girls in a high-school locker room there's a buzz between the camera and what it's filming. Here De Palma saves the languorous camera for the sleek, expensive settings, and there's not only no comic buzz—the camera seems wowed, impressed. The voyeuristic sequences, with Wasson peeping through a telescope, aren't particularly erotic; De Palma shows more sexual feeling for the swank buildings and real estate. With Deborah Shelton, Gregg Henry, Guy Boyd, David Haskell, B. J. Jones, and Dennis Franz. The script, by Robert J. Avrech and De Palma, is from De Palma's story (a contraption). (11/12/84) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Waverly, New Yorker, and U. A. Twin.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The soundtrack of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this heartening, all-American biography of Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband) and Levon Helm (as her father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner disarms the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 18.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. Twin; through Nov. 15.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (Embassy; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Nov. 16.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 19-20.)

The Little Drummer Girl—Directed by George Roy Hill, this suspense movie, based on John le Carré's novel, is set in 1981 during a rash of Palestinian terrorist bombings of Israeli institutions around the world. The tragedy of these two peoples, killing each other because each has just claims to the same plot of ground, is presented with efficient, impersonal evenhandedness, so that we care about neither of them. The film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a small, third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). The conception of Charlie is a modern cliché: she's an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this conception so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. The screenplay is by Loring Mandell. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Cinema 3, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 16.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, which takes off from Raymond Chandler's 1953 novel, is set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Philip Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares.* Altman tells a detective story all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Macbeth (1971)—Slaughter is the star; the director, Roman Polanski, shows such literal horror—and always a shade faster than you expect, so you're not prepared—that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The film says that nothing is possible but horror and more horror, and, at the end, the cycle of bloodletting is about to begin again. It's well acted, but it reduces Shakespeare's meanings to the banal "life is a jungle." With Jon Finch, Francesca Annis, Martin Shaw, Nicholas Selby, and John Stride. (Thalia; Nov. 24.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—An uneven, serious sitcom, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20.)

Me and My Gal (1932)—Joan Bennett is lively as a wisecracking, gum-chewing waitress; Spencer Tracy is her policeman boyfriend. The Irish humor is spread on thick, but every once in a while Arthur Kober, who did the script, gets off a good one. The melodramatic plot revolves around Bennett's brunette sister (Marion Burns), who is in love with a gangster. Raoul Walsh directed this naïve, pasted-together yet rather pleasing picture. (Thalia; Nov. 19.)

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Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 14-15 and Nov. 23-24.)

Payday (1973)—Shot entirely on location in Alabama, it's an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better than the barnstorming Maury Dann. In the back of his Cadillac between two girls, Dann is a sweating rajah, drinking Coke and beer and bourbon, smoking pot and popping pills. Its only real flaw is the flaw that's also present in hardboiled fiction: when a world is this clearly defined, our imagination is frustrated. With Michael C. Gwynne, Cliff Emmich, Elayne Heilveil, and Ahna Capri. (Thalia; Nov. 20.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Vincente Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak and Gladys Cooper. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 21-22.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Gramercy, Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Pumping Iron (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of bodybuilding. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 18-19.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 15.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director

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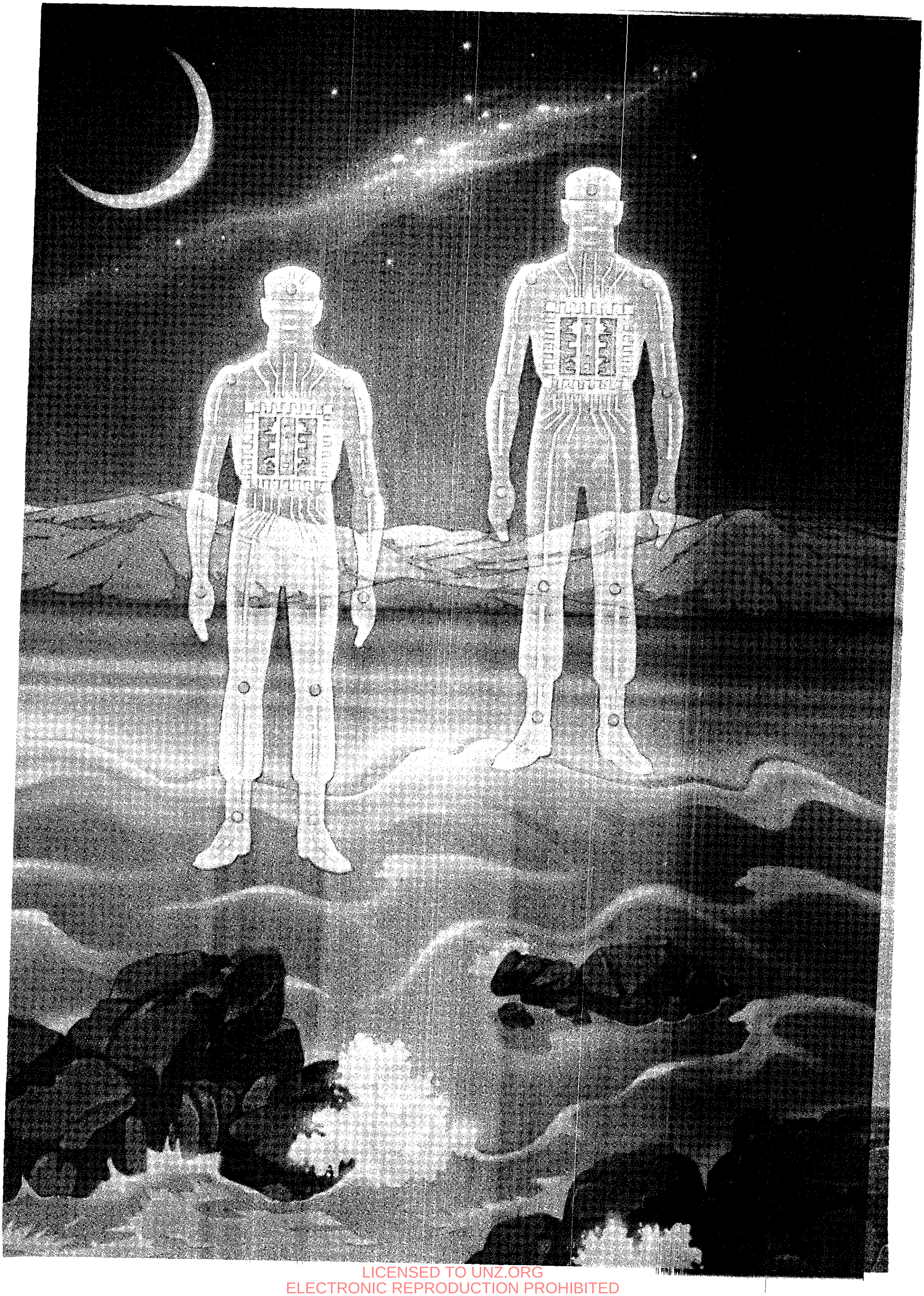

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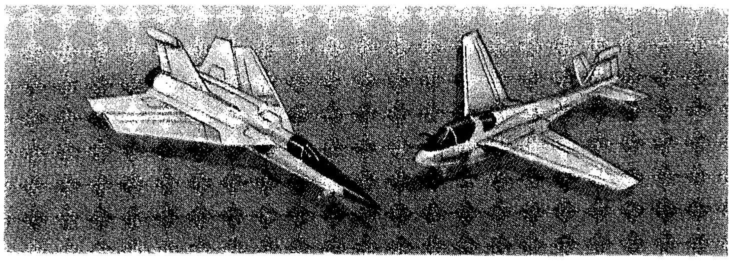

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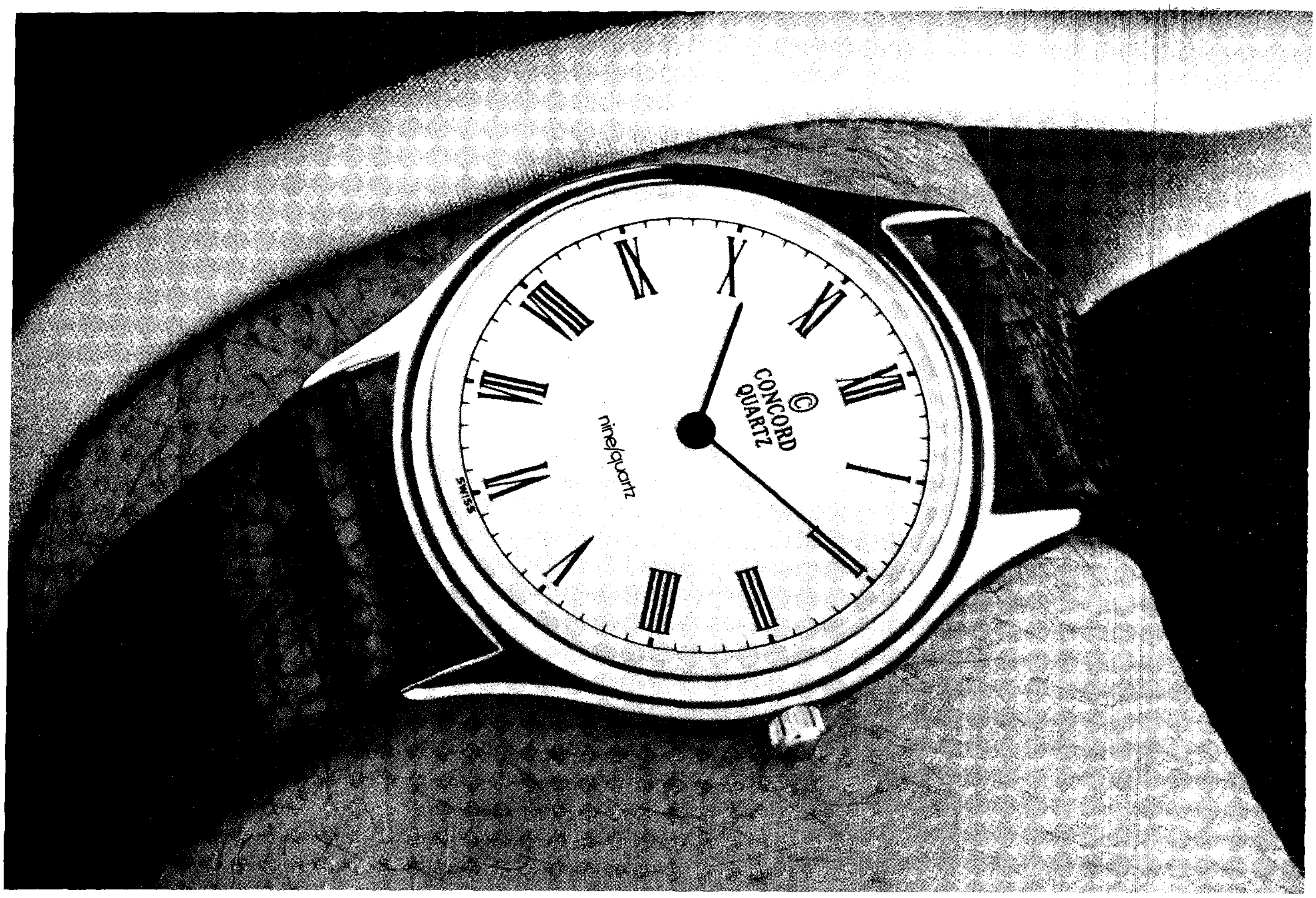

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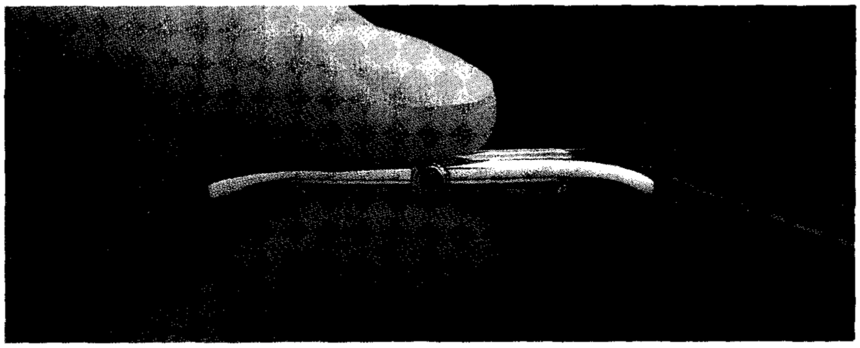

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max," is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. The rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body-builder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. The director, George Miller, consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 15.)

A Special Day (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. This movie is perfectly calibrated for its teeny bit of courage: the big stars playing uncharacteristic roles. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned. Their humiliation draws them together for a few hours, and we see that society has wronged them, cruelly. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 22.)

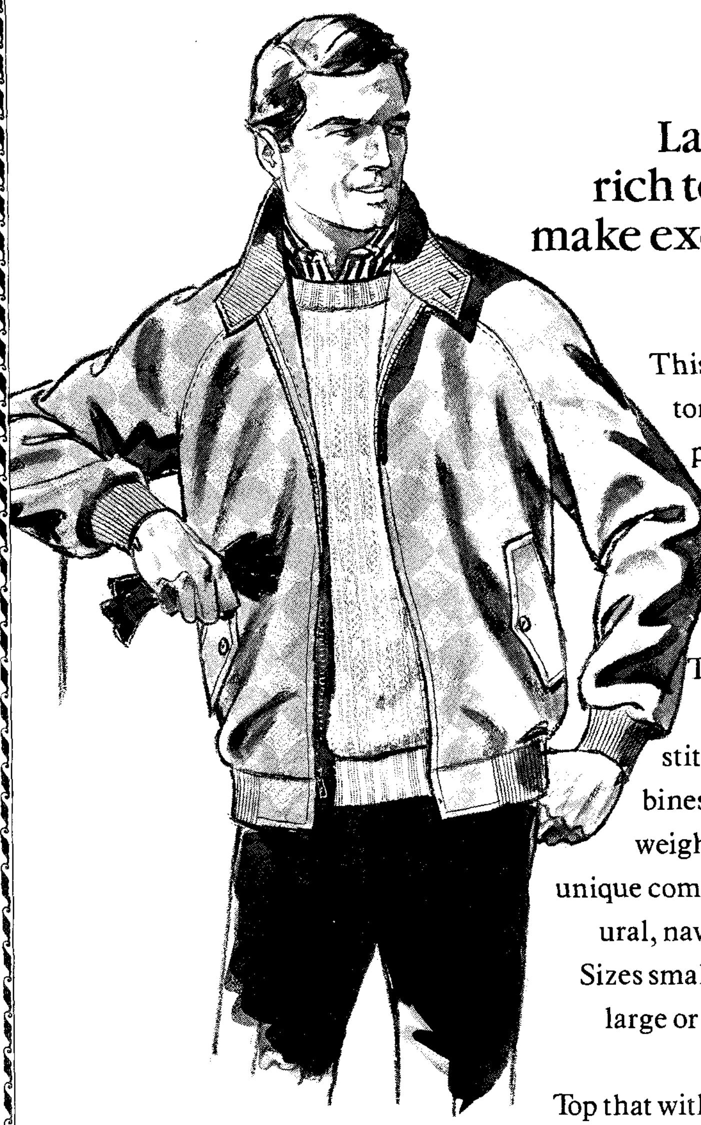
Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch (who raised the $120,000 to make the movie) uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. It's so hemmed in that it has the feel of a mousy Eastern European comedy. With John Lurie as Willie, Eszter Balint as Eva, and Richard Edson as Eddie. Cinematography by Tom DiCillo. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Thalia; Nov. 19.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 16.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 18.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—A film of lower East Side life, which can hardly be called realistic, since Jascha Heifetz wanders in and out of it. With Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds, Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, and Diana Lynn. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Regency; Nov. 18-19.)



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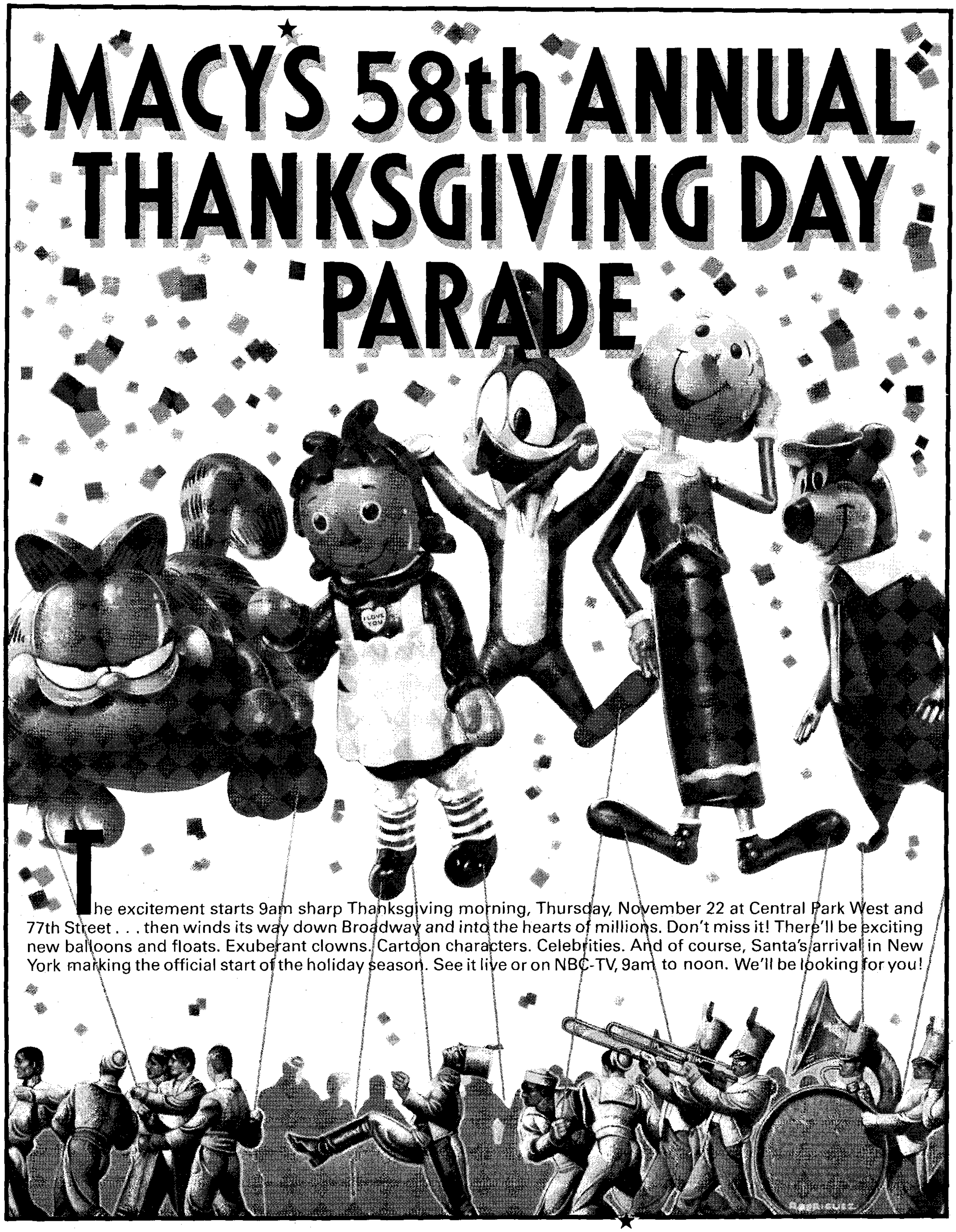

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

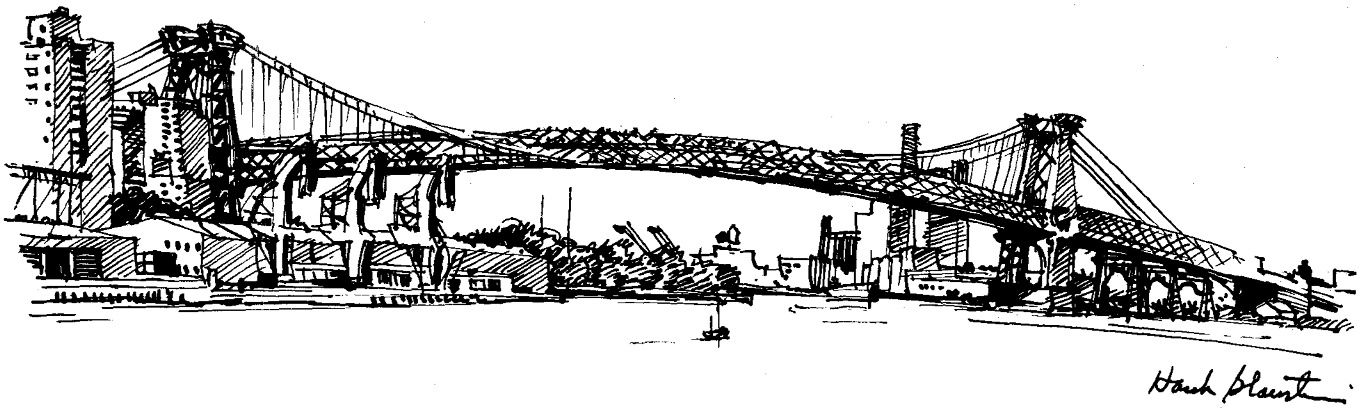
Notes and Comment

WHAT is perhaps most alarming about the convulsion of Hindu violence against the Sikhs following Mrs. Gandhi's assassination is that it is essentially voiceless. No Hindus have spoken up on radio or television or in the newspapers to say that they hold the fourteen million or so Sikhs in India responsible for the act of the two Sikh assassins. No person, it seems, has come forward to contradict the generally accepted view that Hindus and Sikhs have lived together amicably for four hundred years, and that the violence of the Sikh extremists in Punjab over the last three years is an exception. Instead, the causes of the violence against the Sikhs have been the subject of much speculation by observers of it—by the government officials charged with controlling it, and the Western journalists who rushed in to report on it. The speculation has concentrated on political, social, and religious causes. It has been said that Mrs. Gandhi's very personal style of government had eroded the structure of the ruling Congress Indira Party, so that the Party bosses had become increasingly dependent on *goondas*, or thugs, to keep the Party in power through intimidation and extortion, and that the *goondas* used the opportunity of the assassination to whip up anti-Sikh sentiment in the hope of winning right-wing Hindu votes in the coming general elections. It has been said that for some time the law-and-order situation in India has been deteriorating, with the result that many neighborhoods and cities are now at the mercy of *goonda* rule, and that the *goondas* used the opportunity of the assassination to kill Sikhs and to loot Sikh homes and shops. It has been said that Hindu religious passions stirred up by the assassination boiled over. No doubt there is at least some truth in all such speculation. Political, social, and religious tinder is ever present in Indian society, and it takes but a spark to ignite it. Mrs. Gandhi's assassination touched off a conflagration that lasted four days, swept across at least a dozen cities throughout the country, and left at least six hundred Sikhs dead and twenty-five thousand homeless in Delhi alone.

Yet the more the violence is explained, the more incomprehensible it seems. One moment, there is no mob; Hindus and Sikhs are living side by side along a back lane, sharing a single water tap, buying from and selling to each other, sometimes arranging marriages between their children. The next moment, the same Hindus are killing their Sikh neighbors and setting fire to the Sikhs' homes and shops. The mob often seems to function more like a natural phenomenon, like a hurricane or a volcano, than like a human phenomenon—people weighing risks and rewards, for instance. It lashes and disappears, it erupts and subsides, without saying what it wants, what it needs, how those needs can be satisfied or anticipated, how the aroused passions can be checked. It is the spectre of this mob violence, whose victims today are Sikhs but tomorrow could be Hindus or Muslims, Nagas or Assamese, Untouchables or Brahmans, Bengalis or Biharis, South Indians or North Indians, or any of a thousand other groups or communities now living in uncertain peace, that poses the greatest threat to the survival of the much battered subcontinent.

•

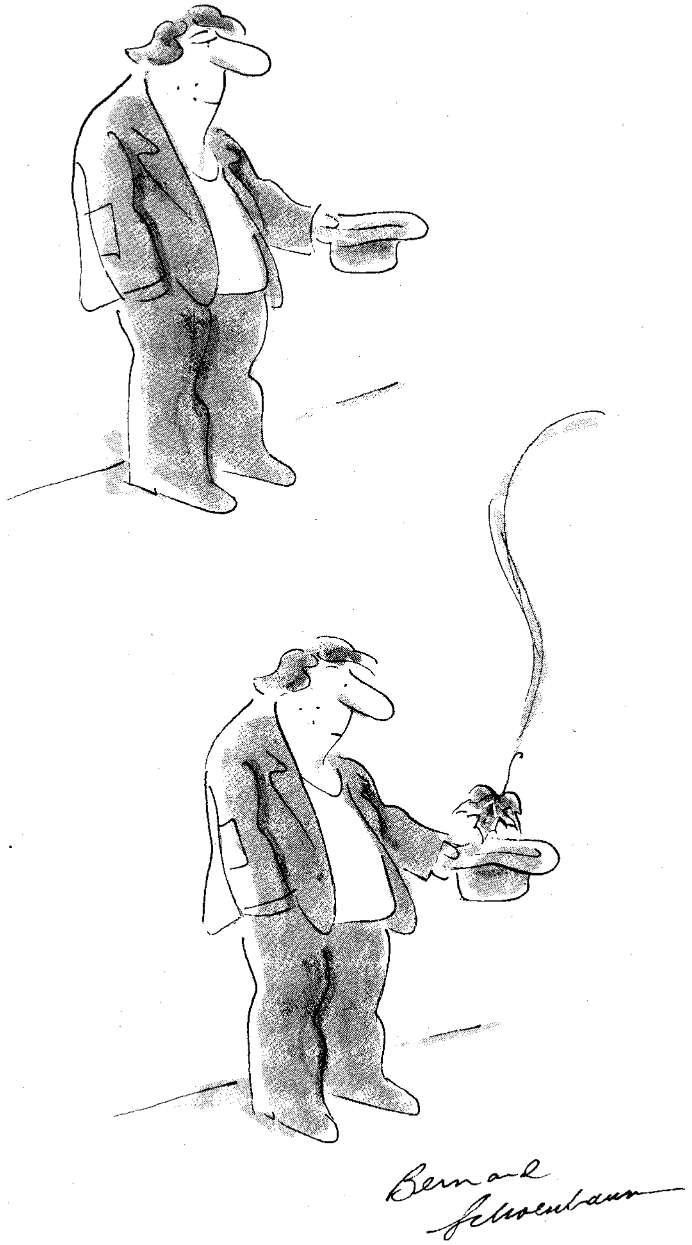
DURING the past week, we have listened to all sorts of political commentators as they tried to analyze the significance of President Reagan's recent landslide electoral victory and to discuss its implications for future political developments in this country. Most such analyses are moot: we'll just have to wait and see. But in several corners of the world interpretations of the significance of President Reagan's



victory have been swift and their consequences distressingly concrete. In particular, several right-wing regimes apparently saw Reagan's imminent triumph last Tuesday as a signal that they might now remove whatever gloves they'd worn in recent months, and revert to repression as usual—or even on a grander scale. For example, in General Zia-ul-Haq's Pakistan a secret tribunal that had been deliberating a politically loaded case in which five men were charged in connection with the hijacking of a Pakistan International Airlines plane (despite the fact that none had been aboard the plane in question) emerged Tuesday, even before the election results were in, and returned death sentences against four of the defendants—sentences that may have been carried out by the time these words appear. According to Michael Posner, of New York's Lawyers Committee for International Human Rights, lawyers on the scene were stunned by the severe sentences, which seemed "to come right out of the blue" (testimony in the in-camera trial had concluded in August, 1983, and sentencing had been mysteriously suspended for over fourteen months), but several analysts couldn't help noticing the curious congruence of the sentencing date with the date of the American election.

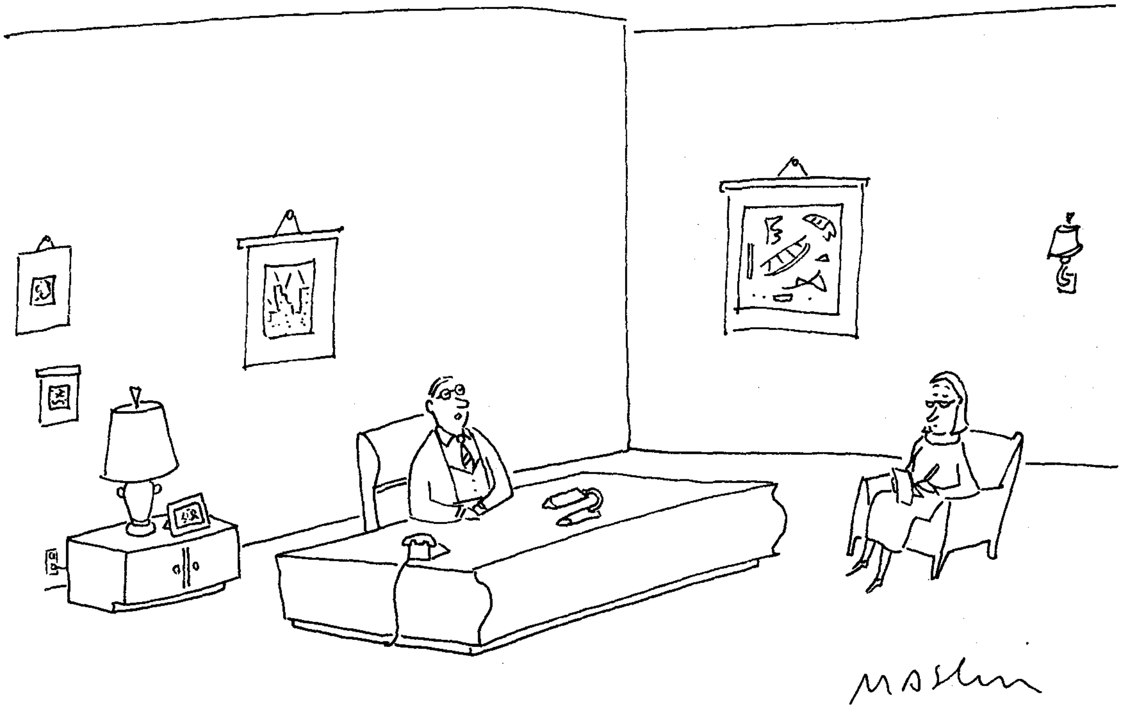
Meanwhile, in Chile, General Augusto Pinochet seemed to anticipate President Reagan's Tuesday victory by imposing a state of siege on his troubled country for the first time since 1978. Beginning that Tuesday, hundreds of persons were suddenly arrested, opposition magazines were shut down for at least three months (an action that effectively bankrupted several of them), habeas corpus was suspended, and dozens of people were relegated to internal banishment. (A particularly unnerving weapon in Pinochet's repressive arsenal, this involves an individual's summary removal from his home to a remote village in the northernmost or southernmost reaches of the country, where he must try to find housing and work and food amid a population that has been specifically warned against having any contact with him.) Perhaps most distressing, Monsignor Ignacio Gutiérrez, the inspiring Jesuit priest who has been heading the Santiago Archdiocese's Vicariate of Solidarity—this body, which includes a staff of ten full-time lawyers, has been the single most effective human-rights-monitoring organization in Chile—was informed that he would not be allowed to return to the country following a series of meetings he is currently conducting at the Vatican. The move was seen as a direct challenge to the Chilean Catholic Church, which has been bearing whatever meagre witness it could during the years since the General's 1973 seizure of power.

In El Salvador, the United States Department of State was barring virtually all trips by American officials into the country and advising private citizens against any but the most carefully considered visits. According to the *Times* on November 3rd, there was concern in the Department that if President Reagan should be reëlected "right wing Salvadoran extremists might feel they have a license to step up attacks against officials and citizens." (It was in the immediate aftermath of Reagan's 1980 election that death-squad killings in El Salvador increased to their highest levels and that seven Americans, including four churchwomen and two labor officials, were specifically targeted for assassination.) The *Times* quoted one Administration official as saying, "We clearly do not intend to send [the extremists] any such message, but they may interpret the election that way."



And is it any wonder that they—and other right-wing extremists, throughout the world—might arrive at such an interpretation? Back in October, during the second of the Presidential debates, President Reagan fielded a question about "friendly dictators" who seemed to be "heading into trouble" (specifically including "President Pinochet in Chile and President Marcos in the Philippines") with an answer that included the following formulation: "What I have to say about this is, many times—and this has to do with the Philippines also—I know there are things there in the Philippines that do not look good to us from the standpoint right now of democratic rights. But what is the alternative? It is a large Communist movement to take over the Philippines." Almost immediately, the State Department began scrambling to dampen the effects of the President's statement, asserting that the President hadn't really meant what he'd said at all, and that the United States did envisage democratic alternatives to Communism in the Philippines. Still, right-wing dictators and their minions might be forgiven for inferring—as several of them appear to be doing—that while a timid State Department could say whatever it liked, a majority of Americans was in the process of giving President Reagan a mandate to "be Reagan," and that Reagan would allow them virtually any excess in the fight against Communism.

It will be several years before the true implications of President Reagan's victory become evident in the United States, but throughout the world this week there are people who are suddenly being jailed, being tortured or awaiting execution, being targeted for hit-squad killing, being slated for "neutralization," because that's how various right-wing regimes and groups have interpreted the American election. If this is not what President Reagan himself intended—and we believe that it is not—then it's up to *him* to say so, immediately and in the strongest possible terms.



"I remain yours, as ever, blameless."

• •

Planet

THE time was seven o'clock one recent night, the place was the Louis XVI Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria, and the subject under discussion was a large one—nothing less than "The Living Planet: A Portrait of the Earth." Strictly speaking, it was Mr. David Attenborough's version of this awe-striking subject, soon to be presented on television. "A sequel of sorts to Attenborough's award-winning 'Life on Earth' "—to quote some of the literature bestowed on us in the Louis XVI Suite—it is a twelve-part series that is to have its début next February 3rd. It is funded, like its predecessor, by Mobil. The literature also expounds some of the contents: "PBS visits an Ecuadorian rain forest, then introduces viewers to butterflies in Brazil, saguaro cactus in America's Sonora Desert, and the hyrax on Africa's Mount Kenya." Along with this text were photographs of Mr. Attenborough—his well-known face not as weary as one would expect—interviewing penguins in South Georgia, sitting on the rim of a volcano in Hawaii, and standing before a South American rain forest.

"The Living Planet," we were told, "surveys similar environments around the world, and shows how otherwise unrelated animals develop intriguingly similar solutions to their common climatic conditions," but other animals—namely, men—are also included in the survey. The series took three and a half years to produce, and during its preparation Mr. Attenborough travelled more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles—the equivalent of circling the globe six times. He worked with camera crews who shot scenes from aircraft as high as thirty-six thousand feet and from submarines eight thousand feet below the surface of the sea.

Gathered to look at the first installment of the series—"The Building of the Earth," which is mostly about volcanoes—were some seventy television critics from all over the country, and also several members of New York City's Board of Education. The Board of Ed, as its members refer to it, is keenly interested in "The Living Planet," because the grant from Mobil is—again we quote—"designed to put resource materials in the hands of every science supervisor, instructor, and student here and in the public schools of five other major cities."

We looked at the titles of the twelve parts of the series. After "The Building of the Earth" come "The Frozen World," "The Northern Forests," "Jungle," "Seas of Grass," "The Baking Deserts," "The Sky Above," "Sweet Fresh Water," "Margins of the Land," "Worlds Apart," "The Open Ocean," and "New Worlds." Yes, twelve of them. Mr. Attenborough arrived in time for dinner, which was served in the suite at round tables: a surprisingly youthful man (even though one always thinks of his youth on the screen), full of good humor and enthusiasm and sparkle. A brother of the actor and director Sir Richard Attenborough, he was born in 1926, grew up in Leicester, studied zoology and geology at Cambridge, and, after serving in the Royal Navy, worked for a short time in a publishing house. Then he joined the BBC. "In 1963 he was named Controller of BBC 2," we read. "There, he introduced color television to Europe and invented the highly successful format of the thirteen-part television series."

After a brief talk by Mr. Attenborough, we were shown a short film—not a part of the series, and made in a lighter spirit—of the tribulations and various errors that plagued the cameramen and the narrator during their odyssey. People fell into streams; mysterious mishaps dogged the most determined efforts to get good shots of volcanic craters or vegetation. The film also included tricks; for example, a leopard or similar catlike creature was shown padding into invisibility behind a clump of trees and bushes and emerging on the other side quite a different catlike animal.

A question period followed, during which a few references to the Indians of South American rain forests and their probable fate led inevitably to a discussion of the tragic effects of the forests' destruction and the fact that humanity now dominates the planet everywhere. “Do you think that nature goofed, and that we shouldn't have been created at all?” one man asked.

Attenborough hesitated. “My dear sir,” he replied, at last, “you are venturing into very deep waters indeed.” Clearly, he had no desire to explore the thought further.

Before starting upstairs to view “The Building of the Earth,” we noted that so-called “viewing questions” to be asked of schoolchildren after they saw it were as follows:

1. What special adaptations are highlighted for the following:
    a. Himalayan panda
    b. musk deer
    c. snow cock
    d. people living in the high altitudes of Tibet
    e. flamingoes of the Rift Valley in Africa
2. How does volcanic action (volcanism) change the crust of the earth?
3. Explain how the remains of sea creatures could be found near the summits of the world's greatest mountains, the Himalayas.

There were also topics for home discussion:

Which sequence was most exciting? Which do you think was the most difficult to photograph? Why?

Science has made advances in the technology of predicting volcanic eruptions. Yet when Mount St. Helens erupted, some people were killed because they did not believe the warnings. Why do you think people chose to remain? If you were forewarned of an earthquake or volcanic eruption, what would you do?

As we were leaving, we had a few words with Mr. Attenborough, who seemed as happy and energetic then as he had at the beginning. “I have a good time,” he said. “I like my life.”

Meleagris Gallopavo

600s—One of the oldest known turkeys dies near Flagstaff, Arizona. Its skeleton will be discussed by Erik K. Reed in an article entitled “Turkeys in Southwestern Archaeology,” approximately thirteen hundred and fifty years later.

1509-47—Reign of King Henry VIII, during which time William Strickland, Sebastian Cabot's lieutenant, sends home a turkey.

1570—The turkey appears in France on the royal table of Charles IX.

1590—Gaspar Castaño de Sosa notes that some of the women at Pecos wear “*pelicas de pluma de gallina*.”

1598—Shakespeare writes in “King Henry IV” of the “turkeys in my pannier.”

(*Skipping ahead*)

1864—The turkey becomes the nucleus of wedding feasts and Thanksgiving dinners. Source: “Turkey Secrets,” a book by Horace Vose.

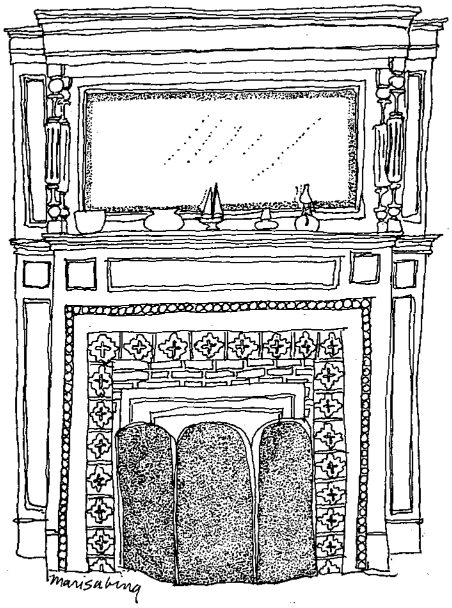
1873—Vose ships a thirty-six-pounder to President Grant, who replies, “The turkey you were good enough to send me has been received and will be prepared for our dinner to-day.”

1885—“President Cleveland in 1885, after feasting upon [a] fine specimen [picture turkey and Cleveland here], wrote Horace Vose that he sometime intended to go fishing with him.” Vose, op. cit.

1898—Vose procures thirty thousand pounds of turkey for presentation to high-ranking military of the Spanish-American War. Later, President Theodore Roosevelt, in gratitude for his executive bird, will invite Horace Vose's daughter and her husband to the White House, where he will say, “I am dee-lighted to meet you. . . . Tell your father that he is a trump.”

(*The nineteenth century draws to a close*)

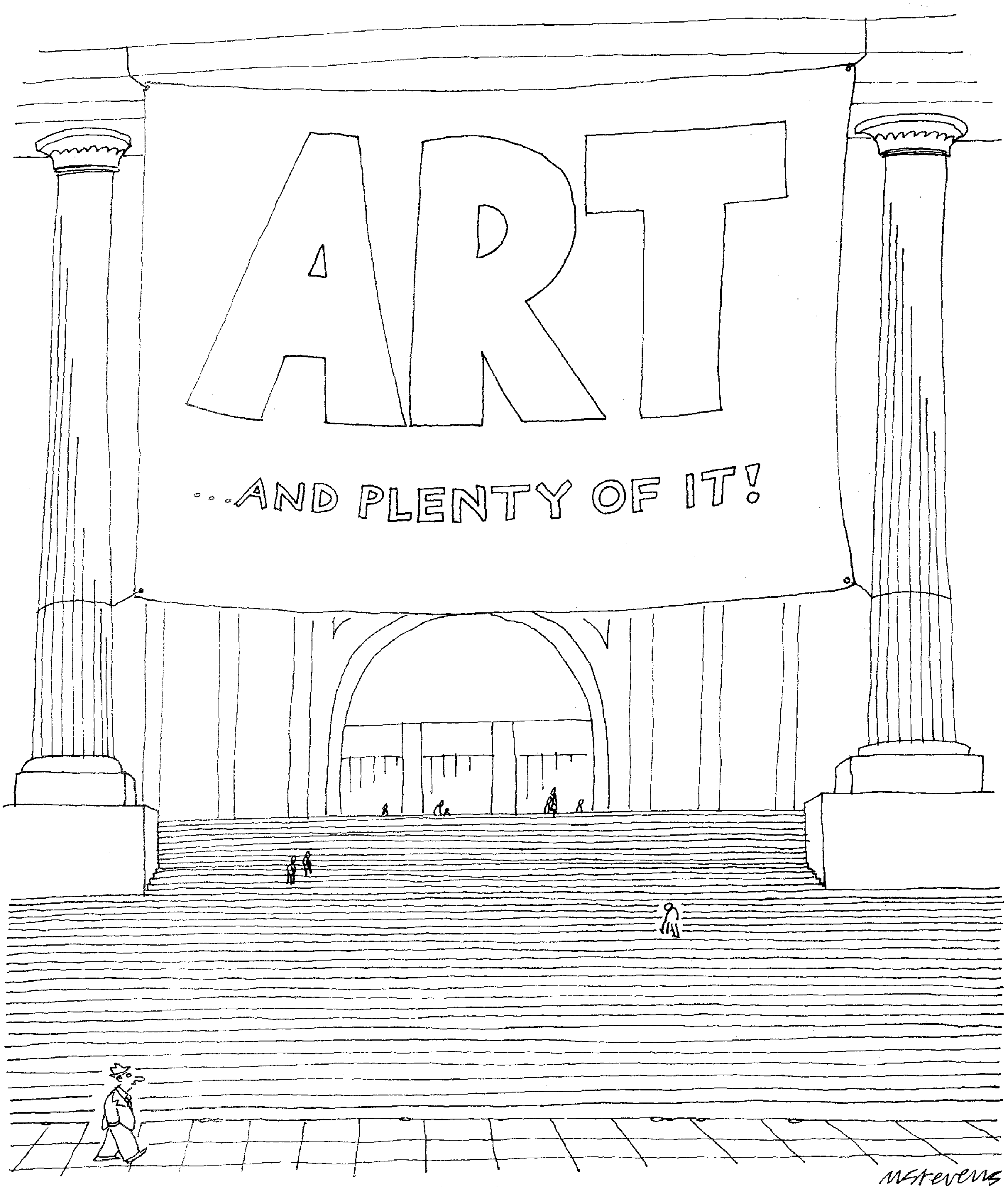
1916—Alpha A. Ensminger writes, “Although the turkey has been under domestication for four hundred years . . . there are still many indications of the original wild nature.”



When in the Course . . .

WE have, in just the past year or two, watched new night clubs and discothèques open one after another in this city, each with something special about it. One, in a converted church, planned at the time to have as an admission booth a replica of a confessional; another features thirty-four television screens sometimes showing the same program simultaneously; and a third boasts a swimming pool with mermaids and an ice rink on which glide skaters whose Mohawk haircuts light up periodically, thanks to the miracle of fibre optics. But last week we attended the opening night of a club that with one simple twist outdistanced the others. It's not that its dance floor has zero gravity (it doesn't); it's the name that its founders chose—the only night-club name we know of drawn from that most eloquent of our national documents the Declaration of Independence. Try to guess. It's not called Certain Unalienable Rights, or Consent of the Governed, or even—and this saddens us a little—Depriving Us in Many Cases of the Benefits of Trial by Jury. It's called The Pursuit of Happiness.

That phrase, concocted first by T. Jefferson, was resurrected by Sarah Tomerlin Lee, who designed the new club, which is in the New York Hilton. “I wanted a name that would fit in with the return to elegance, to the old romanticism,” said Mrs. Lee, who looked as if she had never left elegance behind. Her eyes shone, and her hair was of a color between the gray of her silver-fox wrap and the white of her pearls. After careers as an editor at *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, the editor-in-chief of *House Beautiful*, and a vice-president of Lord & Taylor, Mrs. Lee has reached the age where charm leaves no greasy fingerprints. “I was looking for a name that wasn't straight sex,” she said. “I wouldn't have minded terribly if we'd called it Panache, but I kept coming back to The Pursuit of Happiness, because it seemed to fit in with this movement to romanticism, which, if you ask me, is coming on through like the Gulf Stream. All you have to do is look at the girls—they're dressed so much prettier. And you see men getting into taxicabs and they're in black tie. Anyway, I knew it would be kind



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of a shock as a name, because it's so long, but then I went and saw that play that is such a hit—'Sunday in the Park with George'—and who ever heard of a longer name than that?"

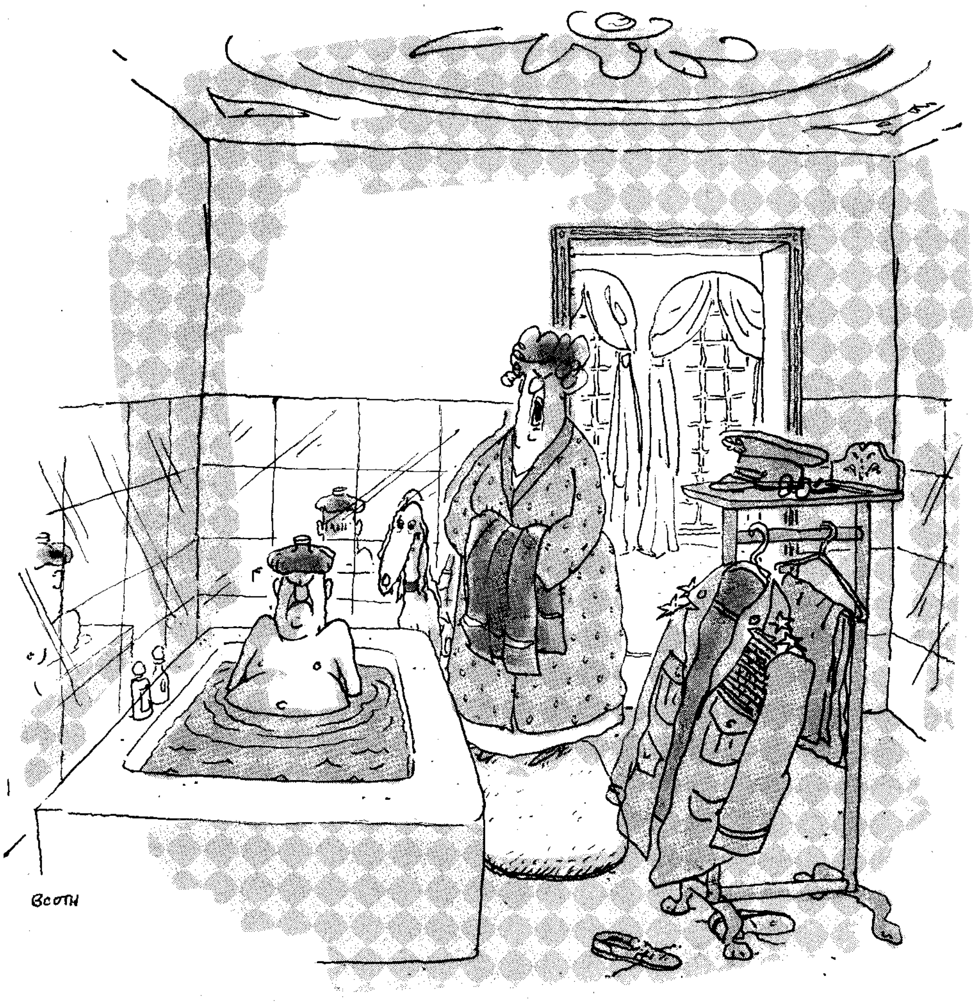
"A name four times as long as most should excite four times as much interest," added Per Hellman, the general manager of the Hilton, and there was hope in his voice.

Mrs. Lee gave us a tour of the club—the video controls, and the sofas constructed at acute angles, so everyone could see almost everyone else, and the glass guards on the railings, so people wouldn't spill their drinks down the backs of the people sitting beneath them. "Now come over here and look at this little passageway," she said. "It's my favorite. They said to me, 'What do you want to put here? Books? Wine bottles?' And I said, 'No, I want a darling little waterfall over glass with lots of orchids.' And I asked my son Todd, who is an architect, and who often works with me, and he said, 'Mother, if it's a torrent you want, then a torrent you shall have.' And so I do, and it makes me very happy."

FOIE GRAS

As his paunch extended and late middle age tightened around him, Fatty the Count came to rely more and more heavily upon M. Bruyère's pharmacy to furnish him with pâté de foie gras. An unlikely source, on the face of it, even in a region where a carpenter, a blacksmith, or a wool merchant might be a reputable supplier of illegal liqueurs, and where the local creosote factory, to the despair of young planners in the prefecture, all but closed every summer at the height of the strawberry season, while the workers stayed home to pick and market their strawberries. And where a nearby market town full of noble towers had fallen into dilapidation as the eventual result of a mysterious abundance of truffles in the nearby woods, which had increased unpredictably and lasted just long enough for everyone in the neighborhood to forget any form of gainful employment except truffle-hunting and professional discussion of the subject in the overflowing cafés opened and kept by speculators with accents. A region where, when the rumors of mushrooms began to race, in the autumn, a priest could be pointed out who had raised a cudgel in defense of a patch of chestnut forest in which Divine Providence annually revealed the prized boletus exclusively for him.

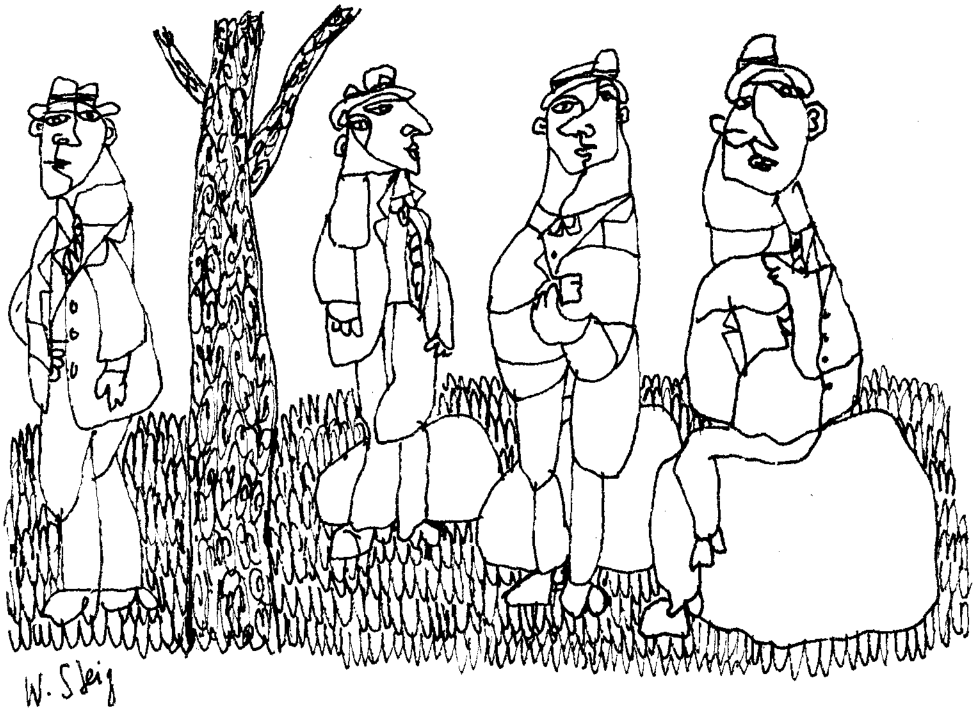
M. Bruyère's pharmacy certainly did not give public notice of offering pâté de foie gras, or any comestible more substantial than herbal teas, black-currant throat pastilles, or an expensive line of translucent dietary crackers prescribed for diabetics, for sale across the counter. Probably it never had. No one from the small town of Cérignac itself would have been likely to ask aloud for such a product in the store, among the carefully polished antique jars, the high racks of the latest high-quality toothbrushes, the venerable tiers of black-and-gold tin medicine boxes, the arrays of luxury soap, the fine, righteous, clinical smells, and in the summer the life-size cardboard young woman in a bikini, recommending suntan lotion. If there had ever been such a request—from a tourist, say, in August, for some foreigners apparently imagined that a pharmacy was obliged to supply everything—and it had been addressed to one of the serious young women clerks in pastel smocks, she would have said plainly and definitely, "No." If it had been M. Bruyère the son who had been asked, he would have managed not to hear the question once or twice—a tactic acquired, but acquired without style of any kind, from his father. Failing that, he would have ignored the question, busying himself in a search on an upper shelf or rearranging small boxes in the recesses of the stockroom. But if reminded at last, he would have shaken his head, with a brusqueness, a distinctness, that might have surprised anyone who had been watching him while waiting.



"O.K.! So four and a half billion dollars for six hundred and eighteen guns is not a bargain-basement price, Keatley honey, but they most certainly do not need to be discussing your every decision in the 'Wall Street Journal' day after day after day!"

The son, in his late forties, wore his hair cut short like grass above his pale square face, set upon a square white shirt that billowed slightly around his thick waist. His motions were at once jerky and lumbering, hurried and regretful. It was a surprise to hear him speak at all, and his toneless words left the impression that there had been some mistake, even when what he said was exactly to the point. He seemed to be anxious to get things over with. He had been like that in every respect, even as a schoolboy.

As for M. Bruyère, A. (for Albin), the father, it would have been hard to envisage an ordinary customer asking M. Bruyère to sell him something just to eat, and if anyone had done so it would have been apparent immediately that the notion was misdirected. With increasing years the elder M. Bruyère came to spend less and less time in the pharmacy itself, and to care for his own health and leisure at home in the ancient house on the back road along the valley where his wife's family had been born. But he continued to come into the shop on most afternoons dur-



Men Without Women

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ing the tourist season, and on the days, twice a month, when there were market fairs and the broad square in front of the pharmacy was filled with the trestles of itinerant venders of drygoods and hardware, shoes and dolls, and the edges of the awnings above them shaded the antique jars and the elegant botanical posters in the wide pharmacy window. And when he was in the store in his later years, he almost never donned one of the white smocks that he had worn there for half a century. He spent only part of his time behind the counter, and devoted the rest of it to standing, or passing to and fro, in his impeccable suit, among the customers, seeing to the displays, and presiding, like an official at a revel. An appropriate request would be received and entertained: he would stand very still, and the motionless ivory parchment of his face would tilt upward, the long, polished hairless skull would tip slowly like a searchlight exploring the ceiling, the reflections in the gold-rimmed pince-nez would slide off, and an answer would come at last, so papery and hushed, and from so far away, that it seemed to be conveying a confidence of remarkable gravity, when in all probability M. Bruyère, Albin, was simply being judicious and preparing to refer the whole matter to one of his employees. Which he came to do in most cases involving ordinary commerce. Yet there was no question of his turning into a figurehead, a mere symbol of the place. He retained an astonishingly encyclopedic acquaintance with the current stock in the pharmacy, including the latest medicines and the most fashionable health nostrums and cosmetics, and he continued to discriminate without hesitation or reticence between what was valueless, however it may have been advertised, and what was of real quality; between what was merely novel and showy, and what represented a genuine advance and deserved to be included in any self-respecting pharmacy with a policy of remaining abreast of the times. This distinction was important to the reputation of his establishment, and had something to do with the fact that most of the doctors of the region referred their patients, as a matter of preference, to M. Bruyère's pharmacy—a bit more expensive, perhaps, but you could rest assured. It was a snobbism, and no doubt it had always been a snobbism, and had perpetuated itself as such, as a kind of unspoken conspiracy, in which the building was a participant.

From the beginning the pharmacy had been housed in one corner of a *palais* of indeterminate age; probably it had been built, or restored, not long after the Wars of Religion, in the late sixteenth century. The two square towers with their pointed slate roofs, joined by a Renaissance balustrade across the façade, in which the slate-blue shutters appeared to be permanently closed, had come to be no more than the background to the commercial premises occupying what had once been its inner courtyard: the pharmacy was flanked, along the square, by one of the oldest cafés in town, an enterprise with a tradition of its own. Outside the tourist season it was a meeting place for the older members of the professions. There the papers, bought at the tobacco-and-stationery shop next door, were opened and read; excellent meals could be ordered, though the fact was not publicized and there was no menu; tickets could be bought for sporting events and for the buses, which stopped to unload there; and in the autumn mushrooms, fresh and bottled, were for sale in the back room next to the kitchen. In the winter, students crossed the square and sat around the marble tables, in the yellow light, still wrapped in their scarves, and conferred until suppertime. Besides the café and the stationer's, which grew more gaudy each summer with postcards and magazines for tourists, there was a grocery store on the other side of the pharmacy, around the corner in the Rue de la France. None of them had been there, of course, when the Bruyère family had acquired the building, at the time of the Revolution—a fact to which Fatty, le Comte d'Allers, had made allusion regularly, over the years, in conversations with M. Bruyère: public conversations, for they had had few others.

No one, in fact, could be entirely certain of the earlier history of the *palais*. During the Revolution many records had been lost. In local—and vague—tradition the building had been the urban seat of a family of the minor nobility whose name had died out before or after the building had changed hands. Even they, as the Count was content to remind listeners, had been *noblesse de la robe* and not *noblesse d'épée*. There was a possibility that the towers had passed into bourgeois possession well before the Revolution, and by the time of Louis XV had become the pride of functionaries, financiers, or lawyers. They were plain, and without any grace except their height and their age, and yet Fatty spoke as though their acquisition by a family with no title at all was a personal affront—one that he was accustomed to overlooking, in the present hopelessly vulgarized state of the world, but one of the many that he could not be expected to forget.

His allusions to the Bruyères' status as arrivistes in the noble pile facing the square were seldom more than passing slurs when he was speaking to M. Bruyère in person. In conversations outside the pharmacy he referred more openly, and more habitually, to M. Bruyère as a venerable nobody. The Bruyère family had been magistrates before the Revolution. Their sympathies during that period appeared to have allowed them to survive and prosper. They had provided the town with solid citizens in each generation thereafter, and with no historic scandals, in the region, at any rate. The pharmacy had been a family business for over a century. M. Bruyère, Albin, himself, had twice been mayor of the town.

It must be said that M. le Comte's easy scorn did not single out the courtly, withered pharmacist for unique attention. Indeed, he accorded M. Bruyère almost no particular notice, and his disdain was quite as prompt in reference to the other recent mayors of the municipality. The office had been passed back and forth, or so it appeared, for several decades, among three of its most substantial burghers. Most recently it had been the charge of M. Gentiane, Henri, a wholesale wine-and-liquor merchant, third successor in the business, and a man who lived alone, as a widower, in an ugly new house, one of the few modern buildings in the town—a stucco villa in the tiny *banlieue* behind the seventeenth-century school. M. Gentiane prided himself on the open and progressive nature of his conservatism, on his military record in the '14 war, and on his subsequent erudition on the subject of local history, of which he had a more thorough and better-documented, if drier and remoter, knowledge than M. le Comte himself. He had disputed, openly, some of M. le Comte's boasts about his family's role in the region, and Fatty, whose proper name was Pierre, seldom referred to him at all, and his contempt when he did so bore more personal animus than usual.

Far more, for instance, than he displayed toward old M. Belpech, Auguste, the private banker who had been the mayor before M. Gentiane and after M. Bruyère's second term. M. Belpech the father was a scion of a family of bankers that could trace its line back at least to the Wars of Religion. They had occupied, even in that period, the same massive, stately, gray house along a stream that had been arched over, covered, and paved as a street only in the present century. Their small private park, with its high stone walls, survived, on the side of the house nearer the town, and M. le Comte could recall pleasant summer evenings, stretching back for many years, when the guests had retired there after many sauces and many wines, to gossip and digest and nod, for a while, by lantern light, under an ancient lime tree.

M. le Comte's scorn of M. Belpech was gentler and better-natured: the banker was absent-minded and giggled; he scratched everywhere, and most often where it was least seemly; and bit his nails, and heard only half of what was said to him, but smiled. M. le Comte, who was called Pierre in the Belpech household, would not have given, as a further reason for his scorn, the fact that M. Belpech the father, who had been mayor at the time when the Germans entered the region to occupy it during the Second World War, had walked, flat feet and all, at the head of a small deputation of the municipality's wealthier citizens, to meet the approaching troops on the road and formally welcome them to the town, M. Belpech presenting them the key to the *mairie* with his own hand. There were unattractive rumors about M. le Comte's own politics at that time, though all that was known was that he had held "a modest post in Vichy" during part of the Occupation.

COMPLAINT

I lean over the rail toward the dark town,
The rail a streak of cloud in piled snow,
The stairs cloud-piled around the balcony.
His house is lit below,

One light among the branches at my feet.
I look, and press my hands into the snow.
I think that I am inconsolable.
No path to him, I know

Of none but that I follow into sleep
To where he waits, I hurry through the snow
To where the man stands waiting in the dream.
He loves, he tells me so,

He kisses me until the ceiling dome
Parts overhead and snow is coming through,
Until heaven itself, empty of snow,
Opens above us, too,

His hands melting the snow into my hair
Until I wake. Since he'll not have me, no,
I come out to the balcony and press
My hands into the snow,

And close my eyes, since he is blind to me.
Since he'll not hear me, then I'll be deaf, too,
And draw my hair into a set of strings
I'll take a scissors to.

—Gjertrud Schnackenberg

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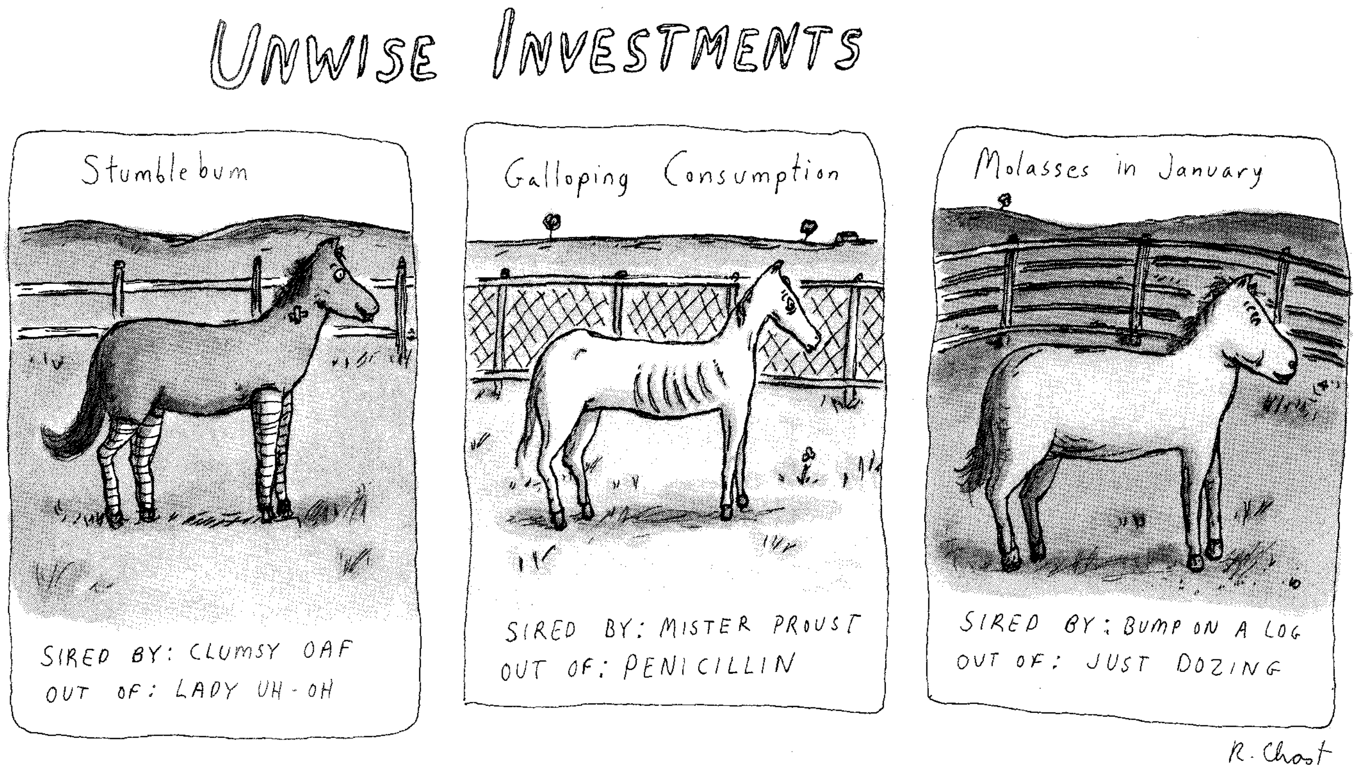


He made fun of old M. Belpech more or less in the way that almost everyone did, but the meals in the Belpech house were good, and the family bank kept his account open, and gave him credit, for years, when there was no money in it.

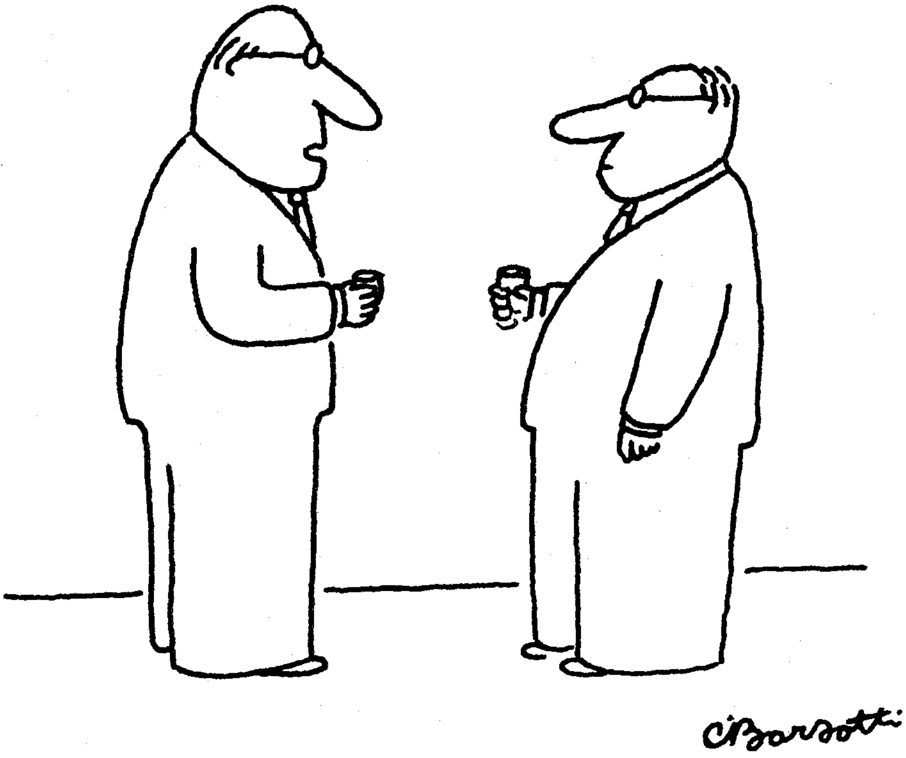
His particular disdain for each of the three mayors returned tirelessly to the desecrations of the ancient town for which each of them as individual administrators had been responsible, and some of which they remained proud of. M. Gentiane numbered among his own most estimable accomplishments the fact that he had paved over the long, open square that ran from the pharmacy to the small park several blocks away, cutting down all the old lime trees and sycamores around one end of it and turning the whole area into a parking lot. M. Belpech, at the suggestion of several of the town's Rotarians, whose good will he especially valued, had built a truck weighing station at one side of it, where there had been a small park with shaded benches and a balustrade, along one of the town's still uncovered streams. M. Bruyère had been guilty, during his first term in office, of allowing many of the shopkeepers along the Rue de la France to destroy their sections of the ancient and elegant arcades that had stretched unbroken from one end of that street to the other, and replace them with large, rectangular, ordinary display windows set in artificial stone that looked like plastic. He had modernized the pharmacy in the same way—but, to his credit, he at least, as Pierre allowed, had had the taste and decency to realize that he had made a mistake, and to regret it.

IN speaking to foreigners, Pierre, M. le Comte, Fatty, might contrast the administrations of the barbarous burghers of Cérignac to his own term, during the war, as mayor of the village of Saint-Val, several miles outside town, where he lived in the small château that was all that remained of the family fortune. If he did, he would dwell upon the care and economy with which he had applied the scant municipal funds to the restoration and preservation of the ancient buildings which should indeed have been the pride of the village—including, as a matter of fact, the roof and certain essential structural work on his own house, which, after all, was registered as a national historic treasure, open to the public from ten until two, three days a week, for a modest entrance fee that certainly could not be expected to pay for keeping the roof repaired. He had also undertaken to house, at his own expense, and in his own château, all the village archives from the mayor's office, including documents relating to all the property in the village, some of them dating back to well before the Revolution. He would note that the papers, when they had come into his charge, in the mayor's office, had been in utter chaos, and that he had devoted many hours (gratis, and generally unappreciated) to putting them in order—a contribution that had been forgotten later, when his successor, and the village council, had asked to have the papers returned to the mayor's office. Where, Pierre had warned them, the archives would merely be neglected once more, and left to the mercy of the rats and the damp. Whereas, while they were in his keeping, he had made good use of them in pursuing his researches into the history of the region. He had even offered to serve as custodian for the papers, lodging them rent-free, and taking care of them for a token consideration, if any, but of course the council was made up of small-time elected officials, know-nothings with the souls of petty functionaries, and they had insisted, until at last he had returned their precious wastepaper to them.

The issue had left him embittered toward several citizens of the village, in particular toward one youngish carpenter with political ambitions—but what could you expect of someone who covered the ancient masonry of his house with gray cement, replaced the stone window frames with factory-made metal horrors, tore down the old walls along the road and put up a fence made of horizontal galvanized pipe, and adorned his cement gateposts with large plastic dice standing on their corners, of the sort that one had come to expect outside the houses of wholesale butchers. The same person continued to circulate a rumor that the village archives had included old engravings and valuable tomes, which had found their way into the antique shop that Pierre ran in one room of his château, or had simply been shown to visitors and sold. Pierre dismissed the rumor and its source. Such a person, he declared, had never had any idea of what was in the archives. That person was suffering from common envy and pique at the thought that he might have missed a chance to steal something of value and sell it himself, when in fact he would not have known an engraving from the label on a bottle of cure-all, and was beneath understanding anyone who might be concerned to rescue objects of beauty from neglect and certain destruction, and to help them find their way into the hands of those who could appreciate them and would preserve them. This, Pierre said, he had come to realize was part of his mission in life. He had helped to nurture taste in some of the bourgeois of the region, whom he had supplied, from time to time, with articles of worth. Some of them remembered it. He had even helped some of them decorate their houses, when they had the sense to be aware that they did not know how to do it themselves. As for the charge that some of the engravings on their walls had been cut from old volumes by Pierre himself, with a razor blade, he scoffed at it. Half the framed engravings in France, he said, had once slept between the covers of books, where nobody saw them. Everyone knew that. Why assume that Pierre had personally cut out those that happened to pass through his hands? The subject was not worth pursuing.

His markedly different view of a mayor's role was not the only thing that kept Pierre from setting foot inside the café next to the pharmacy on Saturdays, or on days coinciding with events on the municipal calendar, when the mayors of Cérignac, past and present, tended to gather there. Their other companions at such meetings were usually the Rotarians of the town: owners of hardware stores and hotels, venders of clothing, food, and building materials, young notaries, a young doctor or two living in a modern stucco house, a veterinarian with aspirations. They referred to Pierre, to his face and behind his back, as le Comte d'Allers. They would have described their political outlook as "evolved." It was acquisitive and cautious. Their conversation circled around money, gossip, and sports. Gossip, for Pierre, was a relentless passion, and he would have listened to anybody, but he would not have joined in with those people. He did not concern himself with sports. When an obese woman in a large car had pulled up alongside his rusted wreck of a vehicle at a country intersection in midsummer and shouted from her window, in a thick Mediterranean accent, "My radio has broken. What is happening in the Tour de France?," Pierre had answered, "In the what?" "The Tour de France, the Tour de *France!*" she had insisted. "I'm not interested in the Tour de France," Pierre had said, and turned away with his eyes closed. "You're not interested in the Tour de *France?*" she had shrieked, eyes wide, unable to believe her ears. "What *are* you interested in?" "The First Crusade and the private life of Louis XV," Pierre had replied at once, and had driven on, as he preferred to do after such exchanges through the car window, as dramatically as his battered car would manage. As for money, it was a subject that he would not have discussed in that company, partly because he owed some to almost everyone there.

The same subjects, come to that, were staples of the talk in the gatherings next door, in M. Bruyère's pharmacy, and some of the same rounded fronts and faces appeared in both. But the subjects were treated differently, and the protagonists occupied different roles, in the neighboring establishments. Some of the habitués of the assemblies in the café always seemed to arrive as though they were attending a board meeting and were anxious not to be late. They checked the company to see who was there. They took the local soccer leagues seriously, and business ventures occupied them more often than private affairs. When M. Belpech the father, and his son, Jean-Paul, turned up at the café gatherings, the father stood at the edge of the group, in his dark suit, smiling his slightly embarrassed smile, looking off at nothing, and pivoting slowly back and forth on one foot while chewing on a fingernail. His son took part in the tumbling conversation, good-humored yet a little distant, as though he were there, in his banker's suit, with the fondest of intentions but between



"Apathy has served me well."

travels. And M. Bruyère himself stood silent on the margin, like M. Belpech, as the Pernods and coffees went round, and looked even more ghostly and desiccated, more like a white empty chrysalis, in the sallow fluorescent light, than he did next door in the pharmacy, with its atmosphere of a church vestibule.

There was nothing businesslike about the private gatherings in the pharmacy. The few who talked of soccer there did so with an air of indulging a taste that was no less personal for being popular. Most of those there who professed any interest in sport meant, by the word, partridge, hare, and rabbit shooting, or joining in a rare *battue* for foxes or wild boar, or even badgers, in the fall. Money, when spoken of, involved bank rates and known fortunes, the fluctuations of estates both as wealth and as land and buildings. It was spoken of gravely, deliberately, and out of earshot of the customers in the pharmacy, as though it were a family matter. And gossip—there was the tabloid chatter about people whom the speakers knew slightly, or knew about, in the region: open theft, buildings burned for the insurance, roofs collapsing, enormous fish caught, car accidents, priests, nuns, servants, lecherous veterinarians, new doctors, newborn babies found on village dumps, idiots, illnesses. And then there was the real family fare: installments of stories involving the lives and kin of the pharmacy habitués themselves. Not the lives and kin of all of them, of course. Most of them were staid, predictable, tight-lipped, lacking in feature. They seemed to have no stories apart from parish-register matters: marriages, births, deaths. Ailments and mishaps and losses. Anyway, it was part of their general faith in their own decorum to maintain the assumption that they were not, in fact, gossiping, but were keeping abreast of the events of their time, among their peers. A responsible activity. The assumption contributed to the earnestness with which they dropped their voices and conferred about the latest developments in the private life of Bertrand Defelle, one of the stalwarts of their group, when he was not present. The way they did, that is, once his existence became disastrous and interesting.

"I won't be home for dinner, dear. I'm stuck late at the office."

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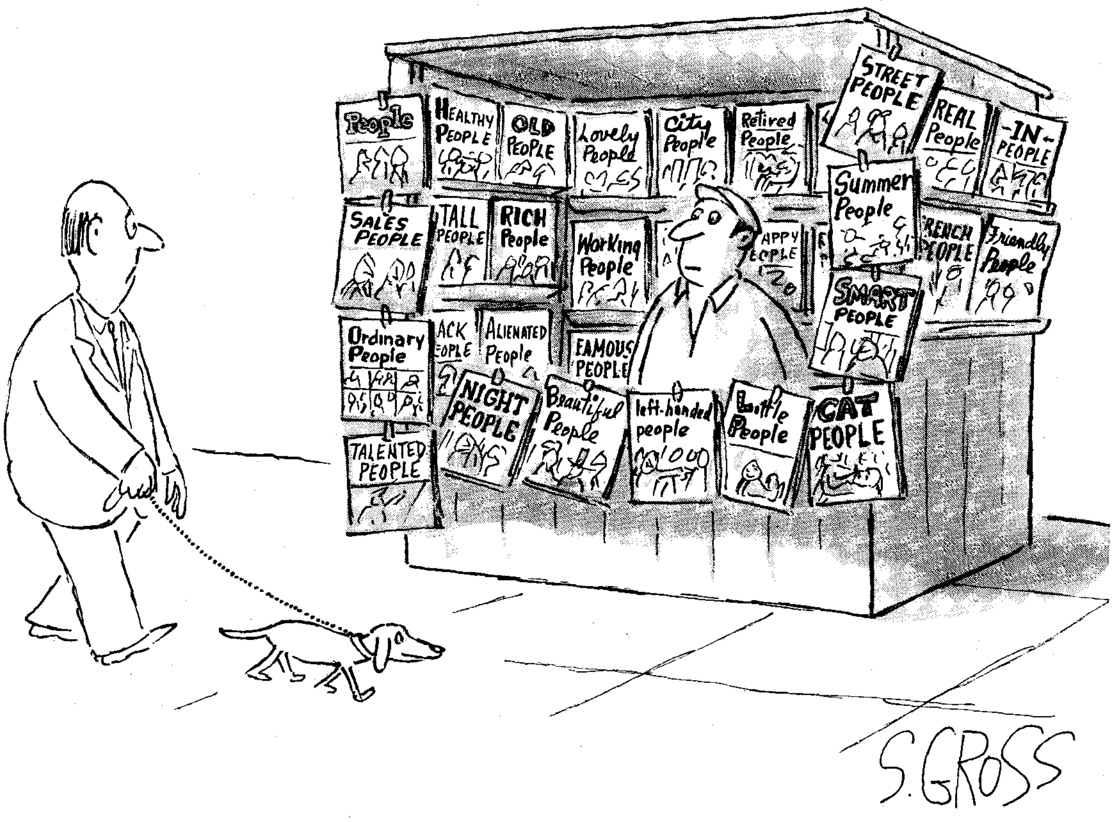
No one would have expected such a thing to happen, at any event not until he married that woman. Bertrand, everyone agreed, was a decent, honorable, steady sort, with a small castle—really a walled country house—in a village twenty miles south of Cérignac, in which his family had lived for generations, producing notables and characters, but few scandals. His grandfather had been a freethinker and had been buried in his own grounds with an acorn in his mouth. The oak tree reminded his descendants of something or other that they might claim but could not know. There was land but not much money. Bertrand had grown up in that house, gone to the village school, and, in his forties, a broad stocky man who drank Pernods in the village café with lifelong cronies, and *fines* after dinner with friends of his own station, he still played soccer with the village team, and tramped through the October leaves with neighbors and their dogs and guns. He had expanded the estate he had inherited, and he farmed it in a moderate, traditional manner, reforesting old abandoned farmland, planting poplars along the stream, repairing the neglected buildings. He was bluff, matter-of-fact, good-natured, and the only irregularity that could be attached to his account was the fact that he was related to Pierre, le Comte d'Allers—but related to him "on the left hand," as Pierre carefully and unfailingly pointed out. The mésalliance had taken place some time before the Revolution. One of the principals had strayed from a line of local worthies with doughy faces, ponderous noses, and small, pouchy, unlit eyes, as the portraits in the old house testified. An ancient family distinguished by the name of Poulichon, and apparently by little else. Pierre pretended to know the details of the liaison and its progeny, and of the castles from his own patrimony that had drifted out of his legitimate inheritance as a result, but Bertrand merely shrugged and laughed at any allusion to the matter. By his time the ancient transgression was no longer even an anecdote. It was a flourish in his remoter history; a joke.

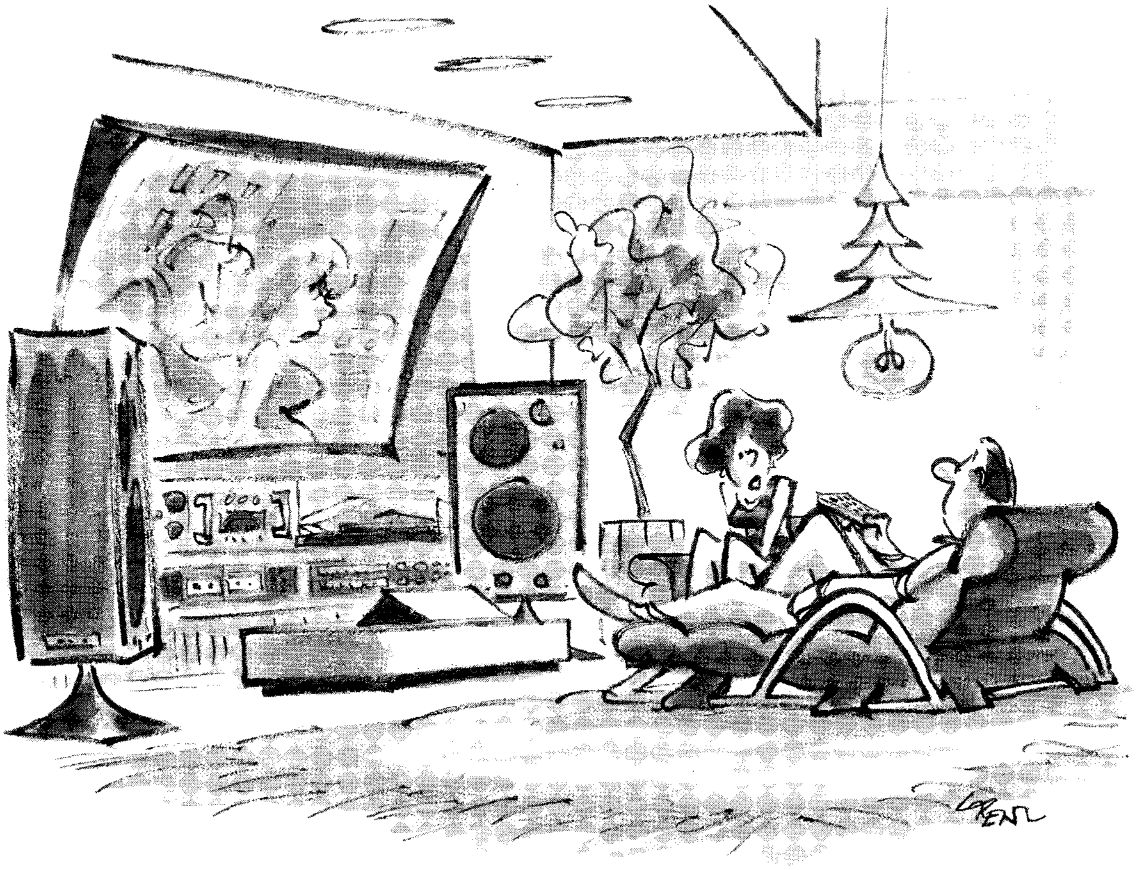
He himself had married late, and that woman, Titi (from Brigitte), was years younger than he. He was said to have found her somewhere in Marseilles or Nice or some such place, where her parents had been divorced, and it was said that at one time she had modelled clothes. Maybe she had; maybe she hadn't. Her hair had never been that color naturally—a bright rust—and she was very clever at dyeing it, but she had been known to make mistakes. Anyone could tell what magazines she paid attention to. And her figure. There was no denying that she had a pretty figure. But it was very thin. And she was obsessed with being still thinner. She starved herself until she made herself sick, of course. She followed every fad diet and some others of her own devising, and she took pills to lose weight, and they, too, made her sick, of course, and contributed, furthermore, to exaggerating her tempo, which was, at the best of times, that of a film run uncontrollably fast. Her voice seldom descended from a modulated shriek, and she entered every conversation before she entered the room, her high heels detonating on the polished tiles and the waxed walnut floors. She spoke of herself as a race horse and as an Amazon, and in obedience to her Bertrand acquired blooded horses and a groom, and she took riding lessons for a while until she fell and sprained her wrist and grew bored with the routine and with the riding instructor. Sometimes she stayed in bed for days, with the curtains drawn. In fact she made no friends. But she prided herself on her fantasy. She had the old rooms redecorated with pink and blue and yellow wallpapers covered with butterfly motifs—her signature. Pierre laughed at her taste, but she deferred to his and bought things from his antique shop, which may or may not have persuaded him that she was amusing. He laughed to see the blue paper butterflies that she had stuck to the noses of the family portraits of Bertrand's Poulichon ancestors. He said she was original. She trilled and waved and he chattered and let fall unrepeatable asides, not all of which she heard, and they waltzed from room to room to the sound of their own voices.

He continued to talk of the butterflies and her originality after she started an affair, which before long was a matter of common knowledge, with a veterinarian from a neighboring market town, a person of regular features and few words, whom the neighbors described as scarcely more than a boy, and who everyone agreed was as vacant as a human being could be without blowing away. His father was a local politician who had been publicly accused of large-scale corruption, and was known to be implicated in—to put it conservatively—one scandalous dispersal of public funds intended for public works. Titi went riding with the young man and brought him back to the château and locked herself in with him. She had the cook prepare meals on trays, and went and fetched them herself. It would go on like that for a day or so, and be repeated a few days later. Nobody knew what Bertrand said to her. Once he knocked her down and gave her a black eye. Some of his friends made it plain that they would no longer receive Titi in their houses. Two different priests came to talk to her about her way of life. Between episodes with her visitor she had bouts of sickness: ulcers, heart murmurs, sinister pains, and blackouts. Doctors came and went, and the skyline of drugs on her night table grew more elaborate. But she paid no attention to anyone's warnings. She talked. She talked without pause, without regard for who else might be present, her voice like a steam whistle, and when she stopped talking she locked herself into her room. One afternoon Bertrand came home to find that she had left on a trip with her young companion. They went to Provence for almost a month, and nobody was certain whether they would come back at all, but most who knew Titi predicted that she would be back for financial reasons, if no other, even though Bertrand wired her money all the time she was away.

The pair turned up again without announcement and resumed life as before, and Bertrand took an apartment in town and spent more and more time there. Titi virtually moved her young veterinarian into the château, keeping all the shutters closed night and day. No one in the village would speak to him when they saw him. Bertrand took a job for a while as a representative for a firm that installed irrigation systems, and said he found it interesting. He refused to take action for divorce until Titi demanded that he make over the château to her. Then, when he began preparations for divorce, she defied him to make her leave the château. She tore the butterflies off the Poulichon portraits and ripped holes in several of the paintings. Soon after that her health collapsed altogether. She could not leave her bed. She was taken to the hospital. Multiple



ulcers, a rare metabolic imbalance, and a related blood disease; a limping heart; permanent damage wrought by years of drugs and diet pills. It was said that she was dying, but then she was allowed to return home. There was no question of her seeing the young veterinarian, and he was forgotten. Bertrand had two nurses move into the château, and he came nearly every day to see her, but he kept his apartment in town and slept there most nights. She went back to the hospital, was allowed to go home again, began to swell up until she was unrecognizable, her limbs the texture of a pudding. That went on all through a hot summer, and in the autumn she began to lose her sight, and by winter she was blind. She died in the coldest part of the year, in February, and was buried in the frozen ground, with only a few figures around the grave.



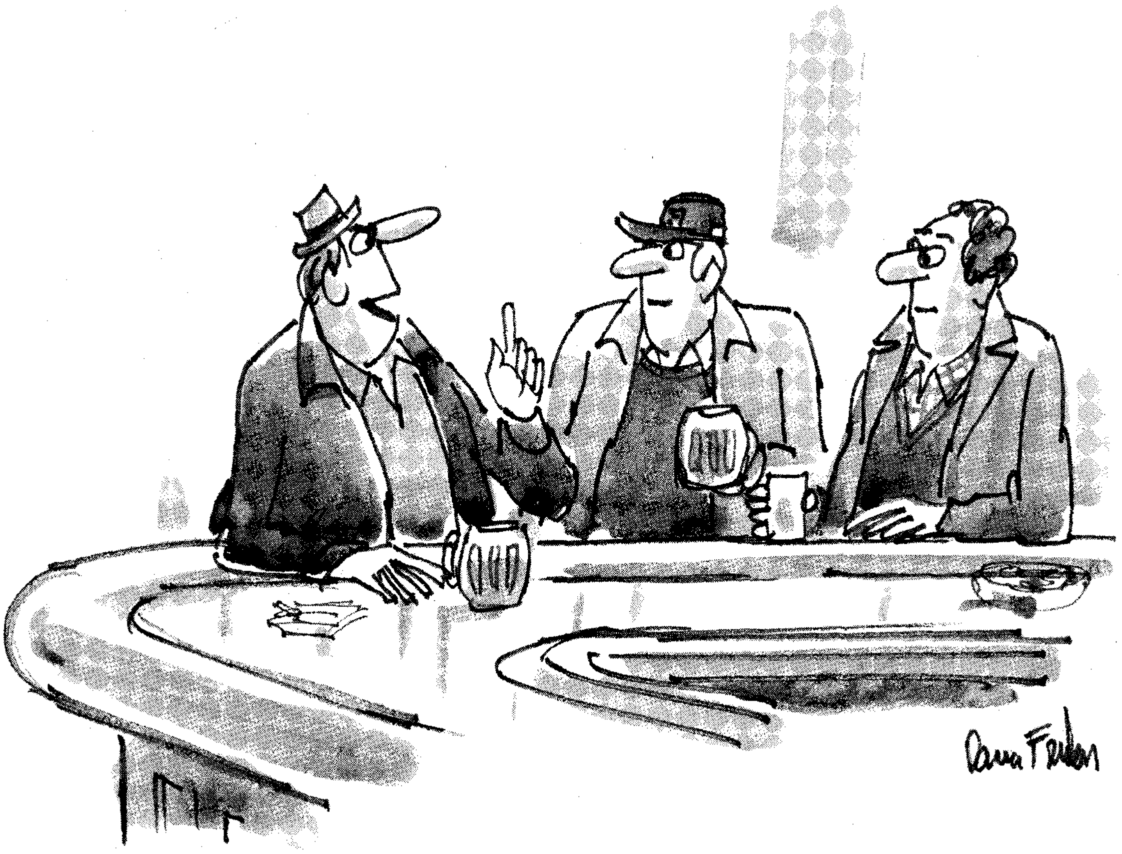
"I just realized, Howard, that everything in this apartment is more sophisticated than we are."

• •

Pierre was one of them. Throughout the whole story he had called at the château every few weeks, usually without warning—the telephone was little used in the region. While Titi's affair was in full swing, he had managed to remain in possession of fresh details, which he relayed, as fresh as possible, expressing concern and admiration for Bertrand, and anxiety—mingled with a certain envy—for Titi and what would become of her. He took a keyhole interest in every turn of her adventure, and he alone, in the neighborhood, pronounced the young man imbecile but attractive. He came in for an occasional unscheduled meal at the château, alone with Titi, or with Titi and her silent partner, while that lasted, or even with Titi and Bertrand, and at different times he managed to borrow money for gasoline from each of them. He declared himself to be an amoralist "except about things that mattered," and to reward his sympathy Titi sometimes remembered his weakness for foie gras—which she would not dream of eating herself, and which she said was bad for Bertrand—and slipped him a jar or two from the château kitchen as he was leaving. Usually his calls were made in the middle of the day, and afterward he would proceed, with the latest news, to some other noble building in the region, some château or ancient manor whose owners he knew or wished to know, and (favoring them with his confidences) would cement old acquaintances or form new ones. Châteaus and old houses of the region, year by year, were passing into the hands of outsiders—French from Paris or farther north, Greek, Spanish, English, American, some of them rich—whom Pierre did not know, and who did not know Pierre. "I am le Comte d'Allers," he began. He prided himself, he said, on remaining broad-minded.

And his trips and visits were turned to account: usually he had an old framed engraving, mirror, or ancestral painting wrapped in a rug, or a few pieces of faience or Sevres, scarcely chipped, picked up from somewhere or other, in the trunk of his weathered car, and would manage to bring the conversation around very quickly to the subject and fetch the things in to be admired; remarkably often he was able to persuade his hosts that he had had them in mind in choosing the objects before them, that the pieces corresponded with their own tastes and the needs of their houses, and that the price he was asking was more than fair. Or, as he said, "a price of friendship."

And when Titi began her final decline he continued to call at the château, to learn how she was, to sit at her bedside and amuse her, perhaps. In the neighborhood they said that M. le Comte was a kind man "after all." Several of the local tradespeople whom he kept informed about the state of her health allowed him to buy cheese, coffee (for his wife), chocolate, sausage, pâté on credit, and he was generous with his praise. He brought Titi small presents, and sometimes she told him to take this or that object when he left. Among them were things that Ber-



"The American people have spoken, and I, for one, accept their decision."

• •

trand later said had come from his family and had been there for generations, but never mind, what difference did it make? There were long stretches during the story when Bertrand did not come to Cérignac—it was not his own shopping town—and the pharmacy at all; and in those times none of the cadre which gathered there after Mass on Sundays had any recent tidings concerning him or that woman he had married unless Pierre happened to come in. They did not swallow Pierre's account uncritically, they assured each other. But they swallowed it provisionally. None of them went to Titi's funeral, and Bertrand left the region immediately after it, but Pierre still called at the château when he was in that part of the country, on his rounds. She had left him some odds and ends in her will. By then he knew the servants, and they gave him their news. In any case, there was the ancient kinship, such as it was, and the château, like many of the more imposing ancient buildings in the region, was one that Pierre was used to pointing out to strangers as having figured at one time among the local holdings of his family. Occasionally he left the shuttered building with some book or piece of china under his arm which Titi had wanted him to have. Pierre remained for some time the chief source of information about the château and about Bertrand himself. When Bertrand came back at last, he was welcomed with more warmth and sympathy than ever, but his story—what was told about him—was all but over.

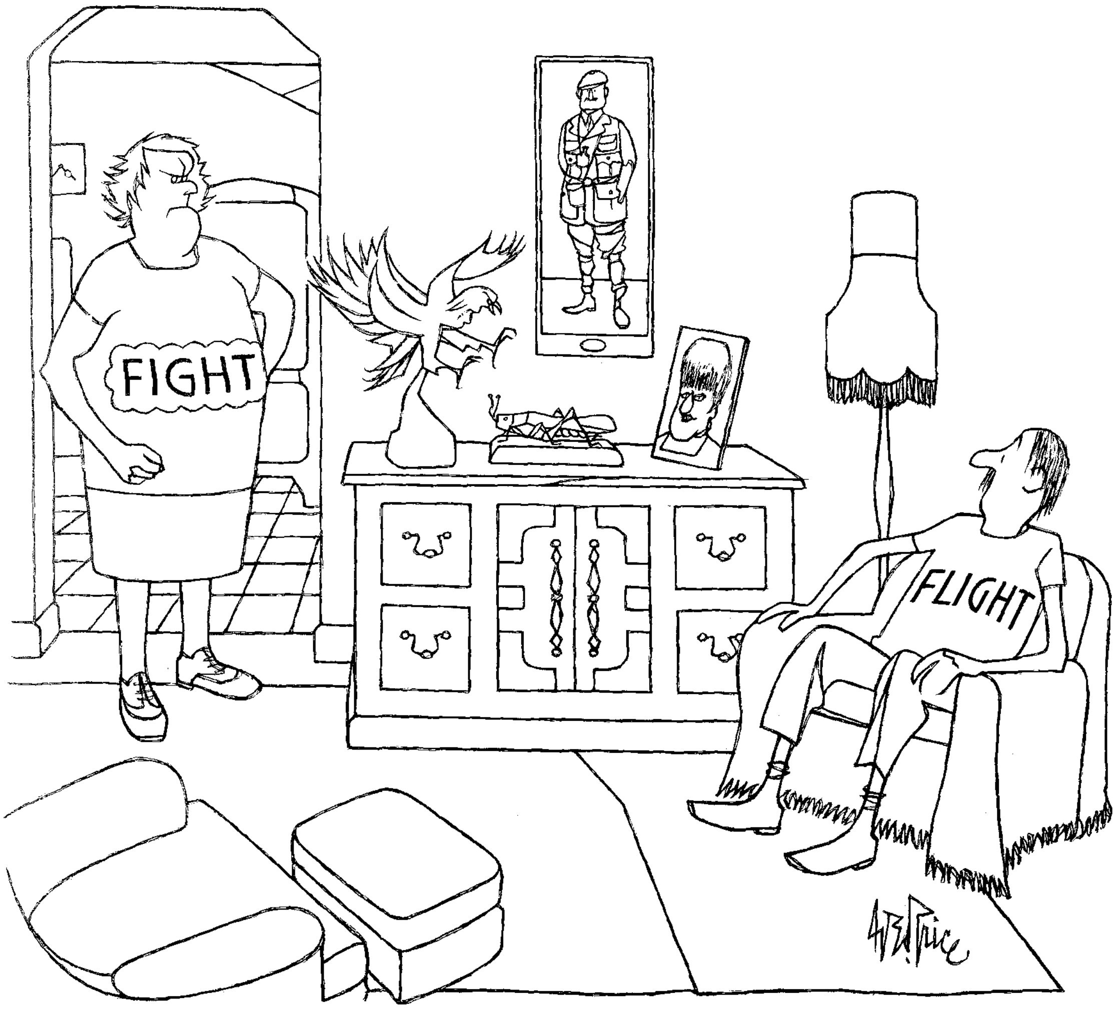
Still, even at the height of it, Pierre himself, in that group and in many others in the region, was the abiding center of gossip. He did not visit the pharmacy regularly on Sundays until his later years, when his financial affairs, which had long been penurious, became messy. When he did turn up, on a Sunday morning, someone would have seen him at church and spread the word, and someone would see him before he arrived, in the course of his shopping: the short, pudgy figure sailing along with tiny steps on tiny fat feet, nose in the air and belly far in advance of the rest of him. They awaited him—they braced themselves for his arrival—with a weary and only partly acknowledged pleasure. He could be counted on to enliven their morning, but some of them would have to pay for it, in vexation or in substance, or both.

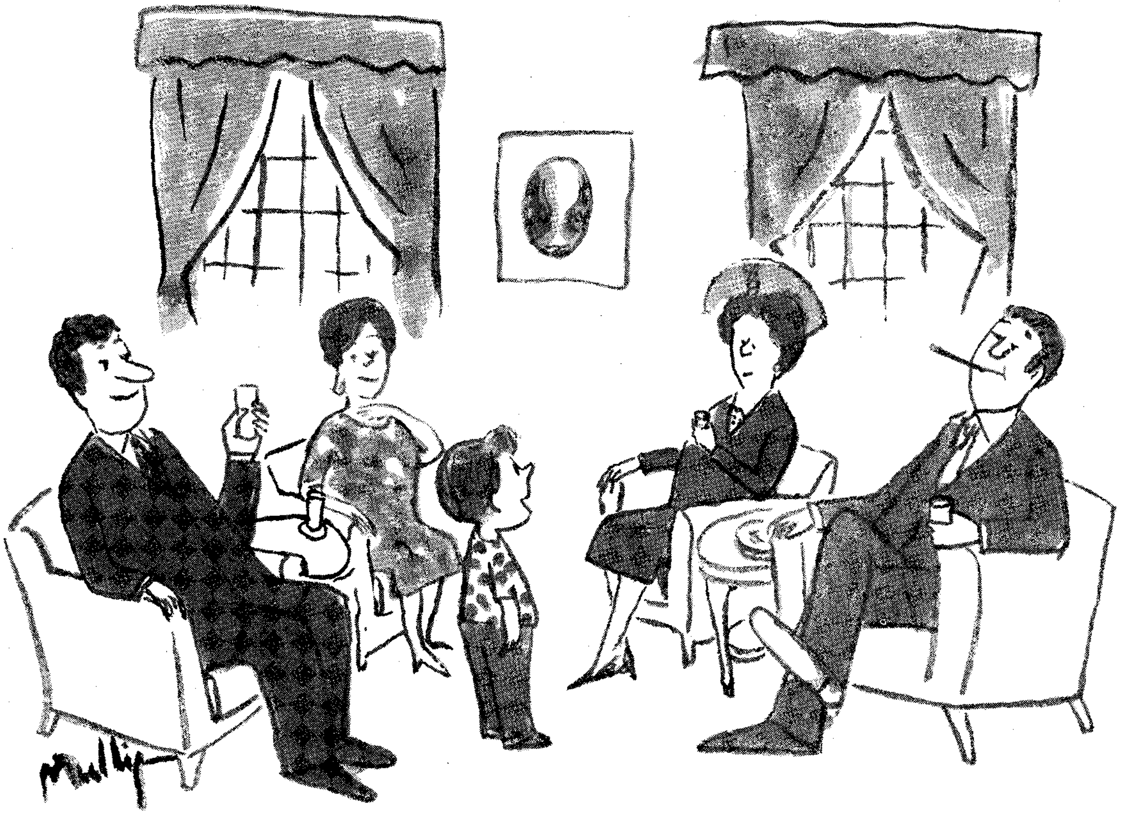
He would step inside the glass door and stand on the black-and-white tiles, holding his shopping bag, turning slowly like a small pouter pigeon, greeting them. His face was fat, egg-smooth, and pale, and he lisped. His clothes were as undistinguished on Sundays as on every other day: baggy pants, short-sleeved pea-soup-color shirt, and old gray cardigan or grubby gabardine. He dressed like any retired shopkeeper, only much worse. His clothes were never clean, and they smelled, and so did he, body and breath—an unhesitating fetor. He puffed, and they returned his greeting as though they had been caught at something. If someone asked about his health he would explain how he suffered with it: his headaches, palpitations, liver—and M. Bruyère might be called upon to refill a prescription and put it on the bill.

The older and more courtly of the group might inquire as well about his family, starting—and usually ending—with Mme. his mother, while she was alive, for she spent the last fifteen years of her life bedridden. Apart from the banker's son and Bertrand, no one in the circle had been out to Pierre's château for many years, but they all knew everyone in the family, and most of them could remember Mme. la Comtesse when Pierre had been a youth white as a frog's belly and his mother a dark, determined, imperious woman, stocky and prone to gesture, who dressed in shiny blacks and many plumes when she whirled into town in a carriage with a coachman, a footman, and more plumes in the horses' silver-buckled harness. In those days she was already a widow. Some of the elders of the circle still referred to her as Mme. la Générale: Pierre's father had been a general in the colonies, and had died when Pierre was a child. Pierre, in some company, claimed that his father's death had been heroic and tragic. In other company, he admitted, more prosaically, that M. le Comte, his father, had succumbed to an outbreak of cholera or some tropical disease. But it was certain that the elder M. le Comte's foot, which had been amputated after the Battle of Tonkin, had been preserved in some darkening fluid, and was still to be seen, in a jar, at the château. To be seen? It was displayed: taken down ceremoniously from the top shelf in a linen cupboard and thrust in front of those visitors who seemed deserving of special attentions. One unfeeling foreigner had referred to it as Pierre's pedigree.

After his mother took to her bed, visitors—particularly foreigners, if they were of interest—were led in to see her, and when she was feeling up to it, as she usually was, she would hold court. Pierre would go in first and plump up the pillows and pull her into a sitting position and hold a mirror so that she could powder her face, with its two or three remaining front teeth, and push her hair back under the lace nightcap that covered her head, and perhaps help her into a clean nightgown. And she would receive, holding out her twisted arthritic fingers, offering her cheek to be kissed, urging her guests to be seated and tell her about themselves, sending Pierre for a tray and glasses so that she could press on them ratafia or walnut liqueur or—if they were unlucky—wine from the château vineyard. And sugar cookies out of a tin. She would ask them about where they came from and what they had seen, and if the conversation grew lively—which it often did, for she managed, at her age, to see everything as a rather preposterous comedy—she might venture an anecdote or two from the history of the region. Something, in every case, that seemed to her appropriately odd. "Indeed," she would begin repeatedly, with a slow, graceful, sidelong wave of a bony hand whiter than the ivory lace from which it emerged. Her allusions to the local past often assumed a familiarity with its characters and customs, or an ease with French, that were beyond her guests, and if their response remained hesitant and their smiles tight she might—depending on her mood—offer her hand to be kissed, and dismiss them, or move on to a few samples from her vast fund of Marseillais jokes about Fanny, Marius, Olive. She contrived to roll out the Marseillais accent around her last teeth without relinquishing the manner elaborated in the drawing rooms of another century, and at Pierre's prompting she might end with a story that was distinctly off color, and then, relishing her guests' astonishment, bid everyone goodbye, with some laughing remark about the season, the flowers, the world out-of-doors, or the news in the morning paper. She might point to her window, and the view of the small, exquisite manor next door, a building much older and more beautiful than her own château, so that visitors looking for the château often made the mistake of going instead to the manor, which was not open to the public. "How lucky I am," she sometimes said, "to live here and have that lovely building to look at." A pause. "Instead of living over there and having to look at our house. Besides, there has been no one of interest living over there for at least three hundred years."

Once the guests had been led out into the adjoining room and the door closed, Pierre was likely to try to continue the entertainment that his mother had provided for their guests, fishing up more Marseillais stories, progressively less savory, and passing on to others wholly uncommendable. He was said to be a good son. His enthusiasm grew as that of his guests sank away. He put out his tongue as he laughed. Finally, when he noticed that a story had utterly failed to delight his audience, he would very possibly remark that it was his wife's favorite joke—especially if they had met his wife, Mathilde: tall, graceful, elegant,





"When I grow up, I hope to win the lottery."

• •

charming, gentle, someone whom everyone seemed to like. It was almost never said that he was a good husband.

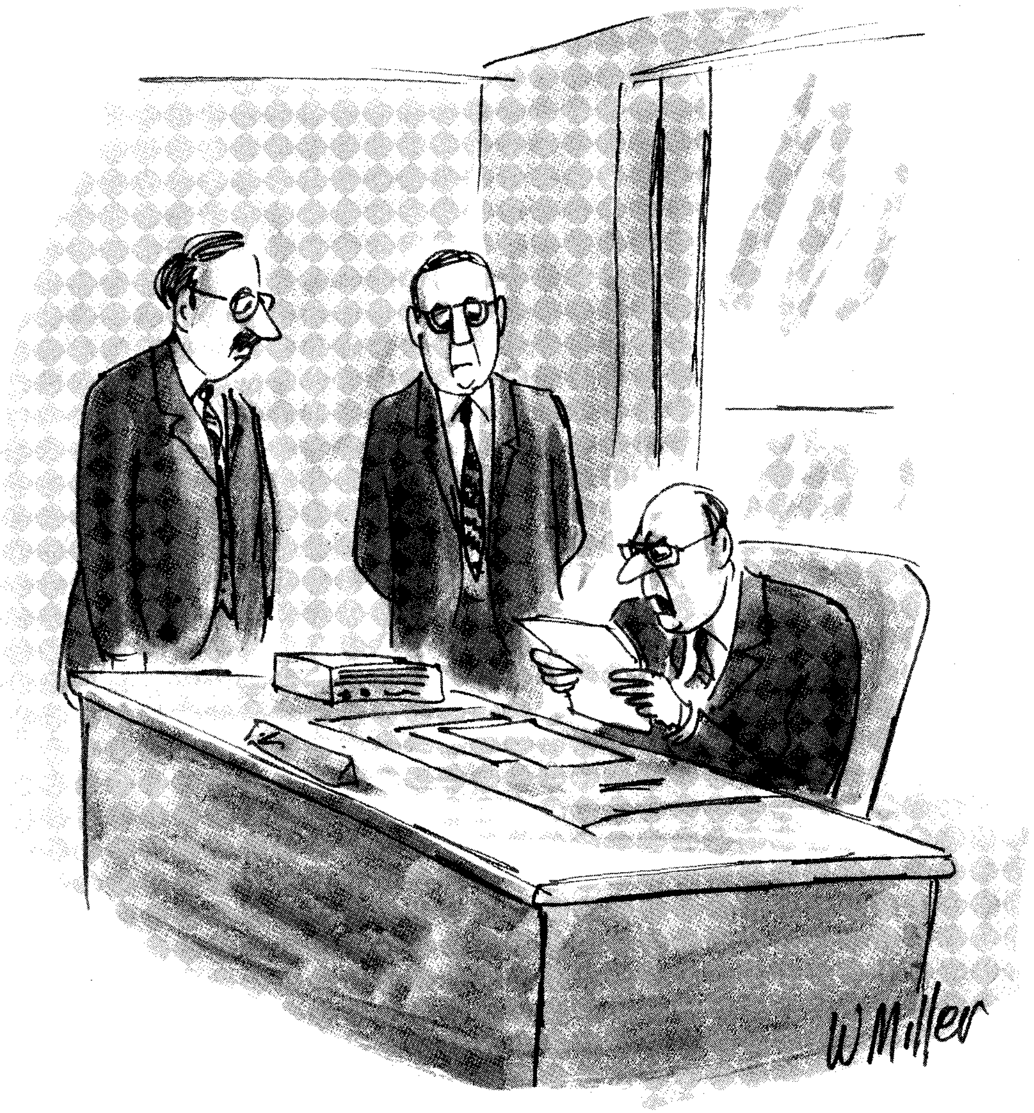
If he felt particularly expansive and confidential, Pierre might show his guests rotogravures of his mother in her youth, and of himself "when I was young and handsome." She looked, certainly, intrepid and solid, for all her parasols and jet fringes and huge brims, as she leaned against one heavy balustrade after another, or prepared to climb into a carriage. And Pierre's features, as they had come to be—the face he liked to characterize as "Neronesque," turning his profile and posing beside a small relief of that emperor so that his guests might compare the receding brow, aquiline nose, fleshy cheeks and lips, and pendulous throat of the imperial and current models—could all be made out, in embryo, in the pallid, plump ephebe over whose photograph he lingered with nostalgia. If he got as far as the pictures it was only a step to their setting: to his childhood in Indo-China, memories of earthquakes, ghosts, Oriental servants, and always of standing, small and alone, in the great shadowy dining room, at the hour in the afternoon when everyone was asleep, and looking at a bowl of eggs on a table, and a large rat emerging from the wainscot, followed by another. The rats made their way, with professional assurance, to the bowl of eggs. One rat embraced an egg with all four legs and the other seized it by the tail and dragged it off, egg and all, back to the wainscot, and out of sight. To reappear in a moment and repeat the performance. And the child stood watching as egg after egg departed.

Pierre believed he had seen it. It was at least as vivid to him as the memory of being taken to see Bernhardt, the Divine Sarah, already overblown for the role, but undaunted, in scenes from "L'Aiglon" first, and then discovered seated on a balcony, with an open book in her lap, from which she proceeded to read, with great expression, poems by Ronsard. The light on her page and on the wall and on her person was intense, perhaps simulating a Mediterranean noon, and the child had been fascinated to see, in its glare, that the elaborate cosmetic structure sustaining the white throat from which the sounds were coming was not equal to the strain. A seam began to part under the famous ear, and as the jaw continued to move and the verses to swell, it widened and peeled away, and a pink sack of skin began to force its way through, "like a testicle," growing until the poem ended and the curtain, without lingering, fell. After the performance the child, with another, had been led backstage to meet the great actress and had heard roars of rage filling the corridor; the admirers were kept waiting for some time. Finally they were beckoned forward and led into the presence. She was reclining on a chaise longue, completely restored, and in seraphic tones she called, "Come, come, my children. I *adore* children." Pierre was sure that he had seen all that, too, and that during the same audience she had confided to them that what she prized above all was simplicity. "Simplicity," Pierre repeated, raising his chin and pausing piously. "It is my own guiding principle."

IT was hard to see the figures in the pictures of Pierre and his mother as having been more attractive than their later appearances. Neither of them looked young, but neither of them looked quite real. Considering the wry, gnarled style of the lace-trimmed white figure in the bed, her wit and lightness, it seemed that she must have undergone a complete transformation from the bustling, impervious personage, arrogant with neighbors, heedless of bills, servants, and the preferences and comforts of others, who persisted, half memory and half legend, but utterly distinct, in the minds of M. Bruyère and his contemporaries. And certainly she had changed remarkably, and fortunately—but not, of course, completely. She still ran the house, through Pierre. She treated her daughter-in-law, who came from a grander and older family than her own, as a servant enjoying special privileges. Few decisions concerning the family could be made without reference to her—her comfort, her health, her tastes, her entertainment—and no one in the house supposed that it should or could be otherwise as long as she lived: not Pierre himself, nor Mathilde, his wife, nor any of their four children, with whom she conspired constantly, advancing and withdrawing her favor, hoarding confidences. Some evenings all six of them took their dinner in to sit around Mme. la Générale's bed, and even when they ate, as they otherwise did, in the smaller downstairs dining room, if all the children were at home, or—once the elder children had gone—in the improvised upstairs kitchen, they all trouped into her bedroom after dinner and sat with her for an hour or so, and talked with her, and read the paper with her, listened to her opinions about the news of the village, the country, and the world.

In the summer Pierre set up trestles and boards in the room, and worked in there by the foot of the bed at reupholstering senile chairs in cheap fabrics—awning materials, ends of lines which he fetched away on credit from one dim old shop or another on some back street. The industry was conceived of as part of the redecorating services which he placed at the disposition of discerning owners of large houses in the region. It was a pursuit—the upholstery—for which he kept declaring that he had a natural gift, though that was not immediately apparent. And as the mismatched stripes, crooked seams, chewed bindings, and bludgeoned nails were fixed into places from which only further mutilation could remove them, he repeated that he was teaching himself this art as he went along. Sometimes the patterns of curtain brocades, as he hacked at them, reminded him of costumes in a private performance at a château, one summer in his youth, in which he had played Hamlet, all in black. His small hands, plump even then, and his face had been spectacularly white. Others had been wearing brocades. He had been very moving. He had delivered the great soliloquies—however they began. De dum de dum de dum. Or sometimes the fabrics evoked the opera. Once, as a young man, before he married, he and a few cousins and their wives had taken a windup Victrola to the top of the waterfall at the head of the valley and played Wagner in the shadow of the cliffs. "The Ride of the Valkyries." And Pierre had stood up, his fist on his breast, like Chateaubriand, and had declared, to the surrounding white crags, "Ah, it's too beautiful, *too* beautiful. I can bear no more." And jumped over the edge. Knowing, as the others did not, that there was a broad grassy terrace some four feet below. And the party had screamed, obligingly, and one cousin, a very dull man, had threatened to hit him. Some members of the family had no wit.

Mme. la Générale could drop off to sleep to the sound of Pierre's upholsterer's hammer knocking and crunching, and flies would circle the foot of the bed, and he would settle back, himself, in a Louis XIV wing chair on which he had spent some time learning but which had not yet been quite right for anyone's décor, and begin to snore. She would snore; he would snore. Once he dreamed of that same waterfall flowing close by again, and again heard shrieks, and looked up at the faces appearing in the sky above him. But there was only one face, and it was Mathilde's, and she was shouting to him, with her gold fillings flashing, about water in the house, and he jumped up, and tripped over a stool,



"*I'll say this for Edgeworth—he's certainly a world-class, state-of-the-art nincompoop.*"

and ran out remembering the duck bread, the duck bread! The huge round loaves, too stale for anyone to buy to eat, that he had acquired by recent agreement with the village baker, and had the garden boy bring home in a wheelbarrow. They had been harder than ever when they arrived—enormous millstones, gray and powdered—and he had lugged them upstairs to the bathroom and stacked them in the cavernous ancient straight-sided zinc bathtub, where Mathilde kept the gladiolus bulbs all winter, and turned on the water. One of those summer days when there was almost no water in the pipes. The château drew its own supply from the stream that continued below the waterfall, down the valley between the cliffs. It had been a dry summer. The stream had narrowed, and splashed languidly from rock to rock. There were runnels here and there that led to gardens in the village, and when their sluice gates were opened still less water ran in the stream, and in the château the faucets in the cellar ran feebly, those on the ground floor scarcely trickled, and on the floor above, where the bathroom was, a mere thread dribbled and bubbled and stopped and resumed ridiculously, from the brass tap, accompanied by a continuous faint wheezing. So that, for example, the box for the toilet flush, high on the stone wall, would not have filled at all, even back in the days when it had been in working order. And if you wanted to wash your hands it was more practical to take the large empty tin pitcher that stood beside the old commode down the stone stairs and fill it from the trickle in the main kitchen. Or forget the whole thing. At the rate the faucet in the tub was dripping that afternoon, there would have been no point in waiting for the tub to fill, to soak the loaves to feed the ducks, and Pierre had gone back to his languishing furniture and his sumptuous daydreams, the stones of the hall echoing his footsteps, the village silent, smells of hay and honeysuckle drifting in around the white curtains at the window of his mother's room.

He rushed out, feeling that he must still be dreaming, and the hall seemed dark. He splashed into the water before he saw it. The whole hall was an inch under the surface, and the water was streaming happily down the stone staircase. It had soaked the carpet on the landing, spilled off the sides, and leaked down along the wall behind a full-length portrait of an ancestor in a red eighteenth-century uniform, and elsewhere had flowed into a piece of sagging, dark, unrecognizable tapestry and was dripping from the unravelling threads along its lower edge. There was enough current so that some of the smaller loaves had already bumped their way over the rim of the tub and out of the bathroom and along to the head of the stairs and had rolled down all the way to the landing, and others were following as fast as they could. Pierre floundered past the whole mess, wanting to call out something but not knowing what to call, and turned off the faucet, and slewed around, in water up to his insteps, to survey the damage.

MASCARA

One eye swims into view, bright as a fish,
enlarged, and swiftly the eyelash lengthens,
grows, the eye pools to its own longing,
as you twirl the mascara wand and smile,
then frown at what you see, shadowing
the eyebrow, the cheek's hollow, wishing
for what? I don't know. Over your shoulder,
I see my own face, unmasked, ten years apart
from you, an old moon looking at the new.
Then, cheek to cheek, we stare for one
bright moment in the mirror, as close
as old injuries, forgotten but not entirely
forgiven, will allow. We share each other's
face, as sisters do. The mirror glows.

—Elizabeth Spires

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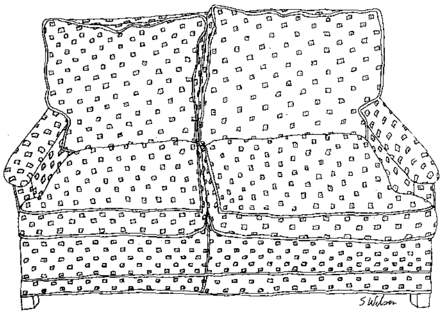
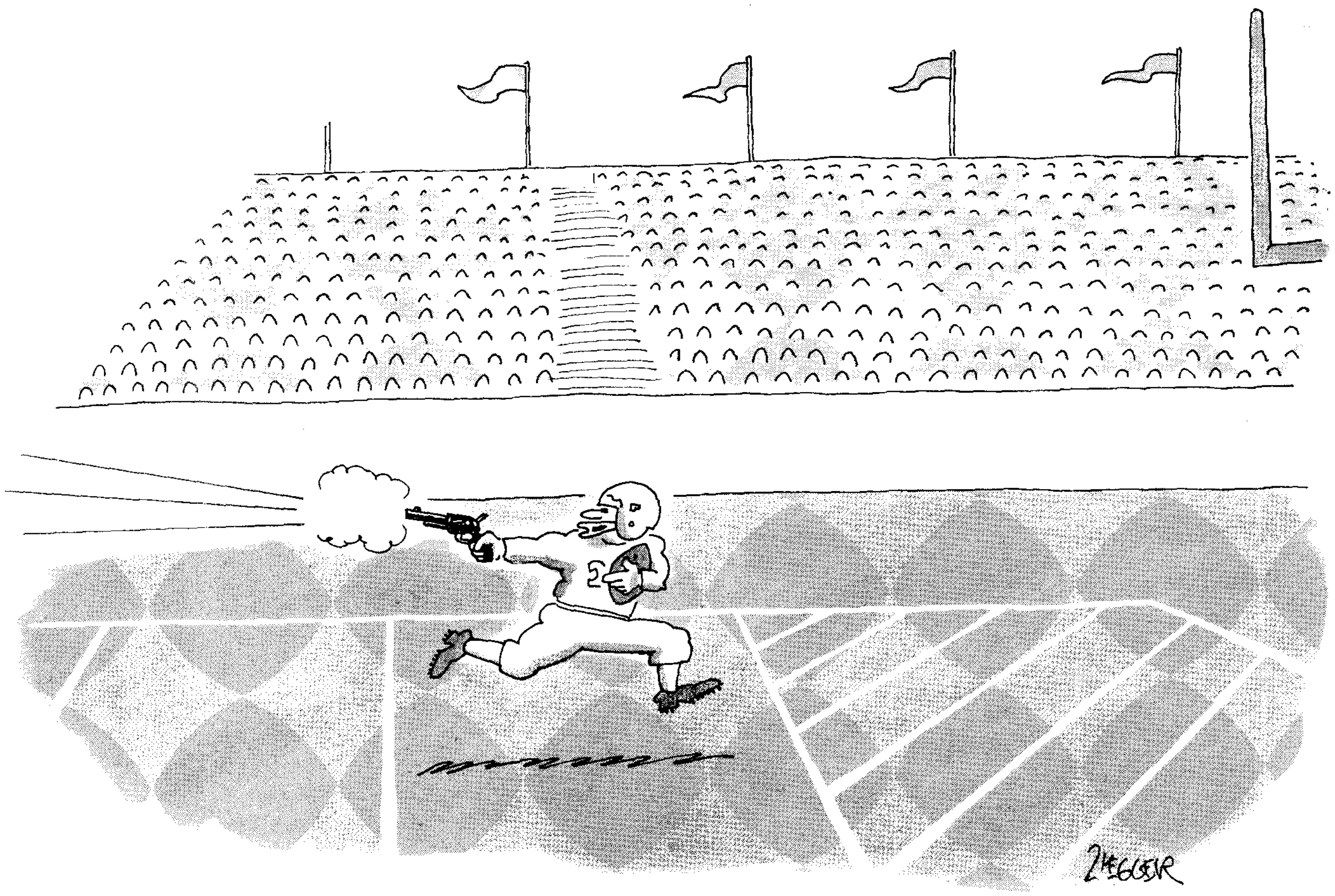
Besides the bathroom there was a *chaise percée* in his mother's room, and an outhouse in the vegetable garden. But the bathroom was essential, Pierre remarked from time to time, for entertaining, particularly for entertaining foreigners, in whom Pierre increasingly rested his hopes of revenue. Even so, as a bathroom it remained for years more symbolic than functional, and the enamelled tin pitcher that was supposed to stand beside the commode moved around the room, usually empty, or wandered into another part of the house on some errand or other. When the upstairs auxiliary kitchen was rigged up at the end of the hall, beyond Mme. la Générale's room, with two tabletop burners, an oak-and-zinc icebox from the time of her youth was disinterred from the cellar, white with mildew, and maneuvered up the stone staircase to the broad hall. There was no room for it in the new kitchen, so it was walked into the bathroom and jammed into the corner behind the door. Which meant that it was a long walk from the kitchen, at the opposite end of the hall, which ran around two sides of the stairwell, and was too inconvenient to use as an icebox except on special occasions. Such as the celebrated dinner party that Pierre and Mathilde gave toward the end of one summer, the guests, many of them foreigners, drawn from châteaus and old houses of the region.



It was one of Pierre's later attempts to ingratiate fortune, and he had planned it far in advance, taking all summer and its visits to assure himself of who was coming. He planned to use the main dining room, which had become no more than a gallery through which tourists were led, ticket in hand, and shown the portraits and the collection of porcelain on the walls, the looming armoire and sideboards, the long table—about all of which Pierre recounted noble histories. Even small groups passing through could feel the floor shudder as they stepped, hear clinking in the sideboards, note the plates wiggling on the walls, and wonder whether the armoire should really be leaning so far into the room, opening its doors as they passed. The dining-room carpet was almost thirty



feet above the bottom of the wine cellar, an unlit crypt whose floor in wet weather was an echoing puddle. Huge gray vats hulked in the darkness. In one or more of them the thin sour wine from the vineyard across the narrow valley blackened.

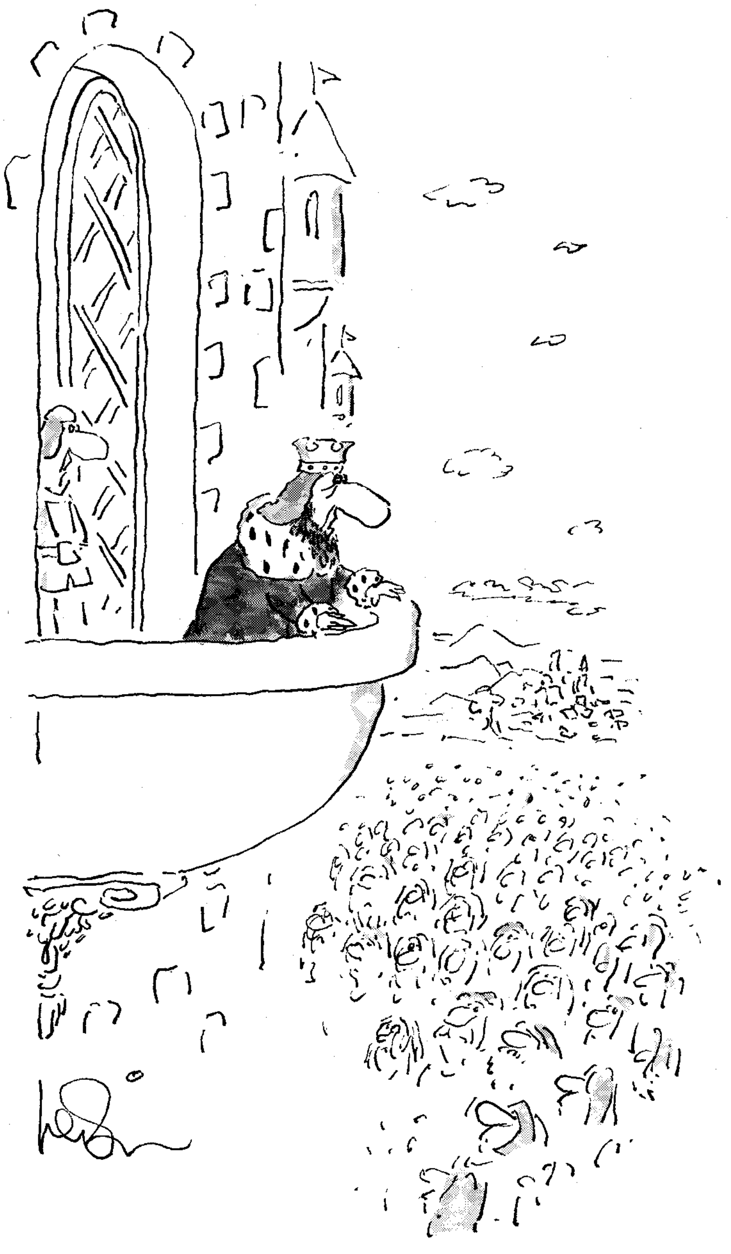
When Pierre had proudly shown the place to one foreigner who was himself refurbishing a château in the region, someone whom Pierre was particularly eager to cultivate, the man had shone a flashlight up into the cobwebs overhead, noted the sagging beams, and declared on the spot that he would be afraid to walk again through the dining room. Only a few of the beams, Pierre insisted, were really unsound. But he realized that before filling the room with a large dinner party the floor would have to be shored up, and he managed to entice a carpenter from a neighboring village to raise and multiply a system of underpinnings, using old beams that had survived the collapse of a shed down by the duck house to supplement new ones. There was a whole scaffolding woven around and over the vats before the job was finished. To finance the construction and the dinner, Pierre had left in midsummer on one of his periodic trips to Vichy, from which he was known to return, usually, with funds for a while. No one knew where they came from or how they were acquired, and there were inevitable imputations touching upon the war years and the Occupation, and who knew what about whom, and there were those who leaped to conclusions, but in general Pierre's acquaintances found it preferable to have him solvent, more or less, and shoulders were shrugged and no one pressed the speculations very far.

Pierre managed to pay for the propping up of the dining-room floor, or at any rate to lay out enough to get the work to where the armoire stopped leaning forward, its doors swinging open when someone walked past it, and to where the plates hung almost still on the walls, and it was possible to walk through the room without feeling unexpectedly afloat. Wine was ordered through the wife of one of the invited guests, who came from a family of wine merchants. One of the courses was duck. Mathilde managed to borrow silver and glasses from a neighboring château, as she had done before in recent years. Both Pierre and Mathilde were renowned cooks, and they had help from the village for the day. The bathroom pitcher was filled and put in its place by the commode that morning, and the younger children were instructed to keep it full. But there was a great deal going on in the household, and guests who found their way to the bathroom during the dinner found the pitcher empty, and the top of the icebox laden with the waiting desserts: bowls of fruit, peaches in liqueur, a hazelnut mousse, and Mathilde's renowned chocolate-almond cake.

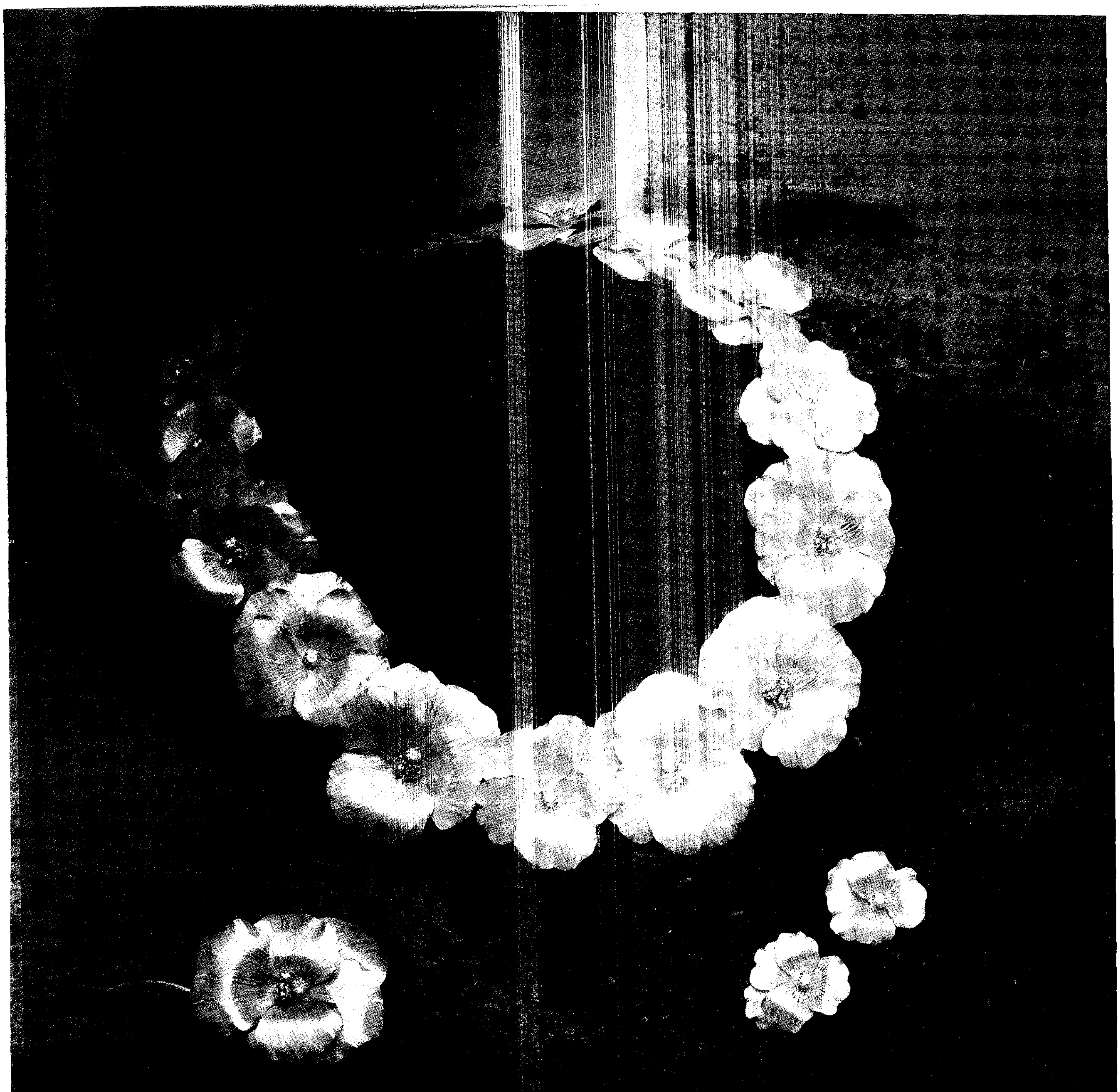
There was usually an element of the makeshift and the prudently mysterious in Pierre's financial plans, major or minor. But the past was equally unclear; that is, just how he and Mathilde had arrived at such straits, and how far their fortunes had fallen. She had come to the marriage with a dowry that included a château and estate in the mountains two hundred kilometres to the east. It was no longer theirs. Her family was known to be rich, and their name and titles allowed them to speak of Pierre as though he were an arriviste who had dragged their Mathilde into the mud. He referred to them, and to Mathilde's elder brother in particular, as a stuffy, stingy, boring set of snobs, the very sort of people whom he never could endure, and he insisted that they had always been like that. But it seemed that there must have been some more definite episode, some rupture that neither he nor Mathilde ever recounted. *And it was known that there had been* differences over money. Which surprised no one. On Pierre's side there must have been money in his youth, the days of his mother's jet beads and her carriages with footmen—even though she had been famous for ignoring her bills for everything from feather boas to hardware, and it was easy to see where Pierre had found the example for his own cavalier disregard of such things. She may indeed have acted, as he did later, as though such neglect were a personal taste, with niceties—perhaps a whole aesthetic—of its own. "I detest purveyors," Pierre said, "who present their bills twice."

His demeanor was intended to remind his hearers, whatever their station and aptitude, of an age when the honor of supplying—of divining—the wants of his family had been universally acknowledged, a time before the tasteless considerations of commerce had insinuated themselves everywhere. The actual decline of his family's material position was never recounted in detail. Pierre and Mathilde both referred to losses during the war, and still more crippling losses in the shifts and devaluations that followed it. And before the war there had been disastrous reverses—forced sales and ruinous surprises during the twenties, which had swallowed up Mme. la Générale's carriages and footmen, her box at the opera, and her house in Provence. But before any of those obvious and more or less explicable misfortunes within living memory, Pierre mourned remoter cataclysms, vaster and more vague, that had swept away whole eras and domains, and in his daily assumptions he relinquished none of his titles to those lost expanses. There was scarcely a history of the great families of France, picked up in some junk shop or garret, gilt-edged, bound in red cloth, with engravings worth rescuing in which he could not find traces of his own genealogy: quarterings, names of persons or places or houses. And when he accompanied foreigners on excursions through the region they passed many noble houses and châteaus which he pointed out as having at one time belonged to some ancestor of his, whose relation to him, by blood or marriage, he was certain to expound.

There was the château of Lise, for instance: spacious, square, noble, on a gentle rise, beside an oak forest. It had been built originally around four sides of a long, flagged courtyard, in cream-colored limestone, the fourth side housing a great arched portal carved with rows of flowers. Under Napoleon the wing along one side of the courtyard had been converted into a stable. But even that had been done with some taste: the openings were constructed of stone and formed an arcade. In the present century the whole entrance wing—the portal and the pair of towers that flanked it—had been dynamited and removed, to allow cattle trucks into the courtyard, and the open maws at the ends had been sealed up with cement blocks. Both sides of the courtyard, by then, were in use as barns, the one for cattle, the other to pen sheep and pigs. Pierre led his guests through the manure to the wide stone steps and the terrace at the far end, and the main door, whose arch repeated that of the demolished entrance, and knocked on the parched wood—the door knocker had long since been removed. A door farther along the terrace opened, and a man in high rubber boots stood looking out, waited, and beckoned them all into what had been a dining room but had become a kitchen. It was dark; the windows had been boarded over. Several men were sitting on a bench at a long table. A stove stood in the fireplace, and smoke had all but obliterated the painted ceiling. Pierre led his guests away without lingering, and on to other relics.


"I am old and tired, so I am stepping aside. From now on, television will rule your lives."

If the owners did not know him, he used his full name and title and a description of his château by way of introduction. If they did know him, he was more likely to emphasize and embellish the distinctions of his foreign companions. And his tours were not limited, after all, to the estates that he claimed as shards of his lost patrimony. He never pretended



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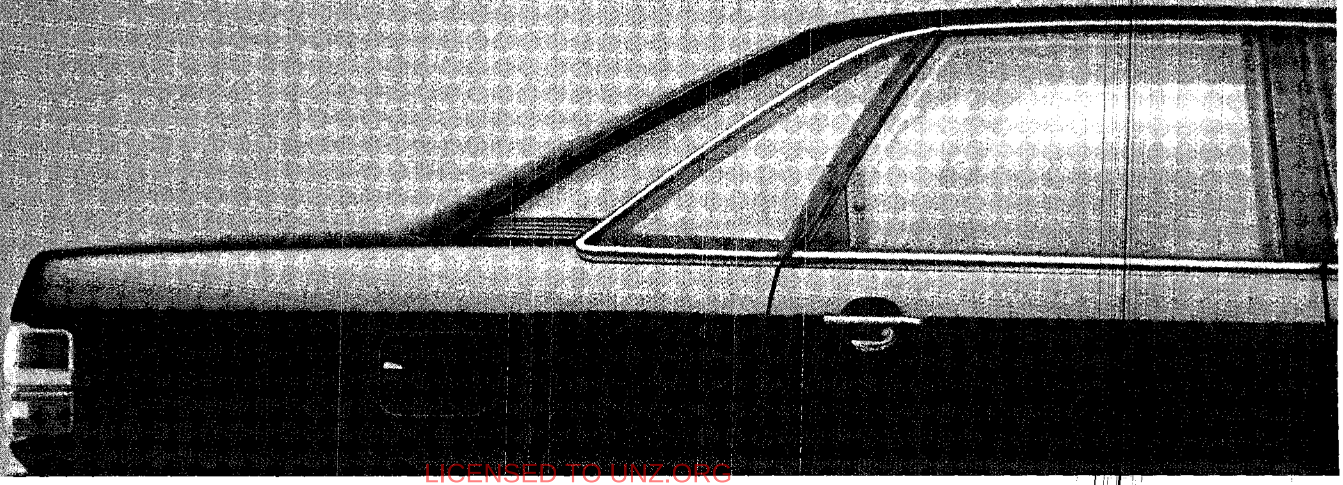
The shape of things



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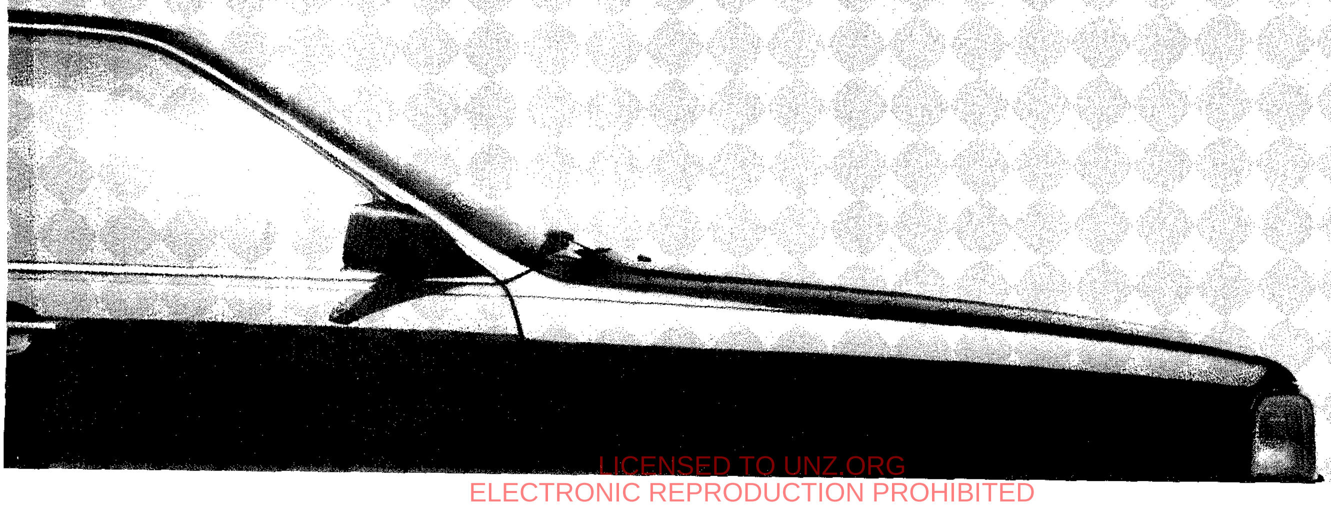

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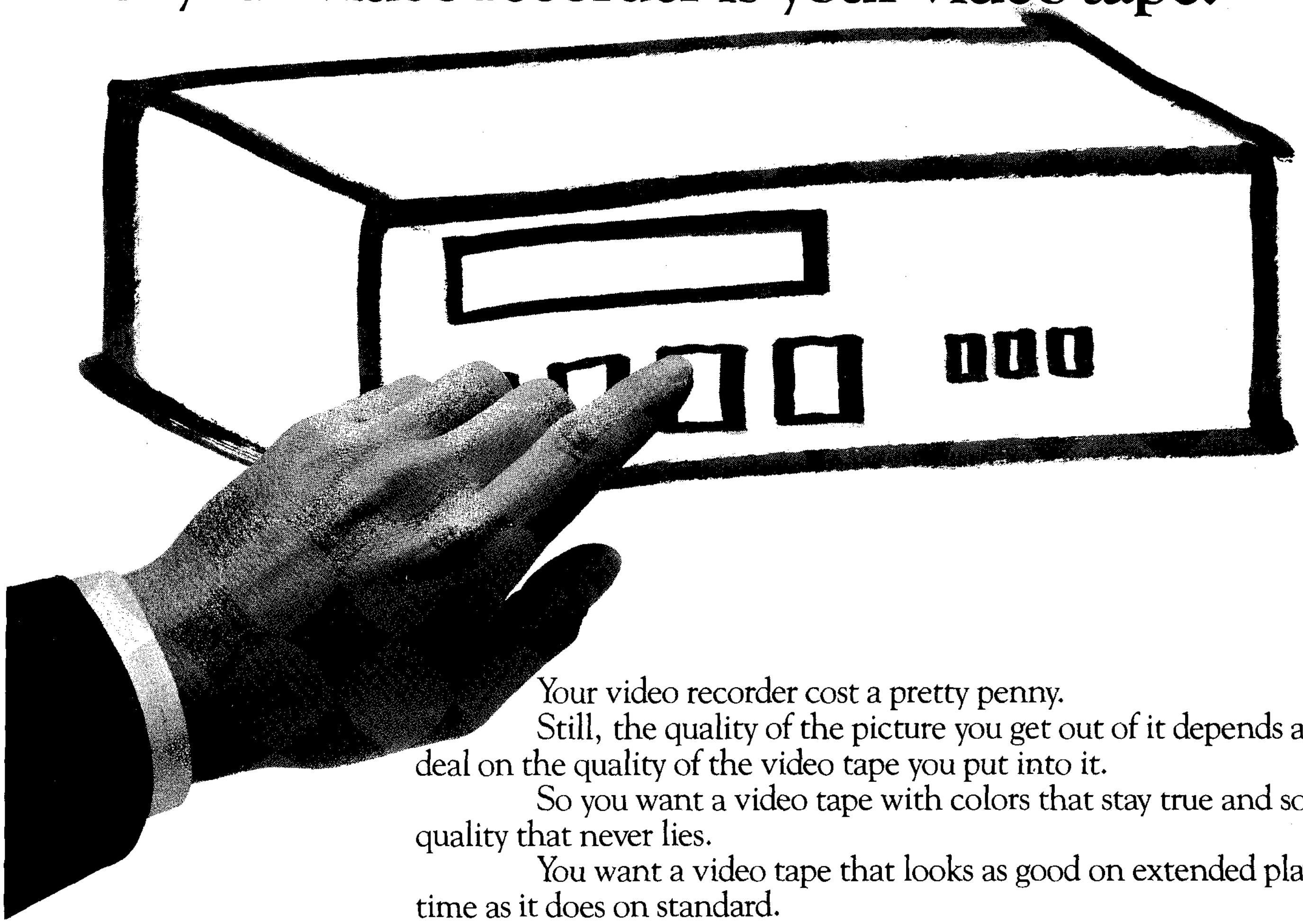

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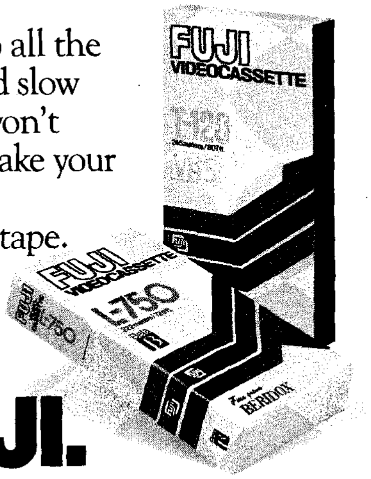

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"Your deep aura of serenity, Stephen—how much more of it can I take?"

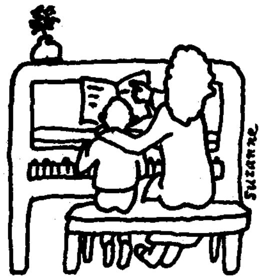
• •

to the ruins of the Blackbird Tower on its pinnacle in the mountains, almost surrounded by a rushing stream, nor to the roofless abbey fortress of Taillefer on its cliff commanding miles of broad valley, nor to Aynac with its friezes studded with symbols of ancient artillery. He loved the region, loved showing it to strangers, chattering incessantly as he went. He knew the bends of the road from which one had the best views of rivers and rolling country and towers on hills, and knew the way to Romanesque chapels hidden in ivy, and to deserted villages built like fortresses, under enormous trees. He had lived there since his youth, and could guide his guests past the games of children into the hall of an immense château, waving away the protestations of furious schoolteachers, saying, "Yes, yes, Madame, I know perfectly well that it's forbidden. I used to play in this room before you were ever conceived." And proceeding to point out details of decoration—carvings, paintings in the ceiling—which the teachers themselves had never noticed there, and to tell of chatelaines receiving nocturnal visits from carpenters, of duels in hallways, and going on to describe the children's parties, the governesses, the cakes, the games that had existed once, there where the children were playing.

HE had always been convivial and curious, and loved outings and picnics and talking and meeting new people, and his excursions with visitors to the region, or new residents, if he found them interesting, were a natural development once he obtained a license to open his château to the public and charge admission, and began to set up signs at crossroads advertising it as a tourist attraction, and to ask strangers with whom he fell into conversation whether they were acquainted with his house. Visitors to whom he enjoyed talking, who excited his curiosity, whom he found attractive, in one respect or another, as he showed them the gilt sofas, the ancestral portraits, the pieces of Sevres, the carved armoires, might be invited to picnic by the duck pond, on the stone benches in the shade, and from there it was a step to proposing an expedition somewhere, in the visitors' automobile, because at the time when the château was first opened to the public, and for some years thereafter, Pierre did not have one. The only vehicle in the household, apart from the old wheelbarrow, was a bicycle belonging to his younger son, an object far from new when acquired, years before, and afflicted with a perceptible bend in its front wheel. In those days almost any visitor passing through the region might be good for a ride into town to do some shopping. The visitor might have room for more than one: Pierre, and one of the silent children to help carry the groceries. Or he might propose an expedition at once, and if accepted guide the party, on the way, to a grocery, a butcher shop, a charcuterie in some village at a distance.

If he was being driven, he preferred to sit in back, "like the British Queen Mother," as he liked to say. And if it was an open car "like a bathtub," he would tie an olive-green cravat around his forehead, with the tails hanging down behind him, to keep his gray hair from blowing around his face, and would sit with his nose in the air, glancing down the slopes to either side. He insisted, rather arbitrarily, that the headband emphasized his resemblance to Nero. Certainly its eccentricity did not diminish his usual effrontery, the manner in which he turned from admiring a sunset over mountains to chat with a woman shutting up her hens in the henhouse for the night. He asked her whether she had any eggs for sale, and when she told him she had none, asked her whether her hens were stuck, and they both laughed as he sailed on. Or the countenance with which he addressed two women of his own age, in black straw hats and churchgoing clothes, standing by the road in a village to which he had directed his companions in order to show them a small beautiful fortified church of a remarkable shape—a building dating from the Knights Templars, its one squat massive tower incorporating the entire nave and transept. He had told the driver to stop, on the narrow road through the village, opposite the door, so that he could point out the crossbow slits in the tower, the Gothic doorway with its lintel two steps down from the road, the eagle's talons carved in the stone over the portal, and the two women watched him and the foreign car without breaking their talk.

It was summer, but they were wearing coats: long black coats, in keeping with their purses and their hats. Across the road from them was the high crumbling stone garden wall of a half-dilapidated stone house, perhaps the presbytery, shaded by a walnut tree. Just beyond it was a small square almost filled with the old tile roof of a marketplace, supported on round columns of white limestone. Beyond that, an oval stone pool for washing clothes. On the other side of the road, beyond the two women, was an ancient village green, and in the middle of it a stone fountain, like a square monument, bearing a date from the sixteenth century. The village hushed in its midsummer, midday, mid-century, mid-continent sleep.



The old house next to the church and directly behind the two women had been done over recently. The windows had been reconstructed. From the graceful proportions traditional in the region they had been, apparently, widened and shortened until they were square. Their stone settings had been replaced with poured cement. The stone doorway had been altered in the same way, and fitted, overhead, with a protruding brim of frosted glass. A pipe fence ran along the front of the house a few feet from the façade, whose stones had been cemented over and the cement painted a pistachio green, against which the darker green of the door, the shutters, and the pipe fence stood out distinctly. It looked as though the paint had just dried. Pierre was aghast. "It has all happened *this summer!*" he said. "That house," he said, "was *of the period!* And look! Unpardonable anywhere. Hideous. But next to that church, virtually *touching* that masterpiece—a desecration. A *des-e-cra-tion!* It should never have been permitted. Where were the gentlemen of the Beaux-Arts when this was going on, I would like to know? What good does it do to preserve a unique marvel such as this church and allow the retired sausagemakers of the place to perform an outrage like that right there beside it? The commissioners are hopelessly inadequate, as everyone knows, but there is *no* excuse for this."

Raising his voice, and pointing to the house, he asked the nearer of the two women, "Madame, if you please, to whom does this building belong?" "To this lady," she answered, with obvious satisfaction, indicating her companion with a sweep of her hand and the air of someone who appreciated the recent transformation. As she spoke she stepped back to allow Pierre a better view of the shade of green and of its owner. "Ah, Madame," Pierre said, turning to the other, "it is an atrocity! It is hideous. Bad enough to have ruined a beautiful old house anywhere, but to have had the brutal vulgarity to deface the house standing beside that lovely church—it is an outrage! It is like a pustule on a beautiful face. If your own taste did not forbid it, it should have been prevented by law. Drive on before I forget myself."

As he swept on, he continued to enlarge upon his theme: the neglect and defacement of the buildings and works of art of the region, an ancient place famous for its architecture and furnishings. He led the way, on foot, puffing and wheezing, up a steep road through a chestnut forest, to a half-ruined château, "pure Victor Hugo," whose owner had pushed a dozen of the crenellations off the top of the keep to make benches for himself at the base of the tower, beside the clothesline hung with his socks and underwear. That was what things had come to, Pierre announced. He stood catching his breath, then walked with tiny steps around the cropped grass that had once been a great courtyard. He peered into an uncurtained window. A bare kitchen table, a bare light bulb, a few battered chairs, clothes on the backs of them, dishes in a sink, a calendar on a wall the color of wrapping paper. The present owner, Pierre said, was a retired customs inspector from up north, a widower who had been looking for a villa, at the end of the war, and had bought the castle because it was cheaper.

The walls rose from the top of a steep hill—two gnawed rings of fortifications, the massive keep, the remains of a portcullis gate, and inside the enclosure, across the green, studded

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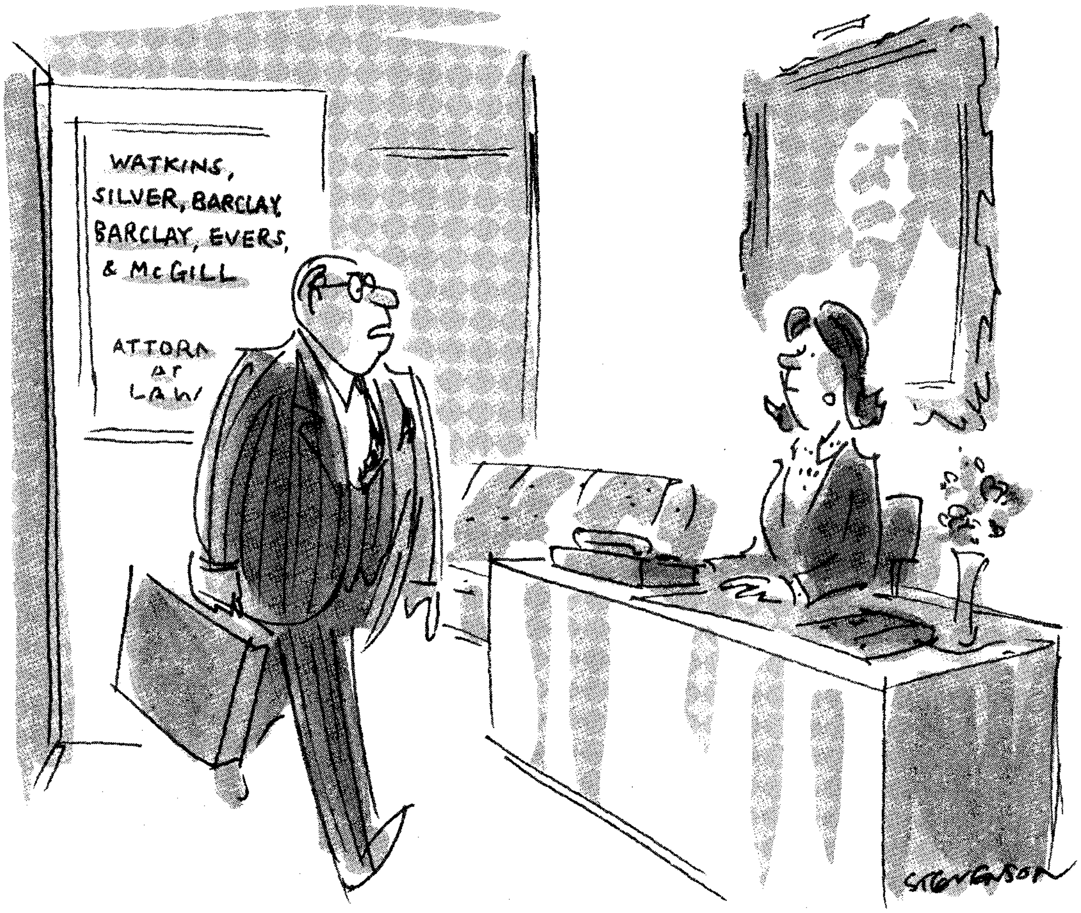


"No, you can't help me. I'm McGill."

• •

with pieces of masonry, an enormous barn, and to one side of the green a roofless banquet hall with shell-vaulted fireplaces in each corner and a stone minstrel gallery high on the wall. Sheep clattered among the fallen stones, fluted and carved with flowers and vines, inside the building, and ran off through the far end. Chaffinches, blackbirds, black-capped warblers, and a nightingale (in full daylight) sang in the chestnut woods on the hillside below the thirteen encircling watch-towers. Pierre remarked on the family chapel, which they had passed on the climb up the hill, and the crest above the door: a shield bearing the device of a stone fist holding a stone dagger from which a stone drop was falling. He said the motto of the family had been "I make bleed."

Back at the beginning, he said, the owners had been famous for their iron-fisted heartlessness. They had become involved in a feud with another household along the valley, which went on for several generations and brought about the deaths of heirs and retainers and the burning of villages on both sides. At last both families had agreed to end the feud. Gifts were exchanged, and the eldest daughter of the other family was betrothed to the heir of this one, and a wedding party arrived to celebrate the nuptials. As they rode into the courtyard the gate was dropped behind them, and they were butchered on the spot, every one of them.

Later, during the Wars of Religion, one army had locked up some fifty prisoners in the dungeon under the tower, which was still entered through a tiny door not four feet high, set below ground level. The prisoners had been abandoned there without food or water, in the dark. Weeks later someone had opened the door and found the few survivors eating the bodies of the dead. In that same century, a scion of the family had been distinguished as an ambassador for Mary Queen of Scots. But Pierre relished murkier accounts. The last heir of the line, he confided, had been known in the neighborhood, early in the century, as a miser. He had never married, and finally had shut himself up in a room at the top of the tower, its only entrance a trapdoor in the floor which could be reached by climbing a long ladder set on a platform at the head of a final narrow flight of stairs. Once there he had pulled the ladder up after him, and had drawn up his meals daily in a basket on a rope. His sanitary arrangements had consisted of the medieval stone perch jutting out from the castle wall. For years he had lived that way, not exchanging a word with anyone. Finally, when the trapdoor had not opened for days, the remaining servants had been too frightened of him to climb up and investigate, and had waited and waited. When at last some brave soul set up another ladder and broke through the trapdoor, the heir had been found dead on his mattress, half eaten by rats, and the mattress full of gold pieces.

A nearby village was famous for its goat cheeses, *cabicous*, half an inch thick and no bigger than a slice of potato, set out on beds of straw or bundled together in rolls of half a dozen, creamy and bland for a day or so if kept in the cool darkness of a cellar, then growing soft and pungent, melting and yellowing. Or else, depending on the temperature, harder and chalkier. Finally becoming dry and peppery, the color of parchment, with a wrinkled skin. Or wrapped in vine leaves soaked in goat urine or white plum brandy, tied in bundles with straw, stored in a crock for weeks or months until they bit back when tasted, and brought sweat to the face on a winter evening. Pierre led his innocent charges to a minute general store, a door with a frosted-glass pane set in a plain facade: the place that was known to sell the best cheeses produced for miles around. The one room, scarcely larger than a vestibule, was lined with shelves sagging with felt slippers, rope-soled slippers, canned goods, garden seeds, wooden shoes, hats, flour, rat traps, socks, flypaper, aprons, spools of thread, bottled oil, flashlights. A counter crossed the room, with a scale on one end. Through the open door beyond the counter the dim kitchen was visible, scrubbed and still between meals, and on the far side of the kitchen a door stood open into a garden full of hollyhocks and dahlias, and through them the farmyard, ducks, hens, the darkness of an open shed. When a pale woman had set out the *cabicous* on the counter, and Pierre had encouraged his companions to sample them, and had also gathered together a little pile of other staples from the shelves—fly-spotted cans of ham and of chestnut purée, a package of sugar cookies, another of coffee, butter from the farm—he began the ceremony of having forgotten his wallet. His gray, subsiding features expressed surprise, distracted concern, vexation. He patted pocket after pocket, murmuring, "My wallet, my wallet." Rapidly and authoritatively he informed, or reminded, the woman of his name, his title, his château, and either she gave him credit or his companions saved the day.

WHEN he had been showing tourists through his château for several years, suddenly he owned a car, a vehicle that came to seem as much a part of him as his gold-rimmed spectacles, his fat fingers, or his lisp. Nobody knew just how he had acquired it or the money for it, and so there were the usual speculations about deals, promises, swaps, and the legendary source in Vichy. It was a veteran machine, a Citroën—a *traction*—from well before the war, black like the horses that had spirited the family carriages into town in the high days of his youth, though the paint was chipped and the body scratched and dented and rusty. The right front fender was despondent and came to rely on wires, which had to be replaced frequently. The tires were bald to begin with, but Pierre managed to acquire others, slightly less so, through farsighted trading and timely promises. Only half the door handles and a quarter of the window cranks worked, and there were permanent clouds in the windows and the windshield—that windshield that Pierre invoked to give a sense of the cold winter in the uplands, the freezing fogs of the long nights early in the year.

From the start, Pierre favored certain gas stations, as he favored certain grocery stores, with his demanding custom. Places whose proprietors gave him credit, deferred to his title and the allusions to his château, laughed at his jokes, and periodically nursed his ailing car. For at least a year his loyalty clung, and his praises warmed, to a gas station at one end of a village across the river from his château, an establishment with pumps on both sides of the road and a garage in which two cars could be worked on at once. After Pierre had his own car, he offered—it could be said that he insisted on using it for most excursions with foreign companions, and on driving, himself, as well as commenting on the route as he went. Approaching the gas station, he spoke with admiration of the young couple who had taken it over quite recently, of the wonders they had wrought. It was they who had put the new pumps and the second tile-and-glass office, on the other side of the road, which was so practical. He lingered over their seriousness, courtesy, and charm, their reliability and modest prices, the promptness and excellence of the repairs that the husband performed, his willingness to travel for miles with his tow truck, how well their three small daughters were doing in school. And the young couple were so good-looking, he added. Rather than strain his credit, Pierre would usually reach into his pocket when the cover had been put back onto the gas tank, the oil topped up, the tires inflated, and the radiator filled, and would discover that he had forgotten his wallet, and his guests would remember the reasons that he had put forward for taking his own car—with its stuck white windows, its exhaust leak through the floor, its devastated upholstery, and the dump into which the passengers willy-nilly inserted their feet—instead of their own.

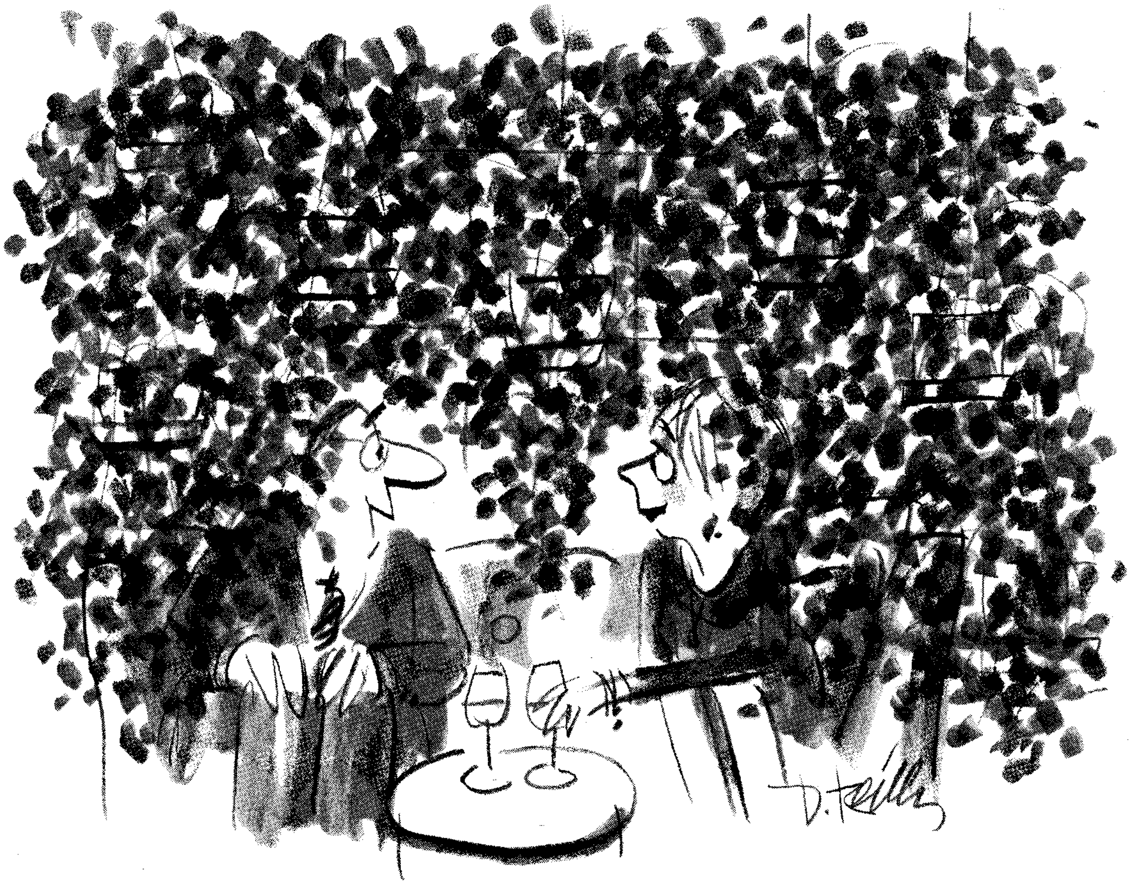
Once he actually did lose his wallet, perhaps because of the unfamiliarity of having it on his person. He took it to the annual fair in Cérignac, on a night in autumn that had turned unseasonably cold. It was in the days when he and Mathilde had resorted to having what they called "*des paying guests*": young people of either sex, but usually girls, usually foreign, shy, pale, and hoping to add something to their all but nonexistent French. Most of them were recruited through friends working in travel bureaus in Paris, and came from moderately wealthy, hopeful, ill-informed parents anxious for their children to spend time in the real Europe, in a family setting that would be at once cultural and safe. Tall, thin redheads from Texas; blond, shapeless, silent siblings from Amsterdam; eager, energetic, gingham-gowned students from Manchester—they had never seen plumbing or grandmothers like that, or eaten such meals. Pierre let them help the garden boy, and plied them with the château wine at meals, to educate them. Mathilde let them help with the ducks, and tried—largely through prayer—to keep them from getting into trouble in the village, or on their long walks, for instance, in the afternoons.

LOFT
FOR RENT
SIMPSON

Several of them were taken to the fair that year—a valedictory outing before they went home in the autumn. They had not expected such weather, and had not brought enough warm clothes. They wandered around, with old borrowed sweaters and scarves over their summer things, blowing on their hands, stamping their feet, saying "Hoooo," and laughing, like everyone else, stopping to throw balls at wooden clowns, trying to win a doll or to bang a machine with a sledgehammer, or staring at Yama, a woman sitting in a cage, in a bathing suit, blue with cold, playing with large, slow snakes said to be pythons, while peasants in their winter corduroys stood watching, scratching under their berets and telling each other that the snakes were drugged.

Pierre took all his young charges for a ride on the Caterpillar, a miniature green roller coaster over which a green hood closed once the cars were in motion, so that the sickening ride proceeded in green semidarkness. He did it chiefly to get warm, but he disliked the ride, and got off afterward covered with a cold sweat, feeling shaky and nauseated, as though he were about to come down with some ailment. A number of his acquaintances were standing watching the contraption as he shuffled off, and as he spoke with them and discouraged them from making his mistake he patted his pocket and froze, and then whirled and clutched the air behind him, saying that he had lost his wallet.

It was a moment before some of those who knew him believed that what he was saying might actually be



"Oh, no. I happen to love Swedish ivy!"

• •

true. But Mathilde took him seriously, and reminded him, and everyone, that he had just paid for the tickets, out of his own wallet, before the ride. The Caterpillar was whizzing and screaming around its track again, but as soon as it stopped, the children, who by then had learned what had happened and had no reason to doubt it, disappeared under the tracks and trestles. The ticket-taker shouted after them, but they were gone, on hands and knees. Pierre rushed to the ticket-taker, explained rapidly, breathlessly, with stirring gestures and trembling glasses, the awfulness of the crisis, and disappeared under the tracks himself, on all fours, a revolving hump in an old gabardine. The ticket-taker cursed, and then laughed and watched as the crowd grew around his concession. In a remarkably short time, in the chaotic shadows, Pierre found the wallet himself, and emerged with it, shaking but restored. It was not the money, he said—making sure that each bill was still there—that had concerned him, but his personal papers, his credentials, and the pictures of Mathilde as a young woman and of his mother. He bought the children a bag of hard candy and crammed them into the car again, on each other's laps, and took them home.

THE century was moving on: young couples were in fact becoming successful; children were outgrowing their clothes; Pierre's credit with gas stations ran low, as it had with grocery stores, and the quest for new sources of supply impelled him, like an empire, in widening circles. When he drove foreign visitors or friends on excursions in the region, it became increasingly difficult to tell whether the route was directed toward visits to buildings, or to purveyors who had never heard of him, Pierre, le Comte d'Allers, or to whom he was no more than a vaguely noble name. But he had a passion for uninhabited buildings of all sizes, from shepherds' shelters set in stone walls, facing east or west across pastures, to shuttered castles or disused churches. He was interested in the history, the legends, the ancestry, and the scandals associated with the owners; in the details of architecture, the ruin, the restorations. He was interested, also, in the produce—eggs, cheese, wine, sausages, preserves, pâtés—and the cooking of the farmers who were tenants or caretakers or neighbors of the closed houses. He was interested—practically, as it turned out—in the furnishings, the decorations, the odds and ends. He was delighted to find that a foreigner whose company he liked was looking for a house in the region. It provided him with a fresh impulse for sequences of conversations, linked like treasure hunts, with peasants, retired railroad conductors, gatekeepers of estates and railroad crossings, housekeepers of vacant presbyteries. Encounters that began as requests for information led to explorations, discoveries, anecdotes, gossip, and often would end with food. They added to his own never appeased craving for something in the region itself, to his uneasy claim upon it on grounds in danger of being forgotten even by himself. They allowed him to speak with authority as the intimate of the place: not its vender but its son.

In the châteaus Pierre frequently alluded to old acquaintance with the owners, divulging little matters that—if they were true—the protagonists might have preferred to keep quiet. He was familiar, in one way or another, with the caretakers. Left at large in the shadowy rooms, he would lament the neglect, the evident unconcern for the contents, speak of their historic and aesthetic value, their rarity, their elegance, their associations. Paintings were propped against damp walls. Chairs and tables sheltered yellow hills of beetle dust. Tapestries hung in gray shocks. Curtains were laced with cobwebs. Footstools lay on their backs on mounds of ashes in cold chimneys. Pierre expressed regret that the owners were unable to be there, to take care of what was theirs. He spoke with assurance of their concerns, their tastes, their wishes. They would have wanted him to have this little bench to remind him of other days, to save it, rather than leave it here unappreciated, to be broken, or stolen. They would certainly have wanted him to take away this rolled engrav-

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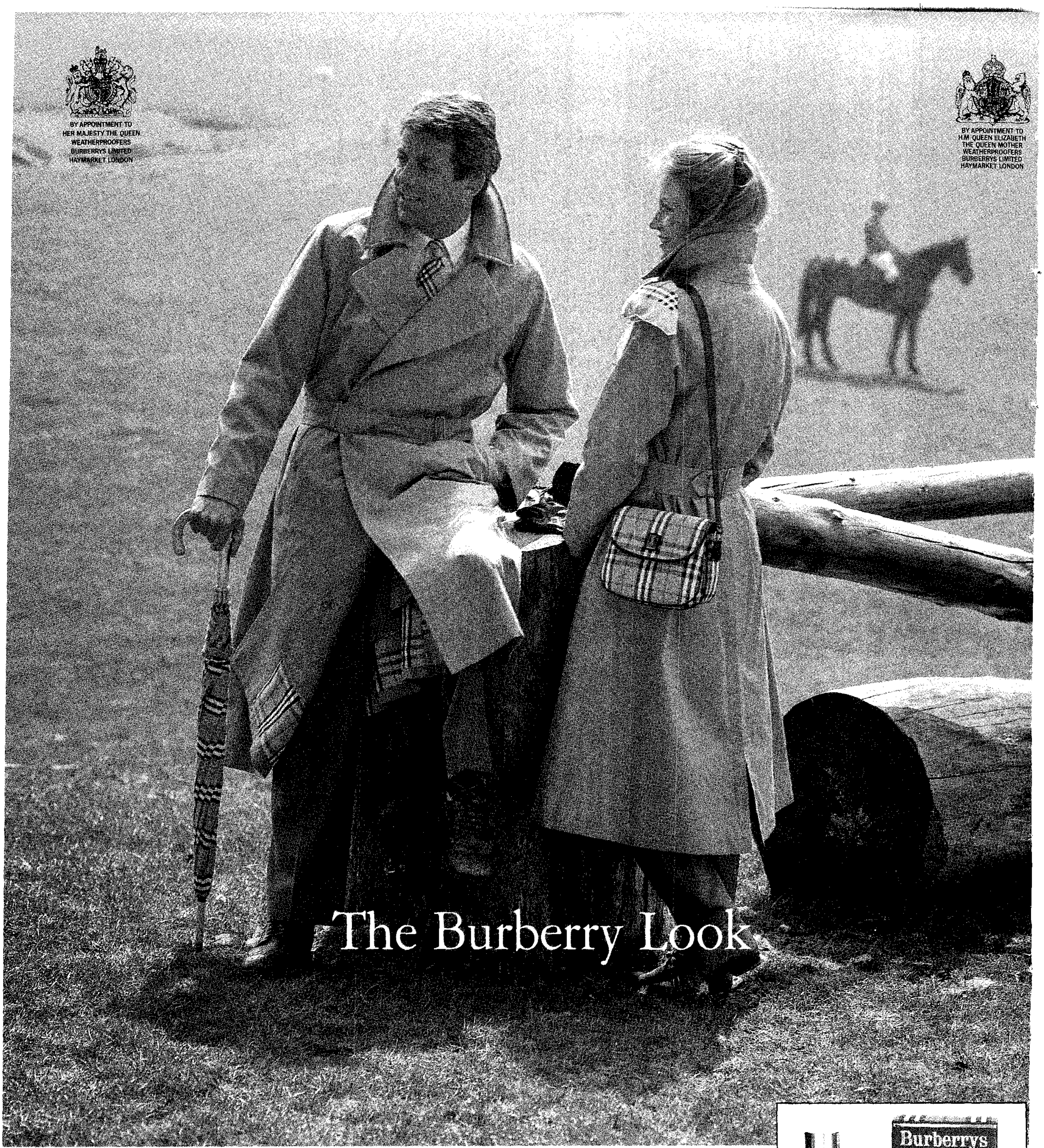
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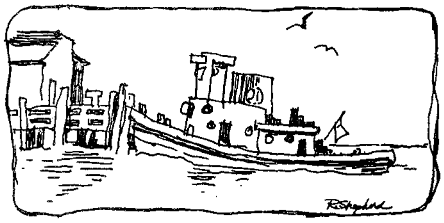
ing, already stained from the leak in the wall, yellowed, full of dust, and mildewed along one margin, to prize and preserve it. It had virtually no commercial value in any case, in its present state, after the way it had been simply flung there and left for heaven knew how long. It might be beyond saving, but someone should realize what it was and make the effort. He entered each room with a sound half exclamation and half sigh in the tall doorway: a syllable that announced amazement, excitement, and sympathy for the unattended relics.

The region was full of empty houses. It had been inhabited by humans as far back as the Magdalenian Age, and had been beloved of the Cadurci in the days before Vercingetorix defended it against Caesar. The open uplands with their radiant hours were still marked with roads and divided by walls set there by the Romans. The architecture, from pigsty to abbey dome, and the character of the inhabitants had attained their distinctive forms during the Middle Ages. The Moors and the First Crusade had passed along the valleys. The Black Prince had found the shapes of the roofs and the manners of the people much as they were when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo. But an exodus, from the uplands in particular, had begun in the first half of the nineteenth century, a gradual ebbing, quickened by a series of disasters. The one that reverberated with the most vivid accumulation of feeling still was the phylloxera—a word that seemed to gather up the terrors and miseries of all the plagues of Egypt. It must have been heard by children as it was pronounced by their grandparents, who remembered what it referred to. It seemed characteristic of the region that the disaster, out of its whole history, that had passed most completely into legend, the one that had become its symbol of devastation, its Great Flood, the mark set between its ancient and its later days, should have been a calamity that ravaged its vineyards—when in fact its wines were never famous, and were raised almost exclusively for home consumption. The phylloxera, destroying the vines, had shattered a way of living, of believing the world. The phylloxera struck after the Revolution, and when the industrial revolution had begun. It brought with its new poverty a new despair: the land, like anything considered as a possession, was worth only the value ascribed to it, and suddenly the land, which had always been the source of returning hope, was no longer to be trusted. A virtue had gone from it. It was said to have no value. And there were alternatives: the growing cities, even the colonies.

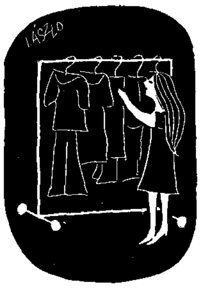
And from the phylloxera on, each of the disasters was referred to as something final, a disappearance over the edge, or a stage of an irrevocable loss. The event that had sealed the fate of that ancient world, that had silenced the work songs and the anvils and the looms of the weavers, and left the fields and the pastures to the briers, and the barns to burn or collapse, was the First World War—the Marne, the Somme, Verdun, the trenches, from which the men did not return to the villages except as names on the pedestals of the monuments. Yet the customs, and the local language, older than French, survived. In another generation, and by the time of the Second World War and a little beyond it, it came to seem again almost as though things had always been just as they then were, with most peasant families possessed of several houses, with manors and towers and whole houses of many rooms used for drying tobacco, storing grain and wool, old furniture, chickens and rabbits and goats. Richelieu's determination to destroy every castle in France that could be defended against him had been interrupted by his death, before he had managed to force his edicts on that part of the country, and there were castles and ruins of castles and walled farms and abbeys every few miles along the valleys and on the ridges and cliffs and hills. A number of those still inhabited earned a small revenue as tourist displays. Many of the empty ones had been stripped bare, at the time of the Revolution or later, and the roofs had fallen in. Pierre knew them all—the paths up the backs of the hills, the overgrown entrances. He could point to the bushes in which he had found a stone head that was now cemented into his garden wall. The high, walled enclosures lay open under the clouds and birds.

The marvels of the Napoleonic Code, which excite the piety of French lawyers, include inheritance laws that contributed to the neglect of many of the house and farm buildings and their contents. In most villages there were houses that stood uninhabited, complete with all their furniture, linens, and china, until they fell, because an owner had died and the property, as provided by law, had been left to a complex progeny who could not agree among themselves about who should have what, what could be sold, and what must stay. In such circumstances it was likely that no one paid to keep the roof repaired. The rain got in, shutters rotted, broke loose, blew away. Some members of the family, more hopeful or more considerate than the others, might come by and carefully pack all the furniture into the vaulted arch, where it would be better protected as the roof deteriorated. But it was important not to be accused, by others of the family, of removing anything before the division of the patrimony had been settled in the courts—an event that might take longer than the house could wait, standing.



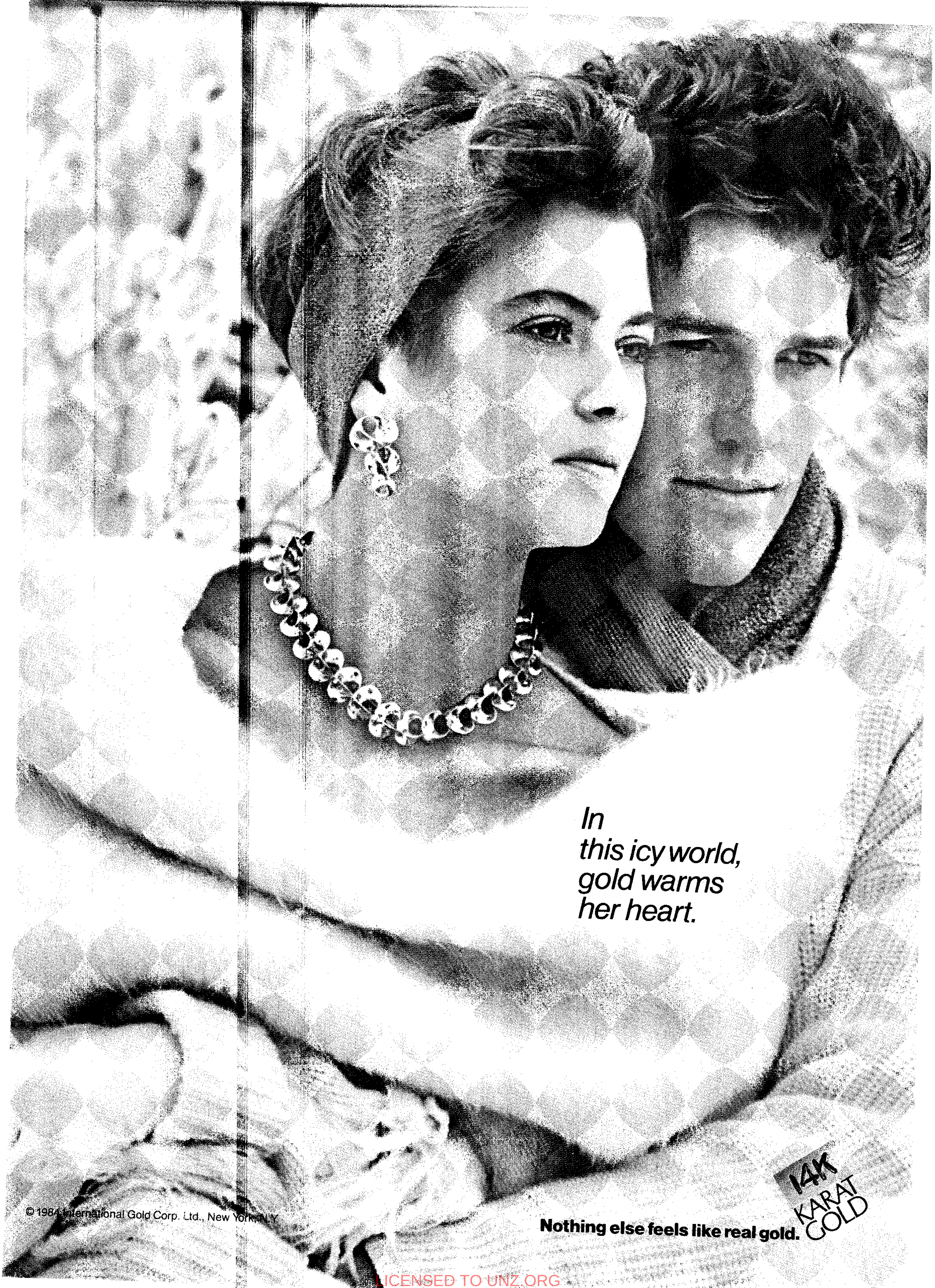
Often the doors were not even locked. It had not been the custom to lock them, in that part of the country. Or, if people did lock them when they went out, it was common for them to leave the key in the door, so that a visitor might be able to wait inside until the owners came home. Or a shutter would be loose, a window open or without glass. If a neighbor was in charge and kept the place locked, the key might be on the ledge over the door. Pierre would open it, letting light into the room smelling of rats, must, wet wood, cold limestone, dead ashes. Past the stone sill, beds with high wooden ends around the walls of the central room, the kitchen. Candlewick bedspreads trailing from them to the floor, in rags, stained with rat urine, and the woollen mattresses torn open and half gutted by rats, the stuffing strewn around the beds, and piles of gnawed walnut shells on the beds and floorboards. A long farmhouse table, blackened with damp to the color of a car tire, under a green tin lampshade hanging from a beam. A few bowls still on it, in which some liquid had dried black. A carved armoire against one wall, half full of linen, some of it already chewed and tunnelled into rats' nests. Another armoire, full of linens and dishes. Chests full of dishes. More beds and armoires in the next room. A bedside cupboard full of dusty medicine bottles. A white porcelain dish shaped like a goose, for pouring medicine into the mouth of an invalid. A sprig of box tacked to the scaling plaster wall under a crucifix.

Pierre would lead the way, showing the place to his friends whether or not he knew it was for sale. They tiptoed in at first, as though they might be overheard, or as though they were unsealing a tomb, and after a moment Pierre would begin to explain the house to them, even though he might never have seen it before. One of them would open a shutter and the cool, sweet air would come in from the plum trees by the window and the grass below. A view of wide uplands, or river valley. They would lean out as though they lived in that house. The silence outside was a surprise after even a few moments of the silence inside. All around them was the sound of age, unfamiliar but unmistakable, awesome, beautiful, chill, enticing. Often there were children along. The foreigners brought theirs, Pierre brought his; they had planned a picnic somewhere. The children picked up this or that bottle, old coin, bird's nest, bent spoon, chamber pot, and would ask whether they could keep it, and the answer would be hesitant. Pierre himself, if he knew the owner, might be prompted by the same prescience that guided him in certain of the châteaus, and recognize objects that deceased friends would have wanted him to have, or things that the present owners had overlooked and would have wanted removed to safety. Some things he might simply pick up and take, mumbling something, perhaps, about arranging matters with the owners later. He might say that whether or not he knew who the owners were. And if he did not know them, and the house, for some reason, was undesirable, he might simply rescue some of the contents—linen from the rats, china and glass from breakage, pewter from loss, pictures, mirrors, furniture from the leaks in the roof. From a pile of books moldering at the foot of a rotted cupboard he might hand a Molière or a Bossuet to one of his companions, and a stained but ironed tablecloth to another, saying, "I make you a present of it. Say nothing of it." Some of his foreign friends, after all, had houses of their own to furnish, and were not above helping him save some of the neglected objects from certain destruction. Through a mixture of curiosity and solicitude, the luggage compartment of the car, even the back seat, might be congested before they drove away.



PIERRE cleaned up and painted one of the ground-floor rooms of his château as a permanent antique shop, and offered more things for sale than he had displayed in the past, yet the poverty of his household did not seem to improve, and if he called on friends in the neighborhood, as he often did, near mealtime, he might inquire what they were having to eat, and then say that at the château, that evening, he and his family were having café au lait, "to save money." Thus he saved more, usually, by accepting invitations to stay and dine, which he would repay with gossip and a succession of his dirty jokes, and then move to an armchair and snore and belch for most of an hour, which he said was essential at his age. Maybe the next time he would turn up bearing a small, chipped china vase, or an old oil jar lacking a handle, or a rusted lantern with no glass, as a present. And he would try to lure his friends out with accounts of houses heard of or discovered, householders with attics full of things for sale, fallen roofs, treasures standing naked to the elements. It was true that owners were found, and sometimes salvaged objects were paid for. Not often. Usually it would have been complicated and imprudent to raise the subject. And Pierre's reputation was his own affair, but his foreign companions, one by one, declined to set out on further expeditions with him. Particularly after he had revealed the more unbridled forms of his salvage operations. The outing, for instance, on which he had preferred to be driven in the closed van belonging to certain of his friends: he had asked them to wait for him in a village to which he had directed them, and had returned, a few moments later, puffing with the weight of a long bundle wrapped in his own old gabardine, which he shovelled into the back of the van. The bundle, it turned out, contained two bas-reliefs of angels which he had rescued from the leaking wall of an abandoned church. He had come equipped with a big screwdriver.

That evening he repeated to the same friends, in impassioned detail, his disappointments with the shortcomings of the priesthood in this day and age. As he saw it, they were shamefully ignorant, the priests; they knew nothing about art. They were not even honest. They sold off the contents of their sacristies—anything, anything at all that was left in their charge—if they knew the things had any commercial value. They neglected them hopelessly. They allowed the rain to leak in onto frescoed walls, ruining irreplaceable masterpieces. They appreciated nothing. They did not even understand the services they recited. He imitated, as he loved to do, the lugubrious liturgical wail of the village priest, and told once again of the funeral service for a member of his family at which the priest had moaned and whined and gabbled faster and faster, sounding as though he were about to burst into tears, and had circled the coffin three times, at the end of the service, almost at a run. He recounted the conversation with the priest after the service, in which he had reprimanded the man for his crude and unfeeling haste in the performance of the divine office, and had been answered, in the same woeful whine, "Oh Monsieur, my bladder, my bladder, I had to go, I had to go!" And Pierre repeated the story of the priest whom he and Mathilde had met years before, on their honeymoon in Provence—a dirty and unlettered old person whose beautiful small church in the mountains was full of ugly modern statues. The original wooden ones had been piled in a corner somewhere in the sacristy. Pierre had thought of asking, at the time, whether it would be possible to buy any of them. But he and Mathilde were just beginning their trip, and the priest had been churlish and unwelcoming. Pierre had hesitated to ask about buying anything. He had brooded about the old statues after they drove away, and weeks later, on their way back, they had stopped again at the church, intending to try to buy some of the statues, most of which must have dated from the Middle Ages. The priest told them that he had burned the whole pile in the stove during an unexpected summer cold spell, when he ran low on wood, and that they were so old and dry that they had burned beautifully. Pierre said that such outrages should be prevented by law, and that he blamed the government for its negligence, its indifference—there was no other word. There ought to be—it was an idea that made more sense to him with every year that passed—there ought to be a Commission of Sacred Art set up for the protection of such things, and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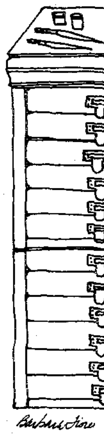
to such an organization, as to any worthy body set up for the preservation of objects of artistic and antiquarian merit, he would be willing to dedicate his services and his support.

He would not have wanted anyone to suppose, either, that he was untouched by the religious nature of these works of art, even though he might speak lightly of the church itself from time to time. It was the kind of liberty that might be taken within one's own family. He had been—he might remind his foreign and perhaps Protestant or unbelieving hearers—a Catholic from the moment of his baptism, and it was a faith that was with one all one's life. He felt a particular devotion to the Virgin, an intimacy, a confidence. She understood him, when others did not. She watched over him. As his affairs grew worse, and the circle of his debts widened, and the world grew colder, his eyes would fill with tears as he told of the moment in the winter when the Virgin had saved him from mortal sin. The weather had been cold and foggy. There had been no money at all, and no prospect of any. Sometimes, Pierre said, he thought with longing of walking down to the river, leaving his clothes on the bank, where someone would find them later. But he would be gone. Free at last. He would leave what he could for his wife and his children, and he would hope that a few of his friends would miss him. But it was too much. His head ached more and more often. He had begun to have flutters and pains in his heart. Was there any reason for prolonging it? His children had brought him worry and despair. How many real friends were left? He believed, he said, that he would go to a Valhalla of Wit—he and Oscar Wilde. It was an old vision of his, and it consoled him, momentarily. Just when the world seemed lightless and his sufferings insuperable, he had dreamed one night—when at last he had fallen asleep, after hours of insomnia—of the Virgin. She had shown him a small church down on the river plain, which had been unused for years and all but abandoned. He had seen it long before, and entirely forgotten it. In it there were statues. . . . In the morning, at first light, he had gotten into the car and driven to the church, standing isolated in the fields. He had managed to open the door with no trouble, and there, scarcely attached to their settings, were two superb baroque saints, half life-size. It was a miracle that they had not been ruined already by the damp, and so forth. Within minutes he had them loaded into the back of his car, wrapped in blankets, which he travelled with for such contingencies, and he had driven straight to Paris, where he knew someone who had been looking for statues of that exact description. And he had sold them—he named the impressive price—before the end of the day. It had saved his life. He had gone at once to the nearest church and put a whole bill in the offering box, to thank Her.

WITH the other *antiquaires* of the region Pierre's name increasingly counted for knavery. Depending on the character of the dealer and the circumstances that had been endured, a reference to the Comte d'Allers would elicit amusement or raised eyebrows, dropped eyelids or dark looks, tales of outrage and fast talk, of misrepresentation and broken vows. Old Boujou, who occupied a run-down palace on a corner in Cérignac, the whole building stuffed with decades of undistinguished but enticing clutter—damaged Empire armoires, Art Nouveau mirrors flanked by cast-bronze nymphs in ball gowns, mildewed engravings, burst armchairs, standing clocks that had not run in the present century, old orthopedic appliances, medical examination tables—was as forbearing toward the Count as any of his colleagues. But M. Boujou himself was a man who took things more or less as they came, who was only half serious and, as he said, half honest about his trade; who had married a whore out of a brothel, the first time round, and been happy with her, and after her death had married a woman of the town who was commendable and dull, and whom he described as "good, but heavy going." He spent as much time as he could by the river, with his dog, fishing. And he said the Comte d'Allers was "a fox." And one who made him laugh. He knew the stories, and had suffered the loss of a few objects taken on consignment, a few engravings carried away on one pretext or another. But he shrugged them off. The other *antiquaires* were less charitable. Their indignation at the mention of the Count was often in direct proportion to their own pretensions, the amount they had spent on building authentic towers for their shops, having wrought-iron grilles, imitated from châteaus, specially forged for their windows, fitting up their front rooms as castle halls, with cut-stone fireplaces brought from considerable distances, with baronial firedogs and assorted noble props.

And yet the name, the name—their own tortured euphemisms and elevated little fingers were subscriptions to rules that forbade them to call him anything but M. le Comte, and allowed him to maintain a distance from them that he surely preferred. The peasants, too, referred to him always as M. le Comte, and with a certain admiration, most of them, even if he had talked them out of their old furniture, whose value they had not suspected, or had borrowed money or taken home carved stones or fruit, or preserves or pâtés, which he had never come back to pay for. Some of them—vicarious anarchists—plainly rejoiced in his impudence and his outlawry. But the roster of those who did not grew with the years like a stain. He kept moving his theatre of operations. He renewed old acquaintances with rich widows. For a time he sheltered in the company of a vicomtesse, in a town some miles away, who owned a well-known canning factory: canned truffles, cepes, goose livers. Her name was Hortense; she was generous and hospitable, respectable, shrewd at business, aging. And her escort, Bubu, was a man of the world. Which is to say that "this lad" (as she and several other wealthy chatelaines of the region referred to the tall man approaching sixty, with thin hair and a raspberry-pink scalp) had spent several years in jail as the result of some misunderstanding about money. There the ladies vied at ministering to him with baskets of delicacies on every visiting day. He was the cue for the dropping of voices at social gatherings and a great deal of whispering behind hands. And he exploited in every way he could imagine, including several face-lifts, a resemblance, both fancied and real, to Noël Coward. Pierre imagined that Hortense's circle and Bubu's connections, Hortense's respectability and Bubu's unscrupulousness might all be turned to his own advantage. But in fact once Bubu had managed to meet those among Pierre's friends who interested him, he made fun of Pierre behind his back, turning up his nose at the jokes, the taste, the figure, the clothes, the snoring at table, the petty crookedness—in which it was clearly the magnitude rather than the thievery itself that he scorned. Pierre was made to feel ridiculous and unwelcome at Hortense's and at the houses of her friends. Bubu was ahead of him with stories of his selling a hideous, fake-Chinese lamp to a young woman in a nearby château, overcharging her, and when he came to deliver it falling backward over the cord and breaking the lamp, all without interrupting his monologue on the decoration of the château.

With old acquaintances, when he found them at home, Pierre—Fatty, by then—spent more and more time recounting his own conversations, his sallies of wit, asking, "Wasn't that a fine thing to say?" He talked more insistently than before of his health, his cardiogram, his medicines, his headaches. He referred frequently and theatrically to his temptation to leave his clothes on the riverbank and be gone to Valhalla. He began an affair with the garden boy. Passersby heard them giggling, in the afternoons, at siesta time. On daytime visits to friends he might ask for a needle and thread and take off his pants to sew on a button, uttering little shrieks as he lowered his white hams onto a stone terrace wall. His passion for foie gras gained upon him. He taxed the local sources one by one. When it became necessary—as it did, sooner or later—he said that he needed the pâté for his mother, that it was one of her few remaining delights.



His mother was dying, by then, of cancer of the rectum, among other things—an ailment that she considered hilarious, and that led her to remember or invent a whole new line of salacious stories, narrated from under her lace nightcap with all her regal gestures of hand and wrist. At M. Bruyère's, on Sundays, the pâté Pierre asked for was for Mme. his mother, a treat he could not bear to deny her. Everyone knew that it had been decades since she had been able to digest anything so rich, and no one was surprised to hear that Pierre had been seen repeatedly, pulled off by the side of the road, stuffing himself with fresh bread and foie gras on his way home. M. Bruyère's pâté de foie gras was made at his own house, of course. His wife's family had land along the stream and no livestock but a large flock of geese. Their mattresses and comforters were sumptuous, and the household foie gras was highly esteemed in the neighborhood. M. Bruyère made presents of it to his friends from time to time, which was how Pierre had come to presume upon his next present, and to make a habit of it.

That source was growing reticent when M. and Mme. Bargues opened their emporium one block away. They were an enterprising, industrious couple. Twenty years earlier, M. Bargues had been a rag merchant on a back street. He still owned and operated his ragpicking shed, to which he and a son and a hired boy, every week, brought wagonloads of rags, gathered in the town, and sorted them, and pressed them into bales to be sold to a paper mill. From the proceeds, and his wife's dowry, they had been able to open a children's-clothing store, one of a chain, on the same street, and after a few years the company had enabled them to modernize the old building, which fronted on one of the original canals of the town, inserting huge plate-glass windows into the stone façade and covering the rest with yellow Formica. They continued to run that establishment as well, after another chain made it possible for them to convert a handsome ancient building on the square into the first supermarket in town—the first that most of the inhabitants had ever seen.

Over the garage door of the rag shed nothing was written. On the door it said, "PRIVATE PROPERTY DO NOT PARK." Over the windows of the children's-clothing store, large red letters spelled plain "BARGUES." Over the shining windows of the new store on the square, red letters of the same size and shape read "SUPERMARCHÉ BARGUES." Opinions were divided as to whether a supermarket would be a good thing or not, and about M. and Mme. Bargues. What was a supermarket? One more chain store, but more modern. The food would come from longer distances and be older. Everything would be refrigerated or frozen. All the trucks were freezer trucks. Everything would come out of freezers. Things would be cheaper but worse, and they would be more expensive and no one would have any choice. The wine would all be bad. The vegetables, my God! They even had bread in packages. It was the planners who planned everything. M. and Mme. Bargues were sly ones, but they worked hard, you had to admit. They would do anything for a sou. They drove a hard bargain. You couldn't stop progress.

One of the smaller trucks of the crooked building-materials merchant, who had made his money from real-estate deals and profiteering during the Occupation, was parked beside the building most mornings. There was a rumor that the owner had a share in the enterprise. The landlord next door chose the moment to lease his empty, neglected premises—which he had refused to M. and Mme. Bargues—to a men's haberdashery, and remodel them, so that both buildings were being done over at the same time, using the same truck. In the neighboring café, under the awning that bore the mysterious legend "FOOT-BILL SIX SHOTTER," it was regarded as a shrewd move.

The square itself had been classified by the Fine Arts Commission and was protected—too late to save it from M. Gentiane's tree fellings and asphalt and M. Belpech's truck weighing station. But it was not possible for M. and Mme. Bargues to modernize the old building at pleasure, without the approval of the Commission, which may have been just as well. In fact, the prospect of the new business and the preparation for it had a visible effect on M. and Mme. Bargues, Mme. in particular. M. Bargues, in keeping with the position he felt was enjoined upon him by the new venture, left his old rag cart behind the shed, to the rain, sold his aging horse to the butcher, and bought a used delivery van from the chain that was his new sponsor. His old, linty dark-gray clothes and his sidelong manner remained the same, and he had always smiled to himself. But Mme. Bargues wore her smock indoors, and her black coat and round black straw hat outdoors, with a new distinction. An aura

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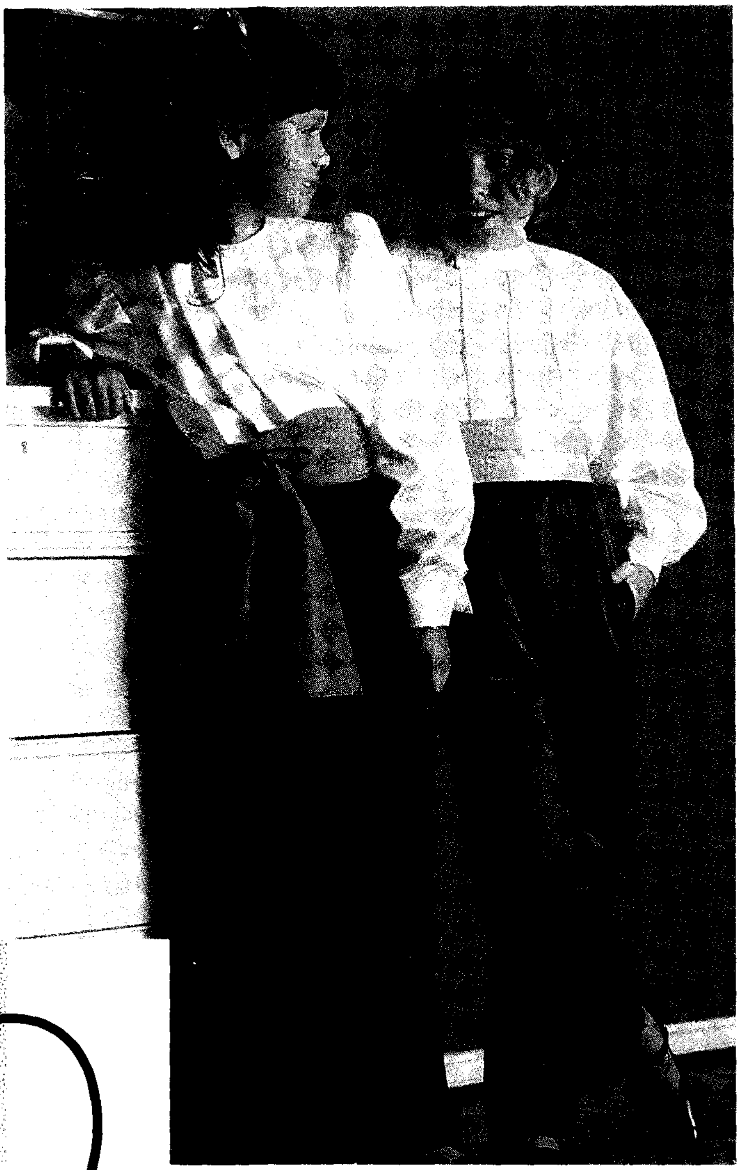

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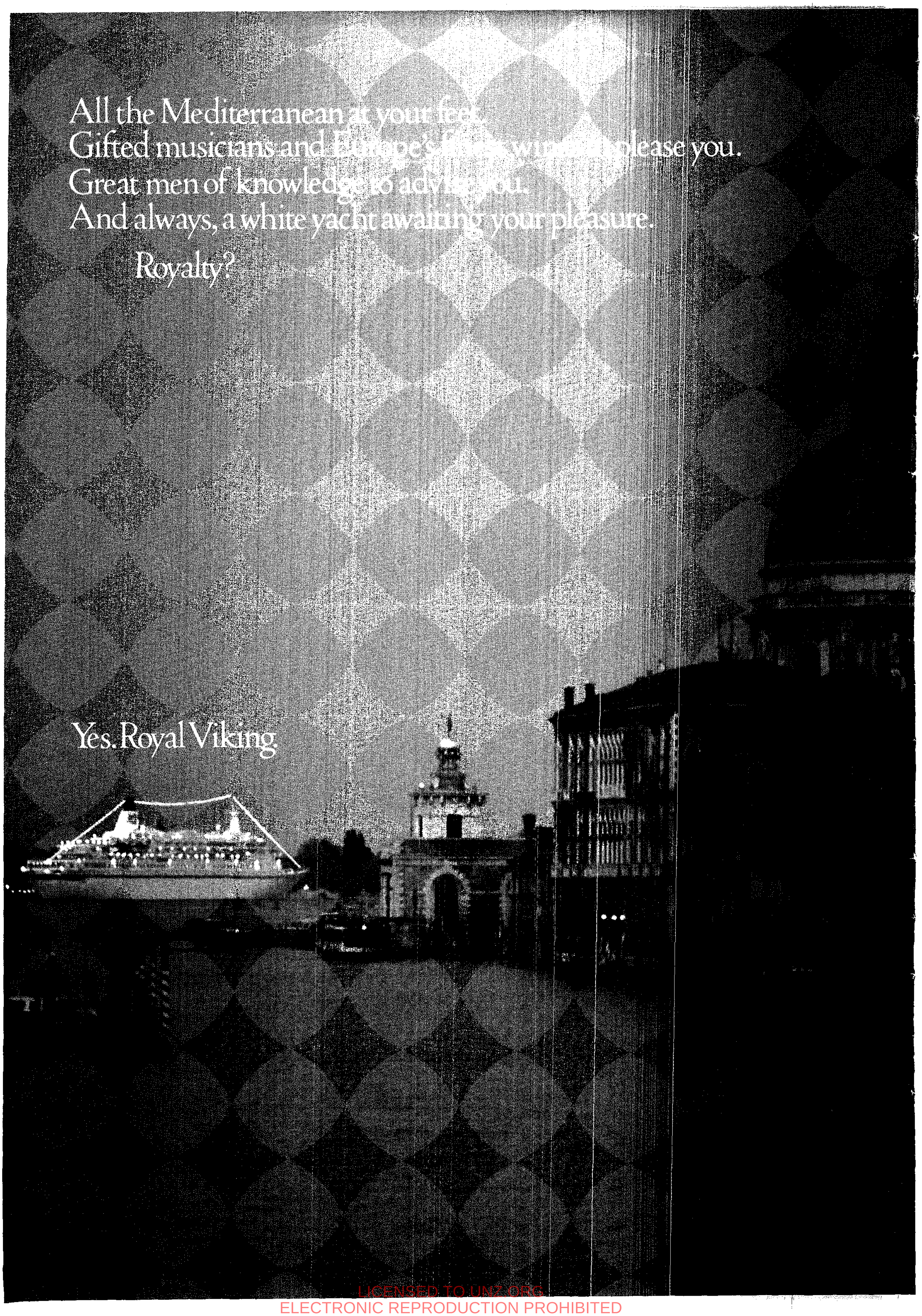
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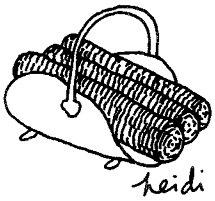
of triumph lit her blank tight features, the pallid cheeks and flat brow, the small shallow eyes. She said she was eager for the transformation of the building to be done in good taste.

The street along one side of the store had once been part of the old road that ran along the town's small river and crossed the square and the canals beyond it, on its way into the chestnut forests and the mountains of the Auvergne. The houses along that side of the long *place* were all built of dressed limestone with a golden cast. The plain, simple façades of the Midi, with broad proportions, symmetrical rows of long windows, slatted shutters painted pale gray. For several centuries, they had looked across the open space through the sycamores and limes to the balustrade along the nearest canal, where trout swam in the clear, fast-running water from the steep slopes to the north, their tails and the long green water weeds waving together. The road crossed the first bridge and went on, under the long avenue of trees.

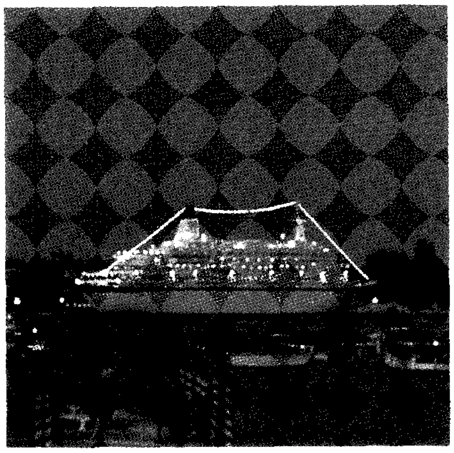


The renovations tore out the severe classical doorway, near the corner, removed as much of the ground-floor façade as was structurally feasible and replaced it with sheets of glass, gutted the interior completely, covered the walls and the floor with bright, hard synthetic materials, filled the interior space with fluorescent lights and islands of shelves, and lined the sides with refrigerated cases and freezers with glass doors. At the corner a double glass door allowed customers to enter and walk to the small gleaming turnstile that admitted them to the neatly stacked and brightly lit wares but would not allow them out again. The exit was past the long Formica counter and the modern cash register, at which Mme. Bargues sat, tirelessly ringing up the purchases, greeting her customers one by one with the same chill smile.

Pierre reviled the new desecrations of the square. He scorned M. and Mme. Bargues, the sort of people who were always behind such operations. Even as a ragpicker M. Bargues had grown haughty. In the old days Pierre had occasionally dropped by the shed on rag-sorting days. He had persuaded M. Bargues to set aside old printed military handkerchiefs or crocheted bedspreads or ancient linens, and Pierre would gather them up for next to nothing and take them home for his shop. Now the prices! Bargues, who cared nothing for such things except what they might fetch, was saving them for himself.

On the other hand, a new grocery was not something to be dismissed, however vulgar and regrettable its appearance. Pierre began to give some of his custom to the new emporium. He would go in to try the coffee, the spaghetti, the olive oil, the cheese, the sausage. To compete with the long-established and renowned charcuterie on the side street there was an array of local pâtés, including an imposing selection of foie gras. After the third or fourth visit, when he had forgotten his wallet, Mme. Bargues even advanced him credit, with an indulgent expression, raising her finger, as to a child, as she said, "Until next time." Pierre would stop by the pharmacy after Mass and borrow what he needed, he said, for the Sunday dinner at home. Most often it was Bertrand from whom he exacted tribute. Until Bertrand would see him coming and reach into his pocket, saying, "Oh well, it might as well be me. I'm more or less one of the family." And Pierre would invoke his mother's need for foie gras, pocket the money, and waddle across the *place* to the Supermarché Bargues. He said that he admired the way everything was set out in the light, so that one could examine it. And he liked the little wire baskets, he told Mme. Bargues, and the cleanness of everything. He praised the brand of noodles they sold, and the St. Nectaire. He let her know that he was becoming one of her more loyal customers.

THEN, late that spring, his mother died. She had reached a great age and had come to seem all but transparent, and she went peacefully. She had been fading, and the old priest had come and given her extreme unction. After that she rallied and lasted several days. One afternoon Mathilde came into her mother-in-law's room to find Pierre asleep in the chair at the foot of the bed, and when she turned to the bed she realized at once that his mother was not sleeping, as usual, but dead. The nuns came and laid her out on the same bed, and arranged a bowl of water and a sprig of box on the table beside it, and twined a rosary in her gnarled white fingers. The two aged unmarried sisters, the Demoiselles de Courtille, who lived in the



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village, a few houses away, were notified. They would come as friends and be in the house all night, and help Mathilde; and one would play the organ and both of them sing at the funeral service. Pierre could, and often did, give a spirited imitation of each of them, with special attention to the facial expressions and the high notes. The church no longer had a funeral carriage, and the most suitable vehicle that could be obtained for the occasion was the village mason's gray Peugeot truck, with its canvas cover stretched on hoops like a prairie schooner's. The coffin was carried down the stone stairs inside the château and across the courtyard and up the steep cobbled lane to the square, where the truck was waiting, emptied of trowels and troughs and shovels and sacks of lime, hosed out, and lined with flowers. The procession formed behind it and moved slowly the short distance to the church, where the elder Demoiselle de Courtille was already fumbling through an arrangement of Gounod on the wheezing organ, and the priest with the flimsy bladder wailed through the service, pausing to allow the Demoiselles to raise their dogged voices in song. When the coffin had been loaded back into the truck, the procession started again down the hill to the cemetery below the village. But the mason was in the middle of a job a few miles away. The owner of the house he was working on was paying well and was impatient. One of the assistants had come, during the funeral service, to say that the mason was urgently needed on the job, and the procession down the hill moved forward without the dignity of its beginning. The truck rolled ahead too fast for the mourners, on foot, to keep up with it. For a while they trudged disconsolately after it, but by the time they left the village the hopelessness of the contest came home to them one by one, and they walked along in gloomy silence with nothing to follow, feeling naked. The first haying had begun, and the sweet smell filled the valley that spread out just below the village. The truck was waiting, with the tailgate down, when the mourners arrived at the open gate of the cemetery.

Along the cemetery wall was a stone ledge where, in the old days when Pierre and Mathilde were first married, people from the village would come and sit in the summer evenings, and talk until after dark. The late hay wagons, drawn by cows leaning shoulder to shoulder on the incline, would lumber toward the village. Once an asp had flicked its head out of the hay and bitten someone standing there by the gate in the warmth of the passing load. The mourners filed in to stand by their family graves, with heads bowed, and as soon as the coffin had been lifted out to be carried up the path to its tomb, and the flowers had been handed out after it, the truck was on its way again, at an unseemly clip.

Pierre was furious, and a few days later when he went to pay the mason he told him that if that was the way he fulfilled his part of the bargain at a time of bereavement, if that was the best he could do by way of respect for the dead, he should be ashamed to accept the sum they had agreed upon. And after all the years the mason had known Pierre's mother, besides, and her goodness to his family. He said that—even though she had never had anything to do with the mason's family, apart from employing the mason's father once, years before, and that had ended unfortunately. The mason grumbled something about Pierre's concern for honoring his own agreements, and they parted on bad terms.

His vexations proved to be heralds of a gloom that deepened upon him once his mother was gone. The loss of her pension did not improve the family finances. He tried harder than ever to fill the house with *des paying guests* for the summer, but he all but ignored the ones who came, and left them to the care of Mathilde, and to whatever entertainments his own children might dream up. In company he was capable of regaling persons whom he had just met with stories that they found quite revolting. He slept with difficulty, except after meals, and he complained more than ever about his heart and his headaches, and went nowhere without his boxes of pills. He locked himself up more often than before with the garden boy, until every ambulatory villager had heard their giggles and his shrieks, and the boy's mother came and threatened him with arrest for corruption of a minor, and could only be quieted by his hiring her as a laundress, at outrageous wages, one day a week, *with* her noonday meal. She was dirty and ill-humored and light-fingered and lost clothes, and if he mentioned her shortcomings she threatened to take him to court. Mathilde said nothing, apart from an occasional "Ah" of exasperation, raising her eyes and showing her gold teeth. More and more, in the village, she was praised for her patience, which was linked to the general belief that she was extremely devout. Some said she was a saint.

Pierre, in his melancholy, was putting on even more weight. He ate at random, wherever the opportunity offered, stuffing his mouth hastily, failing to wipe crumbs from his chin or egg from his shirt. His weakness for foie gras remained constant, and he never failed to make a shopping trip to town on Sunday, whatever the weather. He would call at the pharmacy as usual, and he managed to extract a few more jars of pâté from M. Bruyère, but he could no longer invoke his mother's appetite when he set about his borrowing, and his income suffered. One Sunday, that rainy autumn, he came up to Mme. Bargues's counter in his old gabardine, with nothing in his wire basket but two packages of noodles and another of bouillon cubes. She nodded, and rang them up, and waited before ringing the total, looking up at him.

Finally she said, "And the foie gras?"

"What foie gras?" he asked, raising his head and looking down his nose at her.

"M. le Comte," she said.

"I don't know what you mean," he insisted.

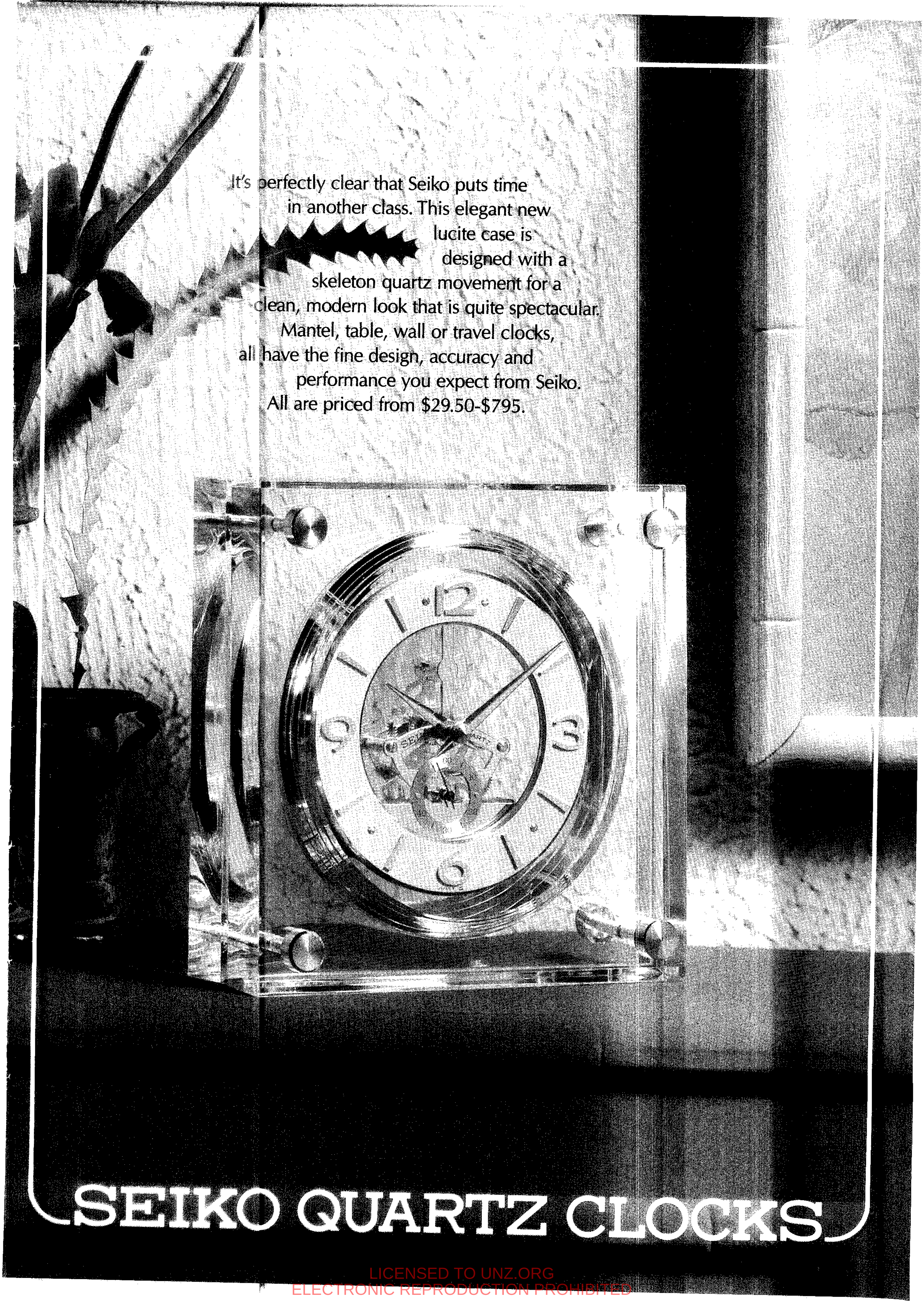
"The foie gras in that pocket," she said, pointing to his gabardine.

Fatty's pale face trembled. M. Bargues had emerged from one of the side aisles and was watching.

"*And* the foie gras in *that* pocket," M. Bargues said, pointing to the other pocket of the coat.

"You are quite mistaken," Pierre said, drawing himself up. "You may keep your noodles. I will not endure such impertinence." He turned and took a step toward the door.

"Just a moment, please, M. le Comte," M. Bargues said. By that time everyone in the store was watch-



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ing. "I am sorry to bother you, but I watched you take foie gras from the shelf last Sunday, and the Sunday before, and leave without paying for it. If you will pay for it this week—and be more careful in the future—we will say no more about it."

"I am not used to being insulted in this way," Pierre said, "and I will not permit it."

"*That* is the foie gras I am talking about, M. le Comte," M. Bargues said, tapping a can in Pierre's coat. The sound was clearly audible throughout the store, and Pierre's demeanor collapsed.

"I beg your pardon," he mumbled. "It was thoughtless of me. I don't know what I was thinking of. I completely forgot. It's the first time that has ever happened."

"If it had been the first time, M. le Comte, I could have overlooked it," M. Bargues said. "It might have been a mistake. But as I say, it happened . . ."

"How much?" Pierre asked.

M. Bargues told him, and Pierre, with shaking hands, counted out the notes, and was left with very few to put back into his wallet. He went out of the store without a word.

THAT afternoon the first of his friends learned of his death. He had gone home and complained of a headache and indigestion and had shut himself in the large state bedroom on the ground floor, which the family called the Renaissance room, with its huge, ornate stone fireplace and its red-canopied bed. It was almost never used except as a showplace for tourists, but he said that the children made too much noise on the upper floor, where he and Mathilde normally slept, and he said he needed to rest, and told the children not to open the room for tourists. Mathilde said he did not look well when he came home, and that his hands were cold. She found him, later in the afternoon, still warm but unconscious. The doctor was sent for, but he was already dead. An empty container of one of his remedies, with a warning saying that an overdose could be fatal, was found by his bed. It was not entirely certain whether he had died of the drug or of heart failure, but the latter cause was written into the record.

He lay in state in the same room, under the red canopy. He looked as though he had been acting out some joke and was about to laugh, with his tongue out. The Demoiselles sat by the bed with Mathilde, who seemed to be in a dream, utterly stunned. The mason was working on some job miles away, and no one wanted to ask him whether his truck could be used for the funeral. In the end the best thing they could get was the baker's delivery van, with its corrugated-aluminum body and sliding side door, through which the large coffin could be maneuvered only by tipping it on its side. The Demoiselles stripped their autumn garden of flowers for the church. Their voices rose more falteringly than ever. The door of the baker's van opened with a roar and shut with a crash, and the old priest snuffled and puffed and wailed. At the cemetery they had difficulty again, getting the coffin out of the van, but it was as nothing to the trouble that awaited them at the square stone opening of the tomb. The grave was below it, and the aperture was too small for the coffin to be lowered through it decorously. The bearers did what they could, but a mason would have been needed to lengthen the entrance to the vault. Finally they had to tip the black box on its side and then upend it, so that it descended into the earth like a sinking ship, but bumping sonorously as it went down, and settling at last with a hollow clump. There was some doubt among the spectators, for a while, as to whether it was really in place. Then, hesitantly, timidly, they began to file past, for their farewells, and up to Mathilde, to kiss her on both cheeks as she stared ahead through her black veil. "Some of them probably come just for that," murmured one of the family. "It's not often they get a chance to kiss a Countess." They wandered out through the gate, in black coats and corduroys and black suits, and stood talking in the road, about Pierre and about other deaths and about sickness in other families, and their cows, and money, and the walnut crop. One peasant from the next village, up the hill, who had known Pierre all the years he had lived there, and whom Pierre had cheated out of furniture on at least one occasion, stood by the gate for a moment while the others passed, with his beret off, smiling and slowly shaking his head. —W. S. MERWIN

•

After the verdict, William F. Weld, the United States Attorney, said: "The Government received a fair trial. The Government wants to win each case, but not every case."—*The Times.*

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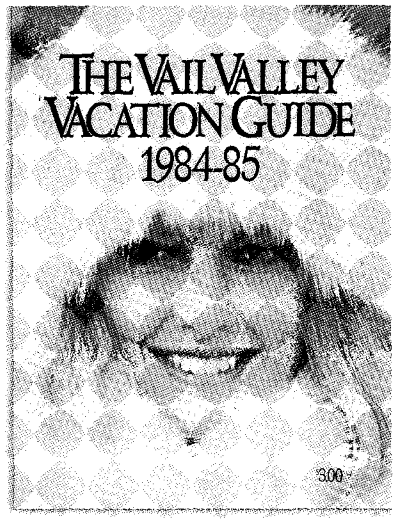

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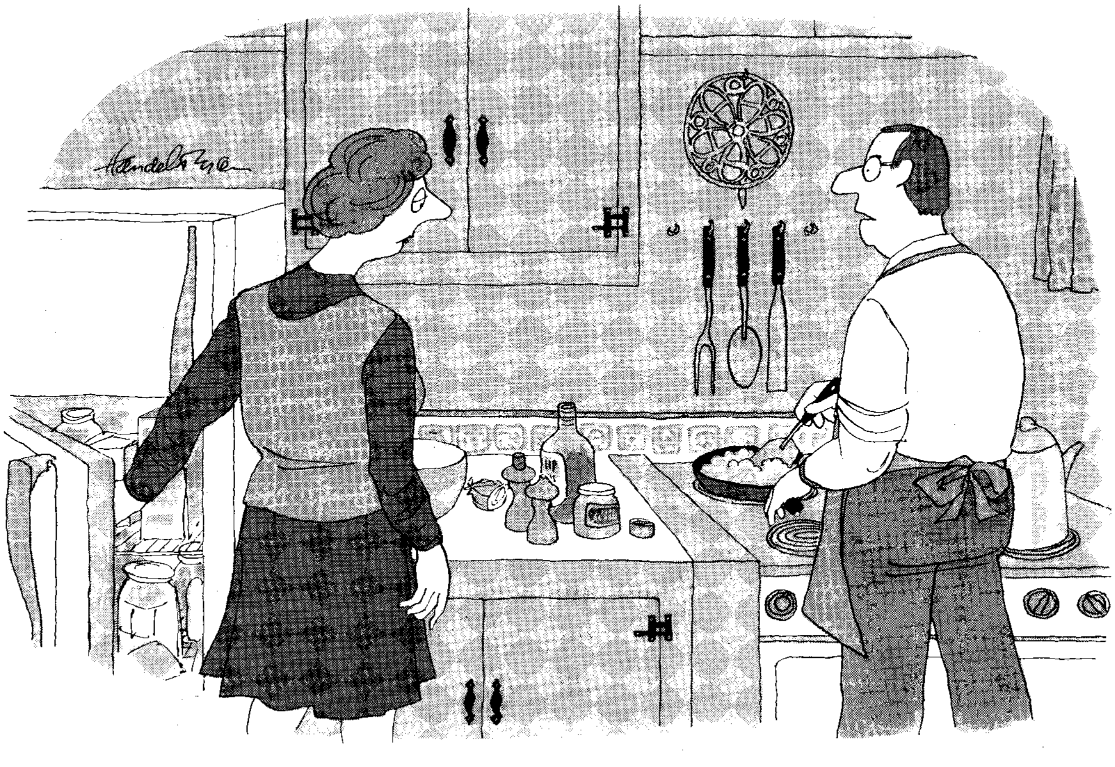
THE NEW OPEN DOOR

WHEN I first visited Peking, in 1975, the skyline of the city was dominated by the magnificent structures built during the Ming and Qing dynasties. The sloping roofs of the Temple of Heaven, the Front Gate of the Old City, the pavilions on Coal Hill, and the towers, halls, palaces, and gates of the Imperial City provided the otherwise drab metropolis with at least a visible reminder of its ancient past. Returning almost a decade later, I found the skyline transformed. All across the city, neighborhoods of old-fashioned *pingfang*—the low tile-roofed houses that once lined Peking's network of residential *hutung*, or alleys—had been bulldozed. In their stead were Western-style high-rise buildings that towered over the city; the old landmarks seemed small and strangely out of place.

One of the most recent additions to the new Peking skyline is the twenty-two-story, thousand-room Great Wall Hotel, whose three wings loom over the capital's Chaoyang district like giant grain silos over an American prairie. At sunrise and sunset, its glass curtain-walls shimmer in the orange light, accentuating the colorlessness of the low-lying buildings nearby. At night, it fairly glows with electric light, providing an oasis of illumination in an otherwise dimly lit city, where most people have no more than a single bulb in each room, and public halls and stairways are usually left completely dark. "The Great Wall of China [is] one of the most majestic monuments ever created. Today it has a notable rival, the Great Wall Hotel," reads a hotel brochure entitled "Introducing China's Second Great Wall." At first, it seemed to me outlandish to compare a hotel to the four-thousand-mile structure built in the third century B.C. by China's unifier and first emperor, Qin Shi Huang, to keep out the "barbarian" tribes from the Mongolian steppes. But the hotel's presence in the capital of the People's Republic of China is indeed in many ways as extraordinary as the Great Wall itself, though its purpose is just the opposite—to draw the barbarians in.

The Great Wall Hotel is one of many new Western-style hotels that have recently been built or are under construction in China; they are a small part of the over-all effort being made by the Chinese government to lure foreign business and tourism with first-class, Western-style facilities, which now include such amenities as convention centers, golf courses, theme parks, luxury cruise ships, and de-luxe trains featuring opulent German-made sleeping cars and private dining coaches. The concessions to foreign wealth are the outcome of Deng Xiaoping's so-called open-door policy, which the Chinese leader initiated in the late nineteen-seventies. In a few short years, the new policy has transformed relations between socialist China and the capitalist world.

The phrase "open door" was a curious choice for a new Chinese foreign policy, laden as it is with historical overtones from a humiliating period of Chinese contact with the West. In 1899 and 1900, United States Secretary of State John Hay, fearful that American businessmen would be squeezed out of China by Japanese and European attempts to establish semi-colonial "spheres of influence," issued diplomatic notes urging the major powers to preserve equality of trade with China. The "Open Door" notes were not so much a call to the powers to moderate their aggressiveness as a way of insuring that all interested nations would be able to exploit China equally. The fact that China's leaders have revived the phrase to describe China's new relationship with the West makes one wonder about their sense of history. (It should be noted, however, that although the term "open door" is used by the Chinese government to refer in English both to America's policy toward China at the turn of the century and to China's present policy toward the outside world, the Chinese phrases for the two are different. The former is a translation of the Chinese *menhu kaifang*—literally, "door open." The latter is a translation of *duiwai kaifang*—"open to the outside.")



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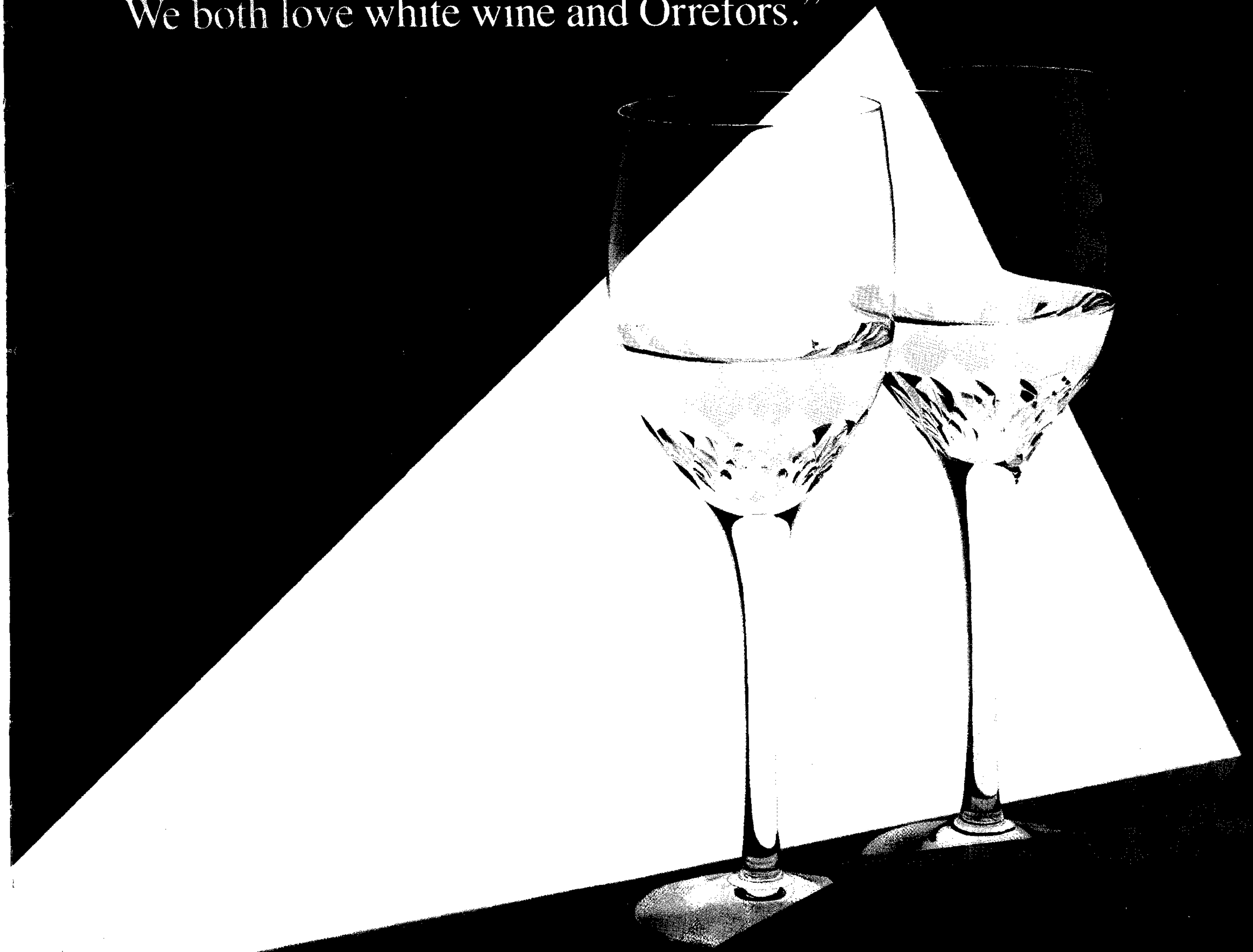

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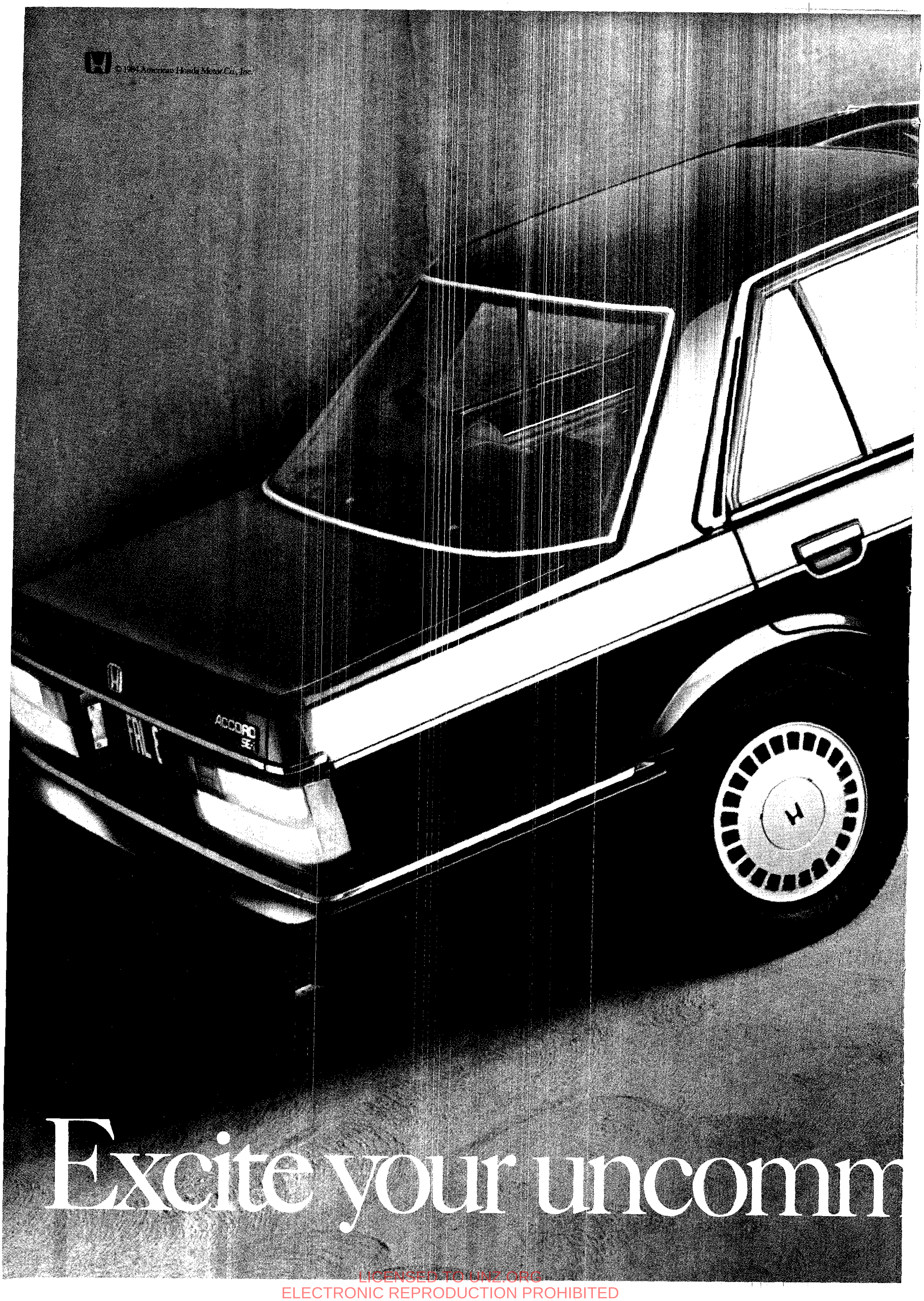
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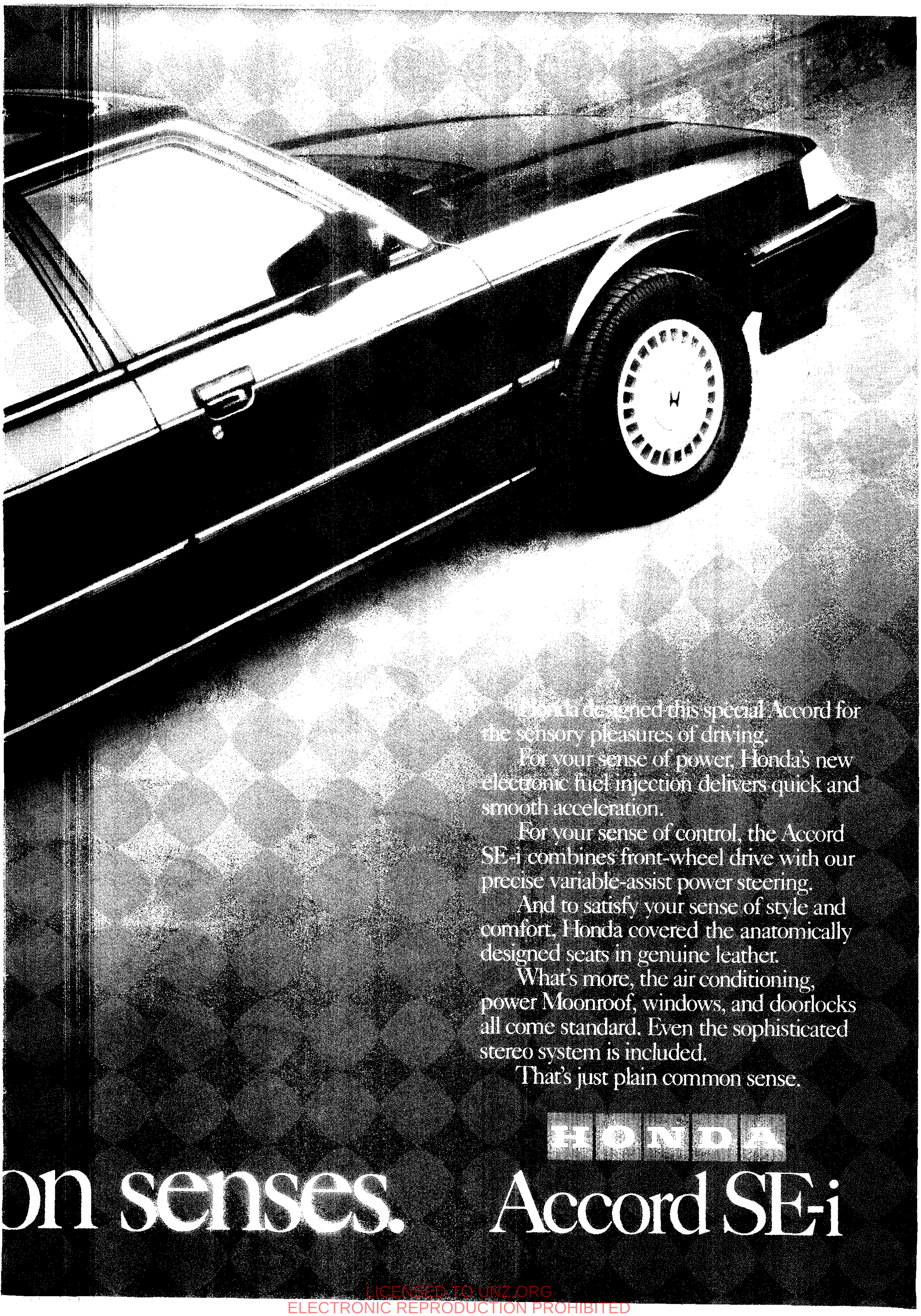

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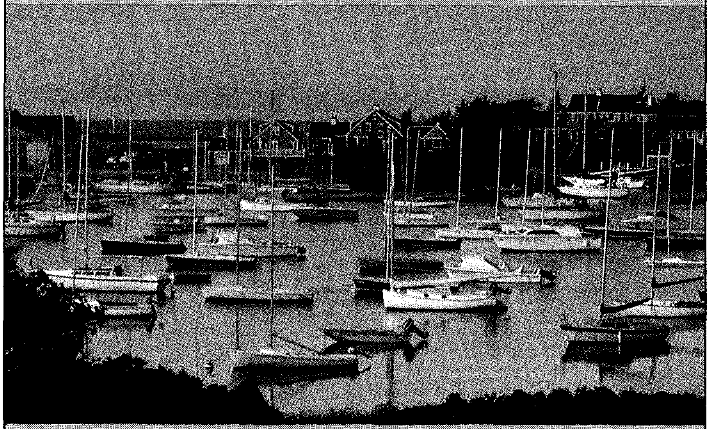

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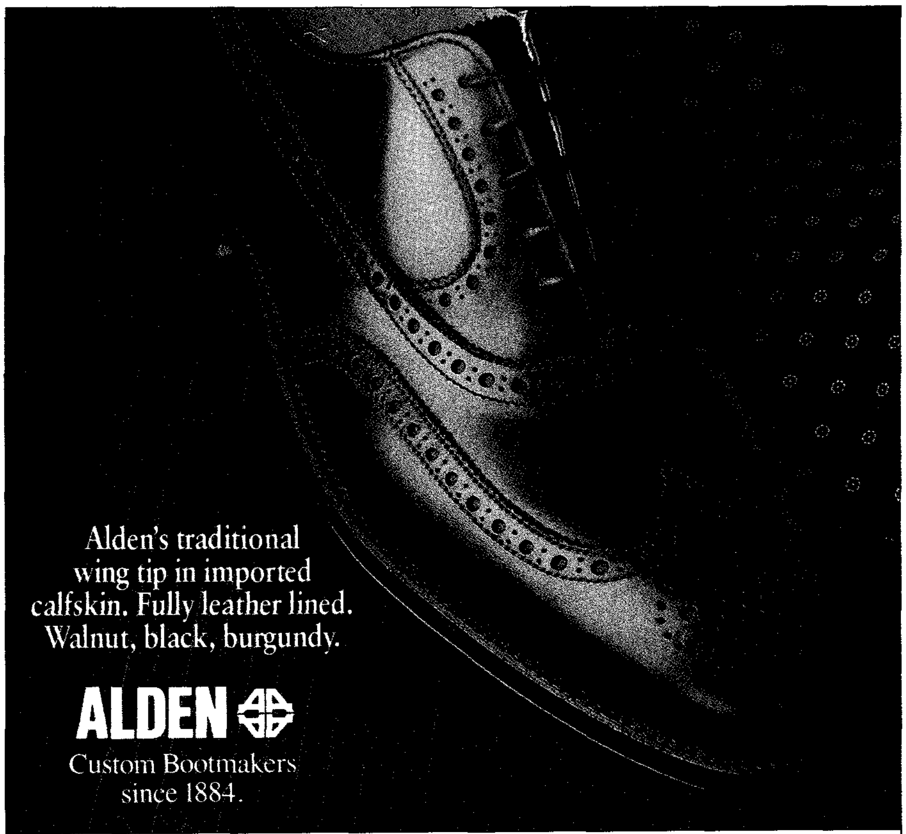

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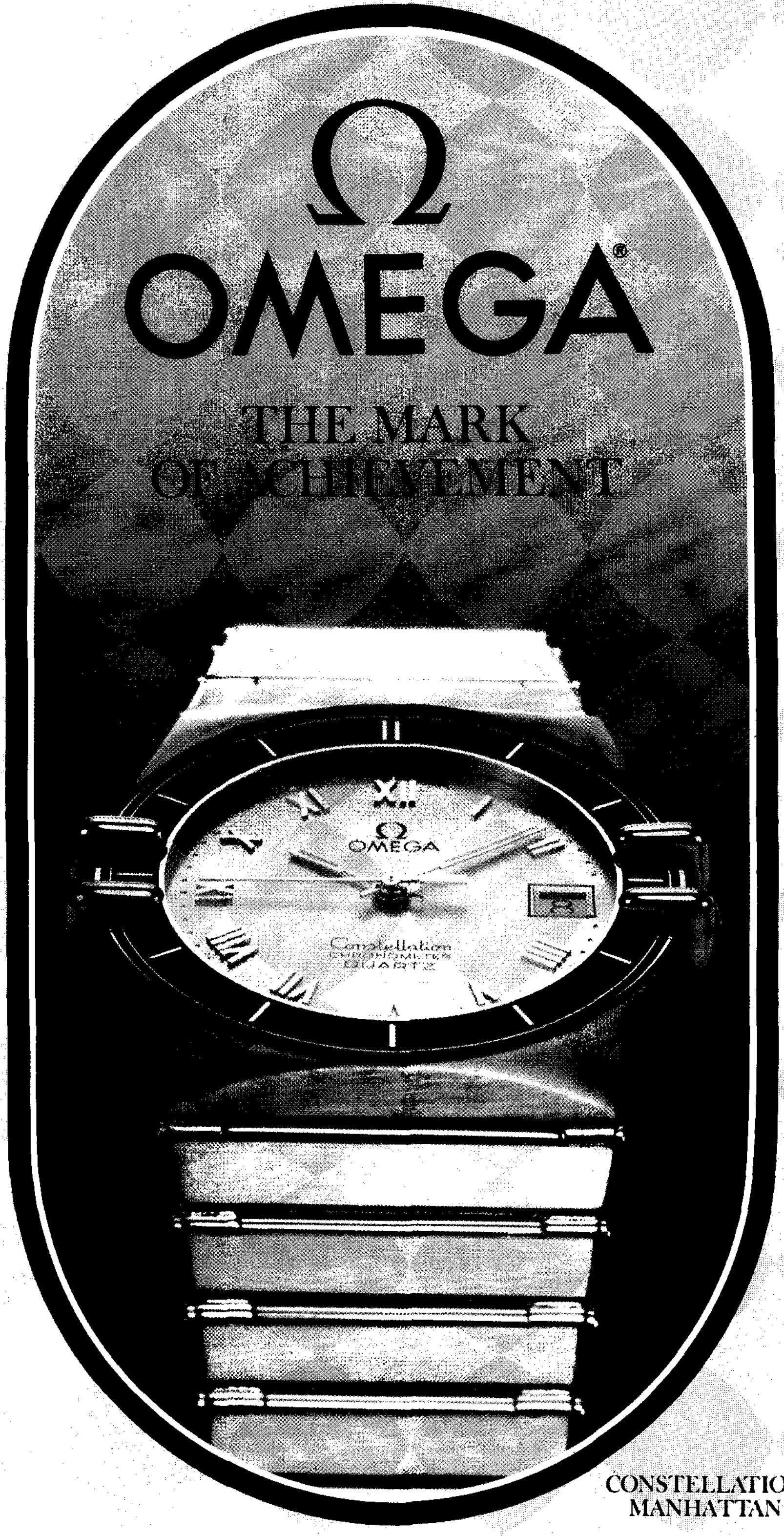
to foreign domination and exploitation; when he addressed his followers from the Gate of Heavenly Peace after having entered Peking in 1949, his first words were a proclamation that at last China had "stood up." In the late fifties, after nearly a decade's dalliance with Russian advisers, who helped build an economy based on the Soviet model, Mao parted company with the Soviet Union and defiantly set China on a course of its own, in which a refusal to rely on the capital or the technical expertise of any foreign power became an ideological hallmark of the Chinese Revolution. All that has now changed, and in such a wholesale manner that few visitors who have seen China both before and after the new policy can easily become accustomed to the contrast. Whereas in the past China's leaders generally shunned foreign loans, foreign investment, and foreign managerial and technological assistance for fear of becoming dependent on the wealthy industrialized nations of the West, under the new open-door policy they have begun to court Western business with single-minded ardor. In a speech before the Fourth Session of the Fifth National People's Congress in November, 1981, Premier Zhao Ziyang declared, "By linking our country with the world market, expanding foreign trade, importing advanced technology, utilizing foreign capital, and entering into different forms of international economic and technological coöperation, we can use our strong points to make up for our weak points. . . . We must abandon once and for all the idea of self-sufficiency."

One of President Reagan's most significant acts during his visit to China last April was to initiate steps to enable the American nuclear-power industry to participate in the construction of ten to twelve nuclear plants in China, at an estimated maximum cost of twenty billion dollars. And in June Premier Zhao announced in Paris that China and France had reached an accord designed to make French investment in China easier, and that they were close to an agreement on a contract for the construction of a multibillion-dollar nuclear plant in Canton. As foreign investment has poured back into China, the government has sought to allay the fears of foreign businessmen regarding possible nationalization of their property. "The lawful rights and interests of foreign enterprises and investors will be protected by Chinese laws," Gu Ming, the Deputy Secretary-General of the State Council, proclaimed. "There is no need for them to worry about the political environment." When a French reporter asked Premier Zhao during his stay in Paris what would ultimately remain of Chinese Communist ideology if China continued to open up to the West, he replied, "I have complete confidence in the ideas of Marx and Lenin. But I deal with the concrete situation in which China finds itself." Last month, Deng Xiaoping announced to a group of visiting Japanese that his new policy would remain in force throughout the next century.

I HAD a chance to see for myself the changes wrought by the open-door policy during a recent stay in Peking at the Great Wall Hotel. No sooner had my taxi pulled up beside the huge stone lions that guard its entrance than two doormen trotted out and greeted me with a cheerful English chorus of "Good morning, sir. How are you today?" before ushering me from the car. Both wore smart black uniforms with red piping on the jacket cuffs and down the sides of the trousers. Right behind them were two bellhops wearing crimson jackets with high mandarin collars, who smiled and said, "Good morning, welcome to our hotel," as they moved efficiently to gather my luggage from the taxi's trunk. To someone who had not previously travelled in China, such amenities might have seemed natural, but the Revolutionary slogan of "serving the people" had never been translated into such service at Chinese hotels and restaurants, perhaps because it smacked of just the kind of exploitation that Mao had set out to eradicate. Once inside the hotel, I found myself in an environment so different from any I had previously known in China that I felt as if I had crossed an unmarked border into another country. From the lushly carpeted floor rose forty-foot columns encased in polished chrome. Plants were arranged in artful clusters around groups of chairs and sofas upholstered in purple plush. In marked contrast to the dry, chilly Peking weather, the hotel's interior was as balmy as the tropics.

"This hotel offers what no other can, a first-class international standard of service infused with the mystique of China," notes the Great Wall's promotional material. Actually, the "mystique of China" seemed to have been effectively kept outside the hotel's



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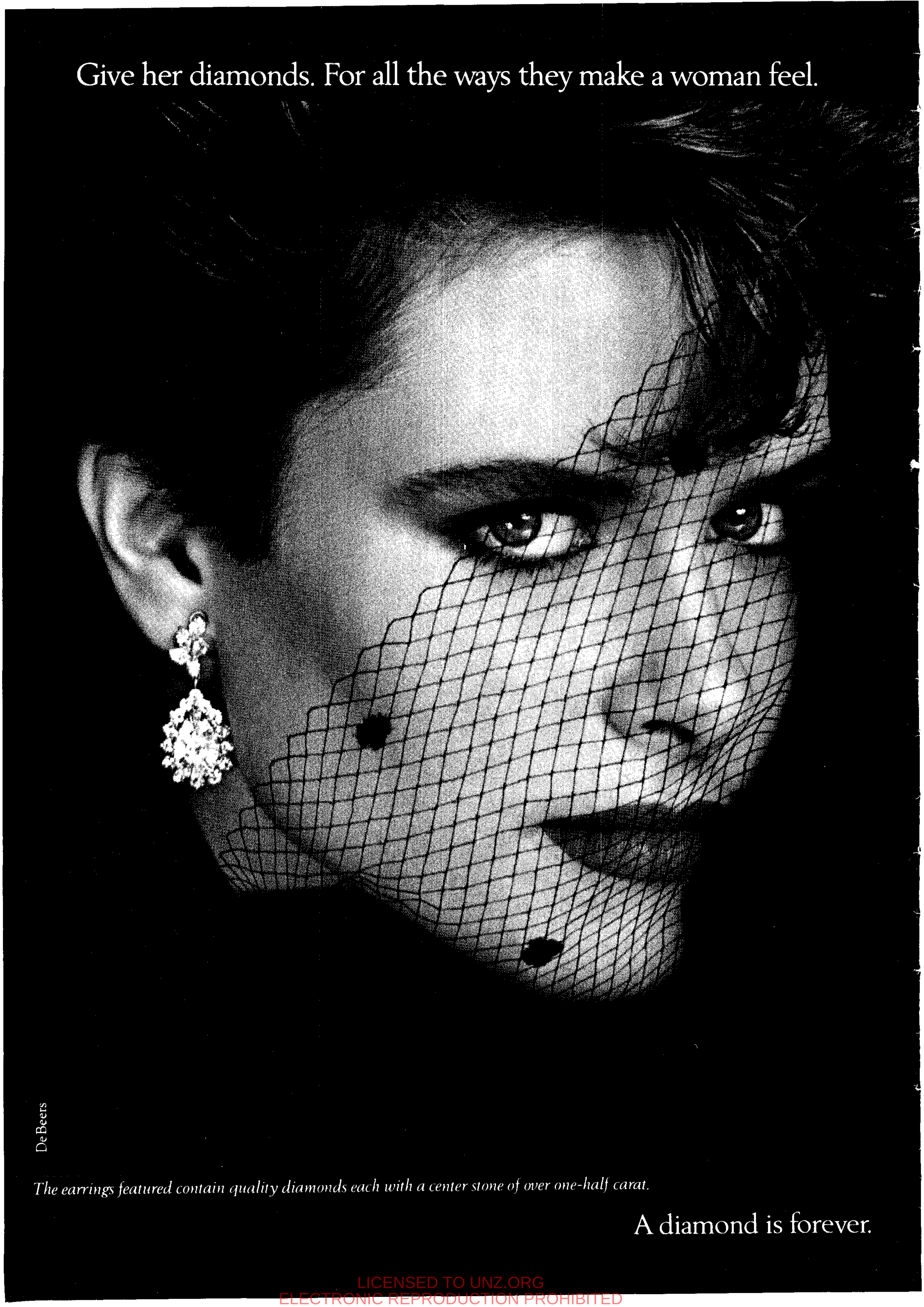

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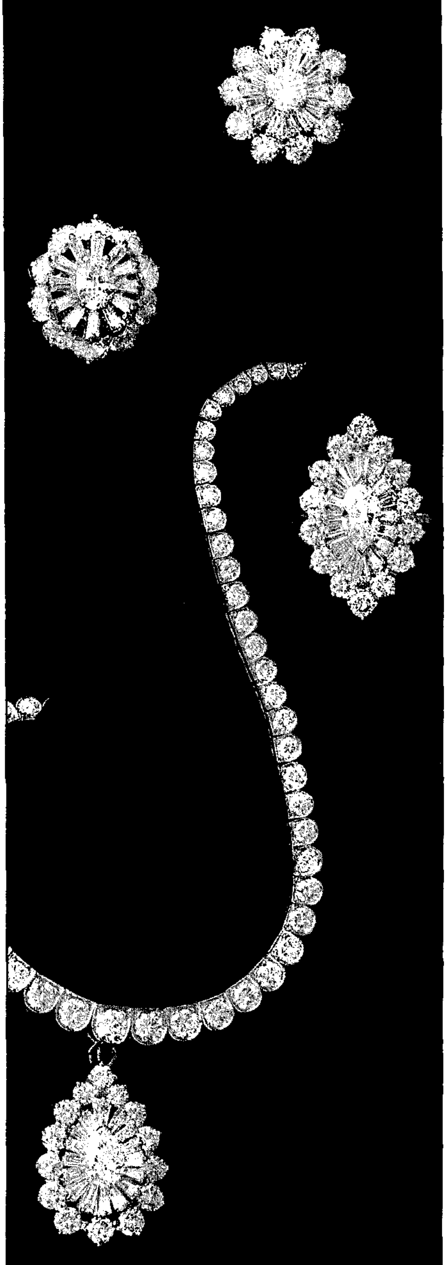
doors, except for an occasional Oriental touch, such as the enormous tapestry of the Great Wall itself hanging in the lobby, and two stone statues of Guanyin, the Chinese Buddhist goddess of mercy, in an adjacent lounge. What was most remarkable was how successful those responsible for the hotel's design had been in re-creating an almost totally Western environment in the middle of a city that for years had resisted just such intrusions. As I waited for a reception clerk in a black three-piece suit to feed my name into a computer terminal at the front desk and issue me my room key, I felt as I imagined a classical Chinese scholar might feel upon arriving in New York City and being taken to the traditional Chinese garden recently reconstructed to the last detail in the Astor Court of the Metropolitan Museum of Art: it would all have seemed perfect—except that the world from which it had been plucked was missing.

"Things have changed here in China," Lucy Hobgood-Brown, the American public-relations and advertising director for the hotel, told me a few days later as we toured the premises. "While I was working at the Dallas Hyatt Regency, the China International Travel Service sent a delegation over to have a look at American hotels, and when the visitors saw the Dallas Hyatt they just fell in love with it. They adored the glass exterior, and the atrium, and watching the elevators go up and down. They wanted to see everything. A year later, we learned that the Chinese had decided to build a hotel in Peking based on the Hyatt design."

Hobgood-Brown is part of the Great Wall's top managerial staff of fourteen foreigners. The hotel's general manager is a Chinese-American named Peter Sun; the resident manager is Swiss, and the head housekeeper is Filipino; the food-and-beverage manager and the head chef are French; and eight Hong Kong Chinese hold other key managerial positions. When I asked Hobgood-Brown whether she was enjoying her new job, she smiled broadly. "As far as public relations goes . . . well, at first the Chinese didn't understand the idea at all," she said. "They were used to running such things as hotels without any promotion, because they knew that people would have to stay at the few hotels there were, regardless of whether they were run well. There was no competition—no alternative. Our general manager tried to describe



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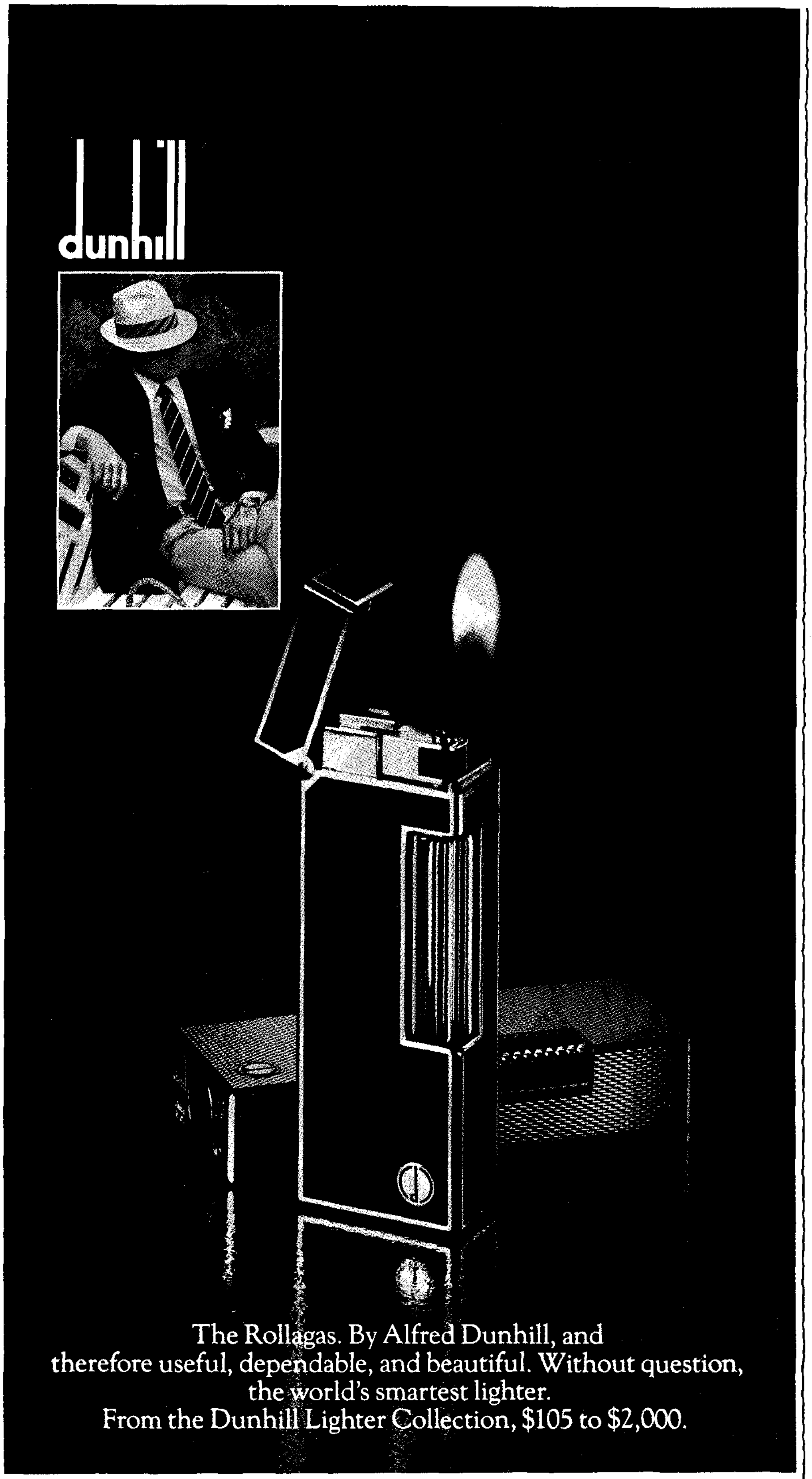
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the concept, and in the middle of his explanation one Chinese jumped up and said, 'Oh! I get it! You mean *propaganda!*' " She laughed affectionately at the recollection. "This is the first time I've been involved in building something from the bottom up," she continued. "I mean, the Chinese have just not had any experience in running modern, first-class Western hotels. All of us here have our Chinese counterparts, who are theoretically being trained to take over, but there's a lot for them to learn."

The Great Wall Hotel was a seventy-five-million-dollar project initiated by C. B. Sung, a Shanghai-born American businessman, who raised the money necessary to finance its construction from a consortium of Western banks and signed a joint-venture agreement in 1979 with the China International Travel Service to build it. In accordance with Chinese practice, C.I.T.S., as the Chinese partner, was assigned a majority share—fifty-one per cent—in the venture. Sung, who was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, was one of the first businessmen to pioneer such large-scale ventures between the United States and China under the new policy. He has not only brought the Great Wall Hotel into being but also helped facilitate, among other projects, a fifty-one-million-dollar joint venture between the Jeep Division of American Motors and the Peking Automotive Works to build four-wheel-drive vehicles in China.

The Great Wall Hotel was not the first foreign-financed and foreign-run luxury hotel to open in the Chinese capital. Because China has been doing more and more business with foreign countries, and because its tourist industry has been expanding by about thirty per cent a year (last year, there were just under ten million visitors), the nation is in desperate need of hotel space. In 1982, the four-hundred-and-fifty-four-room, twenty-two-million-dollar Jianguo ("Build the Nation") Hotel, financed by the Chinese-American architect and builder Clement Chen and run by the Peninsula Group, which is based in Hong Kong and operates first-class hotels throughout the Far East, opened in Peking. Last April, the Lido Hotel opened there—the first hotel on Chinese soil to be operated by a Western chain, Holiday Inn. Numerous other joint-venture hotels are under construction in other large Chinese cities—

including China's first Hilton, in Shanghai.

A very different kind of luxury inn, the Fragrant Hills Hotel, opened just outside the capital, with much fanfare, in 1982. The Fragrant Hills was designed by the Cantonese-born American architect I. M. Pei and, unlike the Lido, Jianguo, and Great Wall Hotels, includes aspects of traditional Chinese design, such as garden courtyards, in its conception. But what is most noticeably different about the Fragrant Hills is not that its design attempts a synthesis of Eastern and Western styles but that it is state-owned and entirely managed and run by Chinese. When I paid a visit to the hotel, I found it beginning to look seedy, though it had been open less than two years. The glassed-in central atrium and four small wings that jut out from a four-story core looked as if they had been abandoned before they were completed. There was a depressing feeling of emptiness about the place. Already there were stains and cracks in the walls, and broken furniture and fixtures. The bar was a bare, uninviting room with one attendant in it, snoozing beside a small refrigerator that turned out to contain only a couple of bottles of beer. The shops off the lobby were barren affairs, with few items of interest for sale. Trash blew through the gardens in the wind. I left filled with sadness, and returned to the Great Wall without having the meal I had planned on. I was reminded of how reliant on Western managerial skills and technology China's few pockets of modernization are, and that it is still impossible to maintain any Western-style institution in China without foreign know-how and supply lines to the outside world.

The Great Wall Hotel, with its foreign investors and management, is a universe apart from the Fragrant Hills—a world within a world, which offers foreigners every service imaginable. P.R.C. citizens are not allowed to stay there. But those Chinese lucky enough to be invited in by foreign guests find the scope of its imported luxury mind-boggling. It has a health club, complete with gym, indoor swimming pool, saunas, steam baths, outdoor jogging track, and two tennis courts, which can be floodlit at night. For entertainment, there are four lounges: the Summit, an octagonal structure perched on the hotel's roof, where one can "enjoy a breathtaking view" and "sink back in plush armchairs and relax as you sip your

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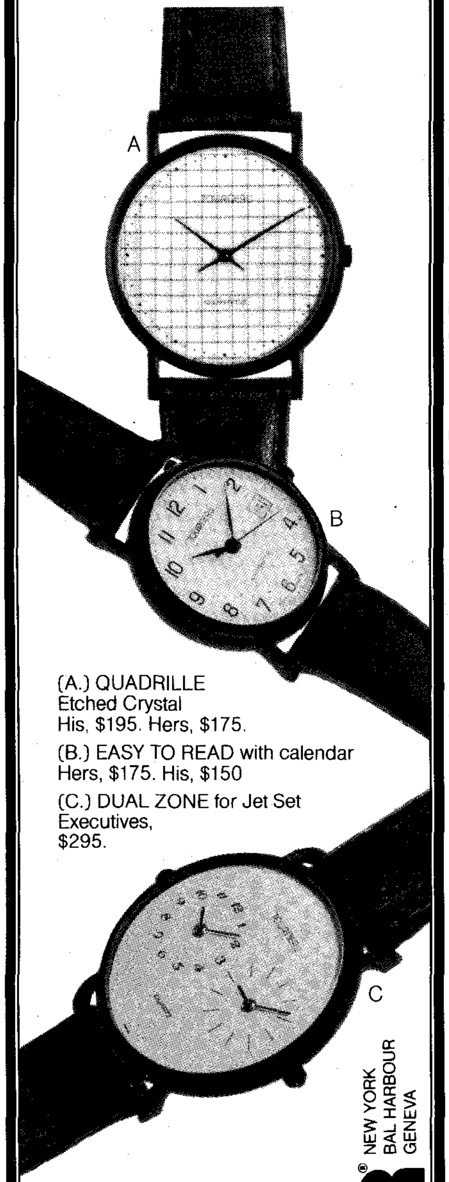

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favorite cocktail . . . made just the way you like it;" the Caravan, a dimly lit bar with wood panelling and soft chairs upholstered in green velvet, described as the ideal place "to enjoy a relaxing drink or a rendezvous;" the Cosmos Club, a night club with an atmosphere of "electric intimacy," where "midnight blacks blend magically with mirrors and chromes," and in which a guest can enjoy "contemporary live music from a [Filipino] seven-piece band until the early hours;" and, in a seven-story atrium off the lobby, the Orchid Pavilion Court, in which the customer can watch four glass elevators rise and fall between mirrored walls as he is soothed by "the dulcet tones of piano and flute." President Reagan, during his visit last April, held a state banquet in the hotel's Grand Ballroom, which is advertised as being "influenced by the Forbidden City itself," with "intricate woodwork and lacquers of traditional Chinese reds" and "folding screens with dragon motifs." It can accommodate eighteen hundred people. The President's Chinese and American guests were served turkey dinners, the turkeys themselves having been flown in from the United States; the Great Wall's Chinese chefs had practiced on several advance turkeys in order to master the preparation of this American meal before the Presidential appearance.

For the dining pleasure of its regular guests, the Great Wall Hotel harbors a number of restaurants. Chinese cuisine is served in the Fan, a Cantonese restaurant on the second floor, and in the Yuen Tai, a Szechuan restaurant on the top floor. The hotel's principal dining room is Le France ("certainly one of the finest restaurants in the Far East"), a room carpeted in gold, with square mirrored columns and fresh roses on each table, which could just as easily be in New York or Paris; it serves such gourmet specialties as Le Cornet de Saumon Fumé au Caviar, Terrine de Viande Truffée Façon Escoffier, and Les Noisettes d'Agneau Flambées aux Trois Moutardes. The Silk Road offers a sumptuous buffet, including a "steak bar" with steaks imported from the United States; and the Orient Express, a coffee shop, serves Western meals and snacks twenty-four hours a day. Much of the hotel's food is imported from Hong Kong. Unlike Chinese-run hotels, the Great Wall also offers round-the-clock room service. Being able to eat and play throughout the night, while the rest of China closes down completely, takes some getting used to. Nothing like it has been seen here since "liberation;" before 1949, foreign visitors could amuse themselves until early morning in their special clubs and night spots—notably in the Westernized port city of Shanghai. Although today Western-style night life is still a phenomenon virtually confined to foreign-run hotels like the Great Wall, which cater almost exclusively to a foreign clientele, I wondered how long it would be before the Chinese would demand to be part of the fun.

Night life is hardly the only new idea these Western hotels are pioneering in China. Telephones are of the touch-tone variety. Operators provide wakeup calls, and they also take messages while guests are out—something that hotels in China have never done before, because of the language problem, and because the notion of such a service seemed utterly alien. The public rest rooms—which in most Chinese buildings are dark, dirty, and malodorous—are spotless and nothing short of inviting. The floors of the Great Wall Hotel are covered with thousands of square feet of wall-to-wall carpeting, a concept of interior decoration that has no precedent in China, where people have traditionally treated hallways and lobbies as extensions of the streets—places to discard unwanted trash, put out cigarettes, or spit. The guest rooms range in price from ninety dollars a day for a single to eight hundred dollars a day for a luxury suite. (Eight hundred dollars is nearly six times the annual wage of an average Chinese factory worker.) Almost everything in the hotel has been imported. The reflective plate-glass exterior came from Belgium, the bathroom fixtures from the United States, the carpets from New Zealand, the room furniture—including color-television sets—from Japan, the lobby sofas and chairs from France, and the chandeliers from Italy. Like a space colony constructed in orbit, the Great Wall Hotel was put together out of millions of separate pieces, which were imported from the outside world and painstakingly assembled in Peking. After the building was finished, the reliance on the faraway sources of supply did not stop. For most of what keeps it going—

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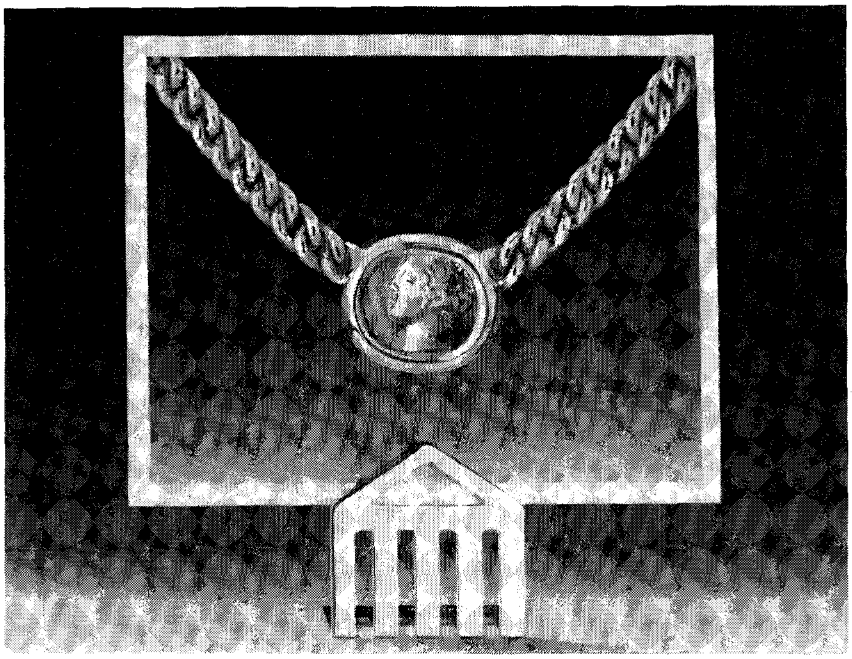
from copy-machine paper and dishwasher parts to coffee and steak—the hotel must still maintain a lifeline to that world beyond China's borders which the country's leaders were once so determined to do without.

The Great Wall Hotel, like other Western enclaves springing up across the country, is clearly designed to give foreign tourists and businessmen a way to be *in* China without being *of* it—to convey the feeling that everything is here, within the confines of a single building, so that (except for an occasional shopping spree or a trip to a historical monument) there is no need to venture out. I would awake in the morning and, fuzzy with sleep, not immediately remember what country I was in, even after I had looked around the room. I would open the curtains that shrouded the double-glazed plate-glass window, and there I would find Peking. As I stood in my quiet, climate-controlled room watching the Chinese board buses or bicycle off to work, it seemed as if I were looking at pictures on a television screen—at an illusory image of China, rather than China itself. Leaving the Great Wall's comfortable embrace to visit Chinese friends in the real world—which involved riding packed buses, eating in dirty, noisy, crowded restaurants, or attending entertainment events in overheated (or freezing) Chinese theatres—came to seem almost too unappealing to warrant the effort. In the past, I had prided myself on being with my Chinese friends as often as possible while they went about their daily lives; now I began to feel like the stereotypical journalist who gets his information from the English-language newspaper slipped under the door of his hotel room each morning, or from the taxi-drivers and elevator boys assigned to serve foreigners.

Perfect though the physical plant of the hotel was, however, there were still myriad ways in which the Chinese world sifted in. While the touch-tone phones did facilitate room-to-room communication, a guest trying to reach an outside number would immediately be plunged into the morass of the Chinese telephone system. Frequently, one would have to try several times before getting access to the outside. Then, as often as not, the circuit would be busy, or the number itself would be busy, or one would be connected to a wrong party. One could easily be on the phone fifteen or twenty minutes to no effect other than tying up the wires. Sometimes, the entire



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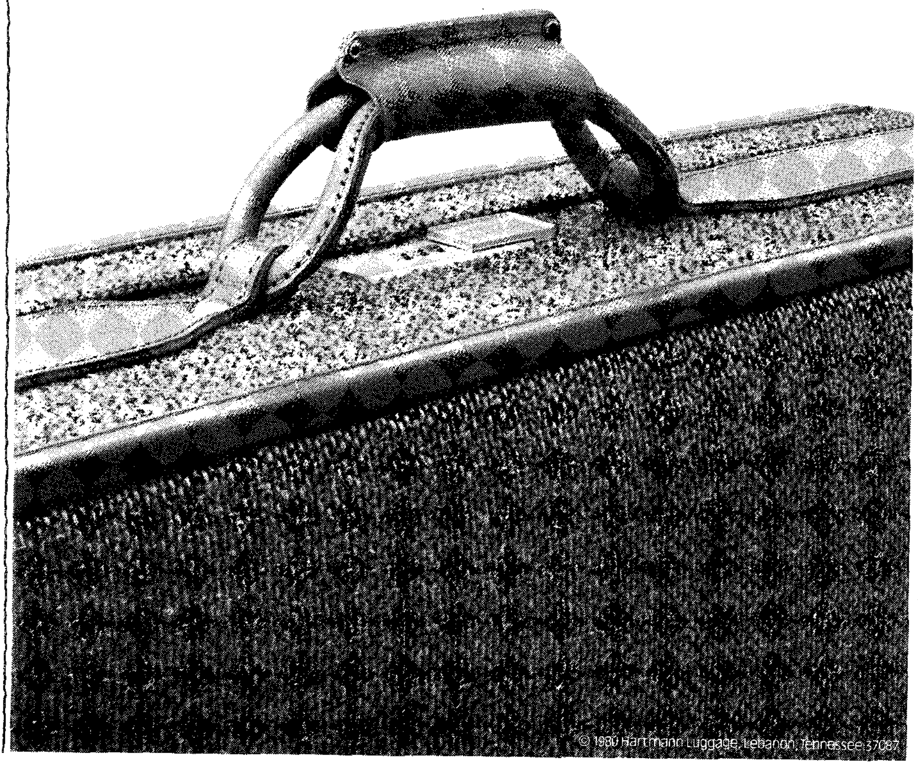

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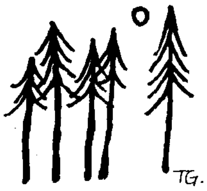
city seemed to be jammed in telephone gridlock, with everyone on the phone and no one getting through. It was often more efficient, and infinitely less frustrating, to take a cab or a bus over to the office or home of the person one wished to talk to.

There were other, less annoying ways in which the Chinese world intruded. In the morning, one could watch businessmen in the Orient Express eating breakfasts of croissants, poached kippers with lemon-butter sauce, steaks with hash brown potatoes, or waffles with maple syrup. At first glance, one might have imagined oneself back in the States, but it was not difficult to detect a note of tentativeness in the way the waitresses, not yet completely familiar with everything on the menu, went about serving Western food to foreigners. Lucy Hobgood-Brown had told me that to avoid confusion in the first few weeks labelled pictures of every dish were posted in the kitchen, so that the waitresses would not make mistakes. In the West, the morning rite of coffee drinking has its imperatives, which the waitresses in the Orient Express obviously had not yet mastered. They had not quite got the hang of cruising the floor with a coffeepot to freshen the guests' cups, and they would often forget to bring the cream, unaware that coffee without cream is as unimaginable to many Westerners as green tea *with* cream would be to the Chinese.



There are some fifteen hundred Chinese on the staff of the hotel, chosen from over ten times that number of applicants. With no experience in first-class hotels or with Western customs, service, or cuisine, and with little foreign-language instruction, they began going about their new jobs like artists trying to draw portraits from a verbal description. Although their salaries are substantially higher than what they would get in a government office or factory, the real attraction of their work is clearly the environment of the hotel itself. "Most of our staff members are quite young," Hobgood-Brown told me. "They are dazzled by the idea of working at a place like this, even though many of them have rather menial jobs. The men are proud of their new uniforms, and the women are thrilled to get out of their shapeless Chinese clothes and have their hair cut and permed."

When I asked her how the process of training a staff from the bottom up was going, she smiled, and said, "What you have to remember is that before coming here few of the housekeeping staff had ever seen a vacuum cleaner. But they are extremely eager to learn, and considering the lack of experience I think they've been doing very well."

Wondering how Chinese officials could countenance a luxury hotel that effectively excluded Chinese, I asked a politically inclined Chinese friend who had a classmate working at the Great Wall if he was aware of any resentment on the part of the staff over the luxuriousness of the life style offered foreigners. "Right now, they just want to learn and get ahead," he replied. "They love working there. It's the next-best thing to being in the United States. But what will happen after they've been cleaning rooms and waiting on tables for a few years and then want to go abroad but can't, I don't know. Maybe then they'll begin to resent the freedom and privileges the foreigners around them have."

C. B. Sung himself seemed unconcerned that China's legacy of anti-foreign feeling might well up once again. "In the old days, China was virtually a colony of more powerful countries, and that was a painful experience," he told me. "But today China is independent, and I think it has reached a certain maturity, psychologically speaking. The Chinese have gained a greater sense of international equality, and that has helped eradicate the inferiority complex from which their anti-foreignism often seemed to grow."

How did he feel that the Chinese were responding to his new hotel?

"I think most Chinese are very proud of it," he replied. "They see it as a real accomplishment for their country. It is the best in China, and it represents a whole new level of attainment for which to strive. The only negative remark I have heard was from a supposed China expert from the United States"—his voice became tinged with a mixture of humor and irritation—"who said that the hotel had no 'Chinese flavor.' But what is 'Chinese flavor' these days? It's cockroaches, and ugly, Russian-designed buildings. That's not much to go on."

What made my stay at the Great Wall so different from one at a similar modern hotel elsewhere in the world was my awareness of the historical

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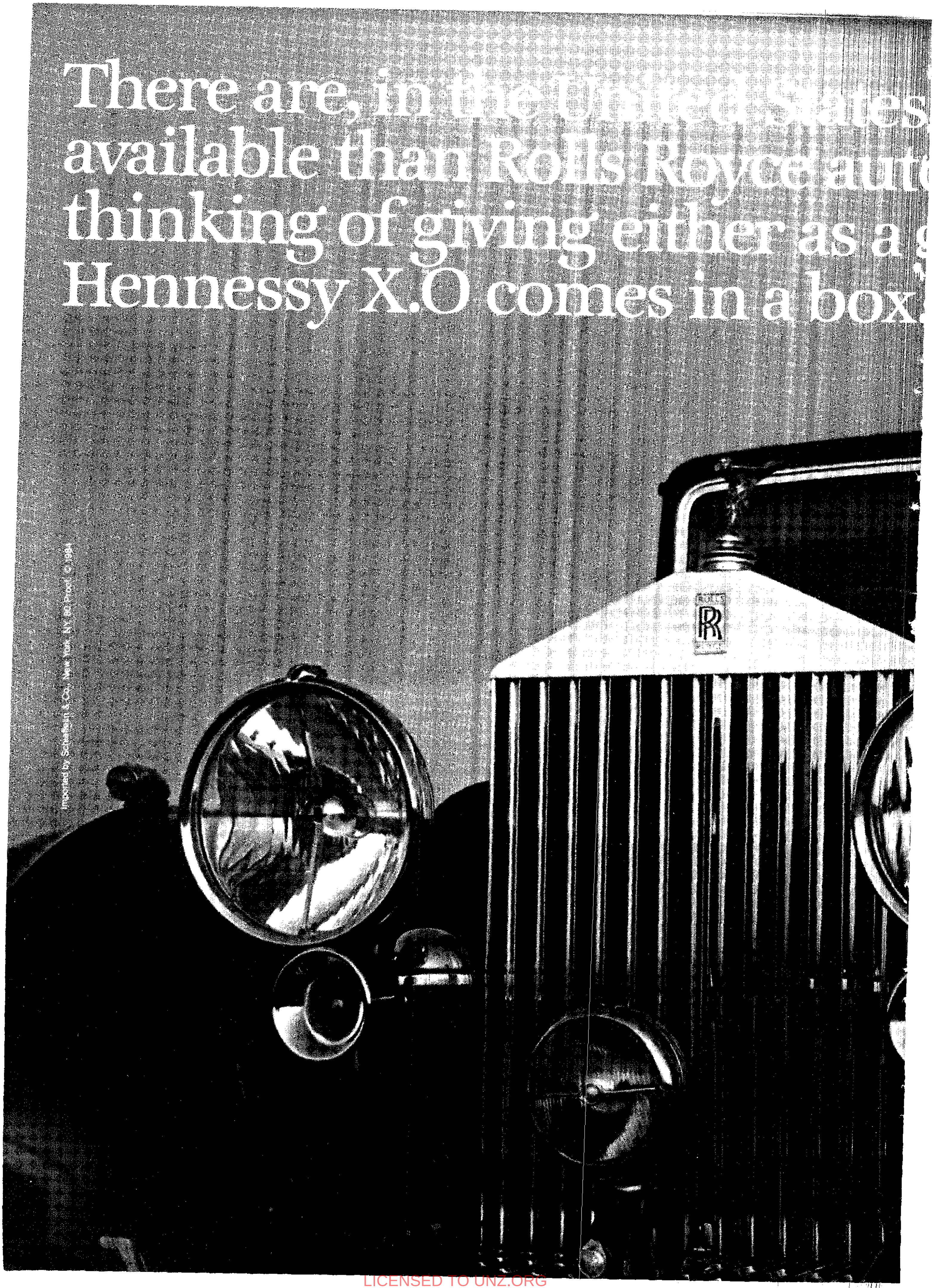

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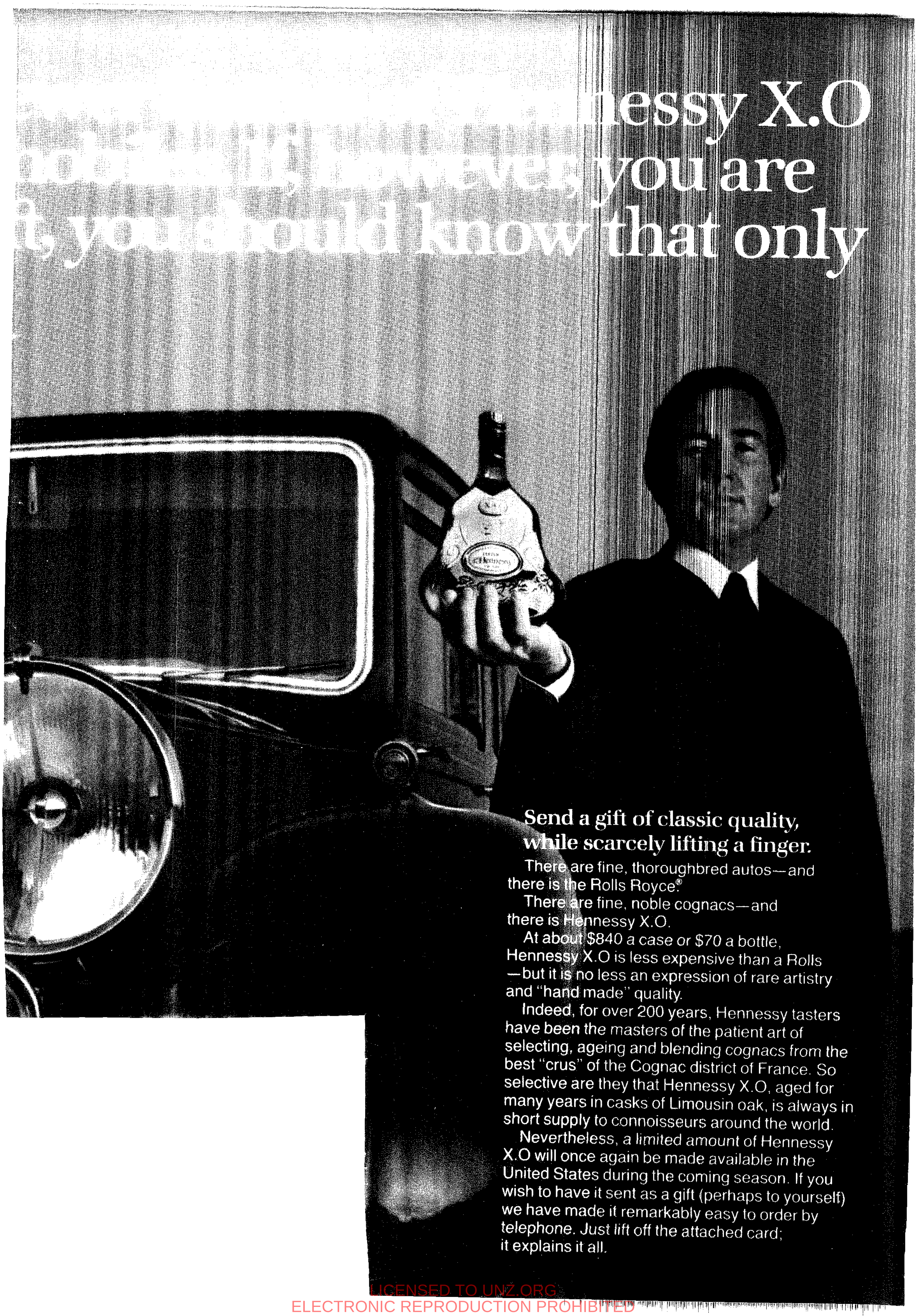

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isolation of foreigners in China. From the time Westerners had first appeared on the Chinese scene, they had lived apart—either by Chinese intent or through their own desire to maintain their Western standard of living. After the Communists came to power, foreigners continued to be isolated, although now for purely political reasons. The Party erected huge, graceless "guesthouses" in which visitors could be cordoned off, so that their bourgeois outlook would not contaminate the purity of the Chinese Revolution. In a sense, the Great Wall Hotel is only a luxurious version of those older enclaves.

A favorite pastime of mine there was simply to sit on one of the French sofas in the lobby and watch. Unlike the uninviting voids consecrated only to ingress and egress in the old Chinese-run hostelries, the Great Wall lobby invites guests to linger and congregate; it holds out the possibility of social encounter the way certain public squares and streets where people are fond of promenading do. One afternoon, I was watching Japanese, American, and European businessmen, in their dark suits and striped ties, crisscross the lobby when through the revolving door came two elderly Chinese men wearing gray tunics and caps of the kind that Westerners have dubbed "Mao suits." Once inside the door, they paused, doffed their caps, and gazed around in wonder. All eyes immediately fixed on their entrance. Their presence transformed the atmosphere of the lobby, which suddenly became not an isolated Western preserve but a confluence of two cultures, one living within the hotel and the other living outside. Since Chinese are not allowed to frequent hotels like the Great Wall unchaperoned—and, in any event, do not have the hard currency with which everything in them must be paid for—I surmised that the two Chinese gentlemen had an appointment with a foreign guest. After several moments of gazing around like wild animals on the edge of a clearing, one whispered to the other and gave him an encouraging tug on the cuff. They walked over and sat down tentatively on a sofa opposite me, evidently uncertain about what to do next. Speaking a Peking dialect with the most cultivated of accents, they began a conversation in soft tones, from which I gathered that they had come to the hotel to meet a Frenchman visiting China on business.

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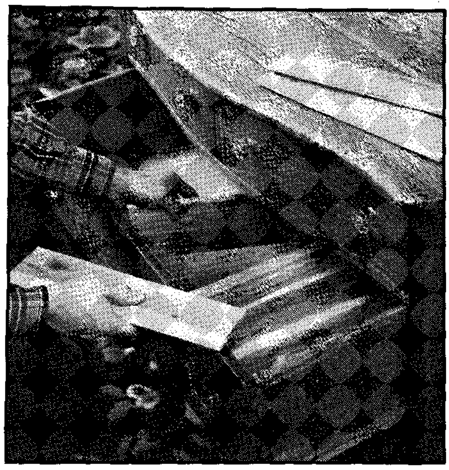

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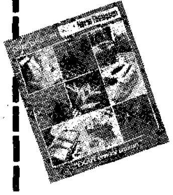

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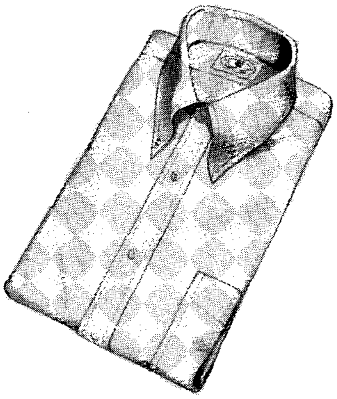
a knife and fork?" I heard one of them ask.

"Paris, 1948," the other replied, with a self-effacing laugh, reciting the pre-Revolutionary date the way a sommelier might announce the place and year of a vintage wine he was afraid had long ago spoiled.

Like so many other educated Chinese whose contact with the outside world was interrupted when the Communists came to power, these two aging gentlemen seemed overwhelmed and confused by the sudden resurfacing of cosmopolitan Western life in China. I left the lobby then, but about an hour later I saw them sitting in the Orient Express coffee shop with their French contact, a dapper man with a handkerchief blooming out of the breast pocket of his double-breasted suit. I heard a few snatches of French from one of the Chinese gentlemen; the other—the one who had not used a knife and fork since 1948—had avoided embarrassment by ordering a sandwich.

Almost daily, I would see groups of Chinese wearing expressions of awe as they were taken around the hotel. They would troop through the lobby, peer into a lounge or a restaurant, and ride in the glass-walled elevators with a reverence usually accorded one of the Revolutionary shrines. When I asked Lucy Hobgood-Brown if she thought the hotel would become a major tourist attraction for curious Chinese, she laughed and replied, "It already has. There is no way we can accommodate even a small percentage of the people who would like to have a tour. We don't have the staff to handle the task—and the hotel itself can't take it, either. They all want to touch everything. There's dust and mud on their shoes. The wear and tear on the carpeting alone would be too much." She shook her head, sighed, and went on, "Yesterday, we had a group of workers from the factory that made the doorknobs for the hotel. Almost all the vice-mayors of Peking have used their influence to get in. Even Party General Secretary Hu Yaobang arrived one day, with a huge staff, to have a look. We've asked the Chinese government please to coöperate and limit the number of people they bring through, but still the tours keep coming."

ONLY a few of the ordinary residents of Peking will ever get the chance to tour the inside of the Great Wall Hotel, but all of them can see it



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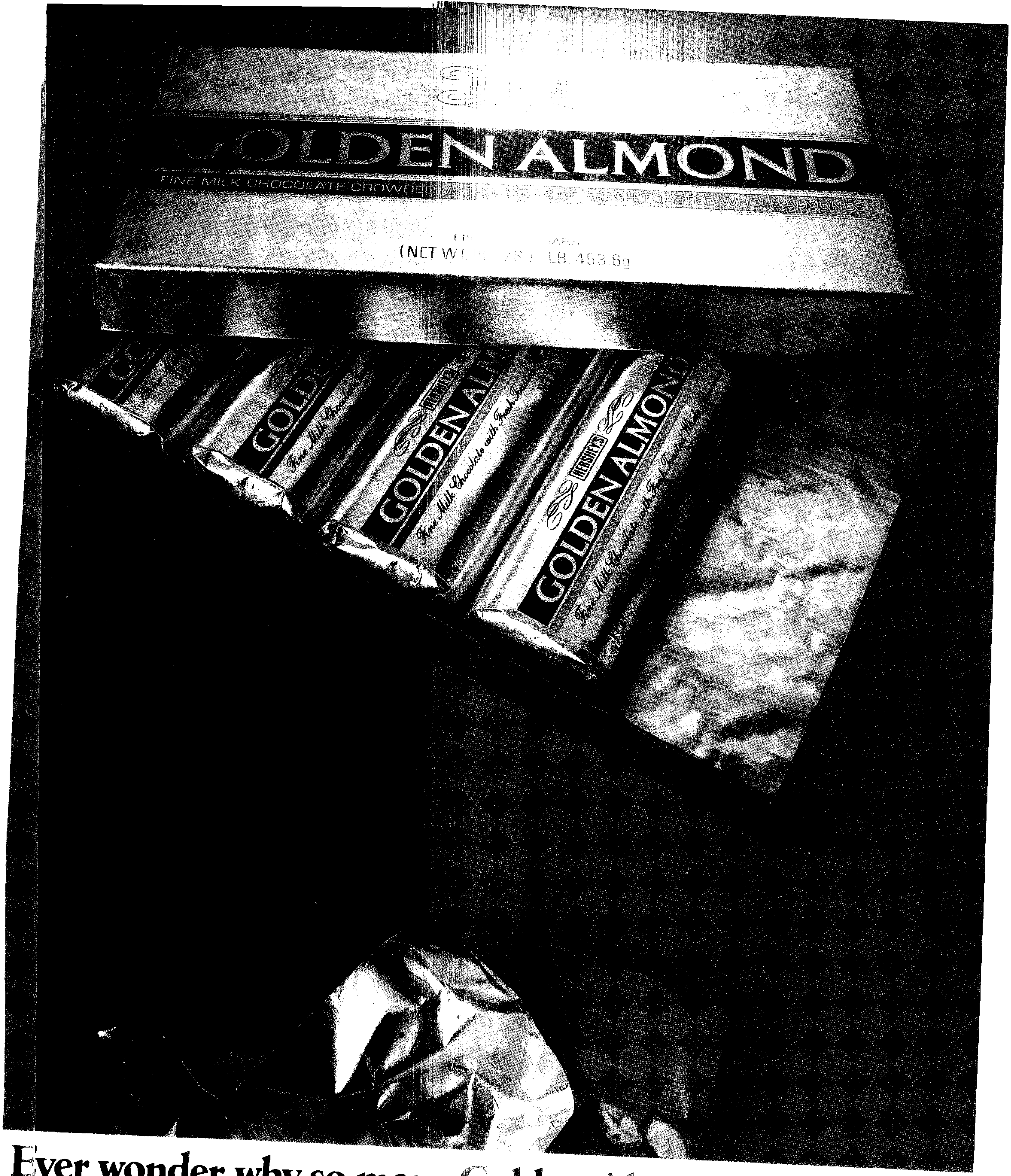
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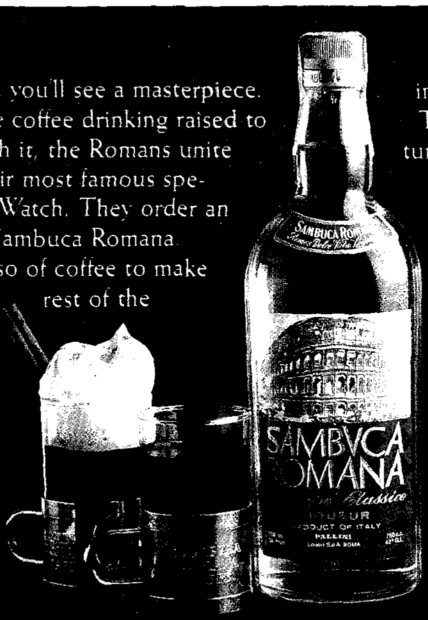

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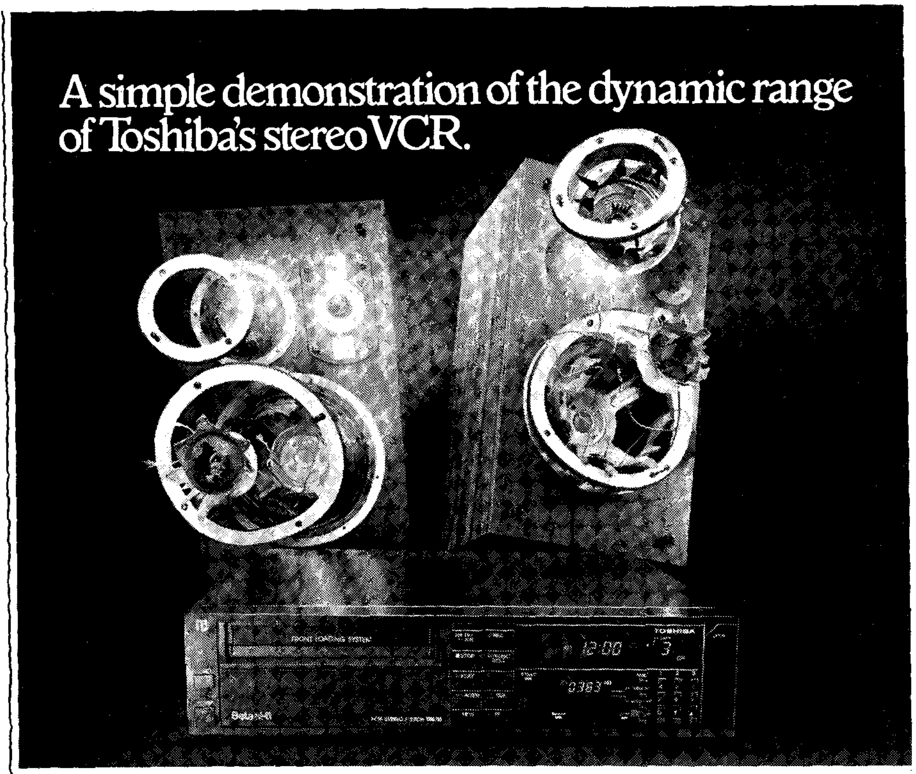
In Rome, a ceiling is more than a ceiling, and a cup of coffee is more than a cup of coffee.

from the outside. Like earthquakes sending shock waves hundreds of miles through the hardest rock formations, hotels like the Great Wall are exerting a powerful influence on China. Even though conservative Party officials try to keep them separate from the everyday lives of most Chinese, they are having a profound effect, creating dreams by their visible presence. And just as the Chinese dream of the West, whether as a terrifying enemy or a potential technological savior, so the West dreams of China. To nineteenth-century Western missionaries, China was a harvest of millions of potential Christian souls, and to nineteenth-century Western businessmen, untold customers. In more recent times, China has been anything from a billion red ants threatening to destroy the world to a billion staunch socialists offering the only hope for its salvation. From the isolated security of hotels like the Great Wall, the West is dreaming again of China—as a bottomless sinkhole for Western capital and goods, a trading partner par excellence, a billion customers to drink Coca-Cola, wear jeans, buy Western factories and power plants and arms. It is all too easy for a guest at the Great Wall to forget that what is actually "out there" is a relatively impoverished country.

This is not to say that Westerners can't capitalize on the current infatuation in China with things foreign and achieve a degree of money-making success. For instance, Chinese in Peking have begun to be interested in such strange delicacies as hamburgers and croissants. Whereas the capital previously had only two restaurants that served foreign food (one a curious Chinese-Western hybrid in the Xinqiao Hotel, the other a dowdy holdover from the days of Sino-Soviet friendship called the Moscow), by the beginning of 1984 Western-style restaurants were proliferating rapidly, most of them run by Chinese entrepreneurs taking advantage of the "responsibility system"—an economic policy established by Deng Xiaoping in 1978, at the Third Plenum of the Eleventh Party Central Committee, which permitted private enterprise in China. Although the food in these restaurants usually bears little resemblance to genuine American or European cuisine, the Chinese flock to them; there is a certain cachet to dining in such places. One such restaurant—the Dongtian, which serves, among other things, fried eggs, pork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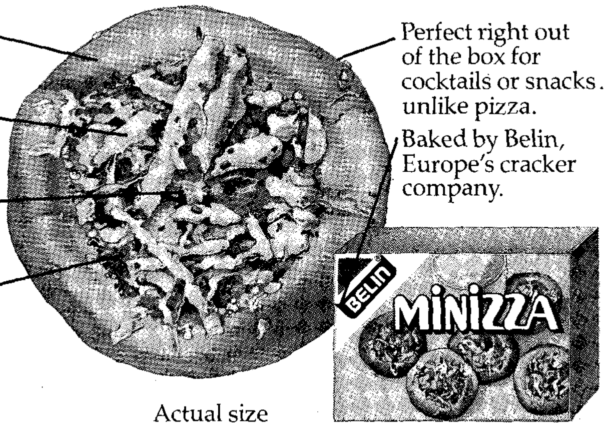

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chops, and "chicken stew"—was set up in an underground bomb shelter adjacent to Democracy Wall (once covered with posters demanding human rights and now covered with commercial advertisements). Another, the New Huadu, serves pizza, and claims to offer twenty kinds of Western cocktails. And last April the Yi Li ("Righteous Advantage") restaurant opened in Xidan, one of the principal commercial areas of Peking. The Yi Li serves hamburgers, hot dogs, pepper steak, French fries, French toast, and ice cream, along with assorted Chinese dishes, and it is the first of three planned fast-food take-out establishments, all to feature a Donald Duck motif.

One Western gastronomical institution fast gaining popularity in China is white bread. Last year, a white-bread bakery opened in Peking. It is a one-and-a-half-million-dollar joint undertaking between the U. S. Wheat Associates, Inc., and the Peking First Bureau of Light Industry, and is staffed by four Chinese bakers, who attended a nineteen-week course at the American Institute of Baking, in Manhattan, Kansas. The new enterprise turns out fourteen thousand loaves, wrapped in plastic bags, every day. The supply has not, however, been enough to accommodate the long lines that form each morning in front of the shops retailing the bread. This October, Peking joined in the croissantization of the world with the opening, in the southern part of the city, of the Qingsheng French Bakery, which serves baguettes and brioches along with croissants to the Chinese masses.

French haute cuisine, banished from China since the early nineteen-fifties, has begun to reëstablish itself. Hu Yaobang recently invited the writer Harrison Salisbury and the former diplomat John Service to his official residence for a dinner that featured truffle soup, lobster salad, and escargots. Justine's, in the Jianguo Hotel, and Le France, in the Great Wall Hotel, both serve Continental food. But the most interesting new place for gourmet French dining is right in the middle of Chongwenmen, one of Peking's busiest market areas. The night I went to dine there, with two American friends, a piercing wind blowing down from Mongolia had almost cleared the streets of pedestrians. Only an occasional bus glided past, and a few bicycle riders bent over their handlebars and pedalled toward the refuge

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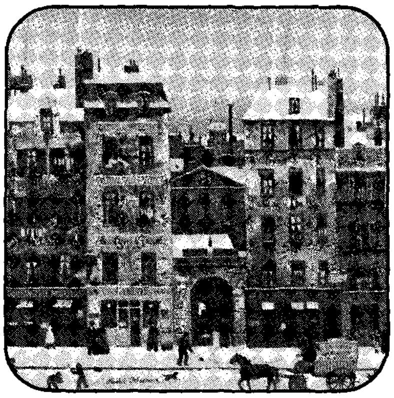

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of their homes. Two horse carts piled high with straw moved slowly into the wind, like boats struggling up a river against a strong current. Their peasant drivers, wearing patched and padded clothing, huddled in small nests in the straw, looking like religious icons ensconced in niches. All the shops and stores around Chongwenmen were closed, and the streets were dark, except for one streak of bright light. On Qianemen Dong Da Jie, around the corner from the People's Market, floodlights illuminated a red awning that flapped in the wind. On the awning, in gold lettering, were the words "Maxim's de Paris."

As we approached the entrance, the door sprang open. A young Chinese in a crimson uniform with gold epaulets stood at attention and said, in a burry Peking accent, "Bonsoir, Messieurs." Stepping from the chilly North China night into the warmth and plush décor of Maxim's was like passing from wakefulness into a dreaming sleep. Upstairs in the bar, we were shown to a table by a young blond French waiter wearing a white dinner jacket and carrying a silver tray. The walls were adorned with murals of naked nymphs and sylphs, their private parts only vaguely rendered so as not to offend Chinese notions of decorum. The ceiling was panelled in stained glass, and one had the feeling of being inside an enormous Tiffany lamp. The whole room was suffused with soft music from hidden speakers.

The Peking branch of Maxim's is a replica of the famous restaurant on the Rue Royale, now owned by fashion designer Pierre Cardin. French and Japanese decorators installed it inside an ordinary-looking high-rise building in the Chinese capital in much the same way that surgeons might perform an organ transplant. The restaurant, managed by a young French baron, Humbert des Lyons de Feuchin, opened on October 1st, China's National Day, when the rest of the country was celebrating the victory of the Chinese Communist Revolution over the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. "If I can put a Maxim's in Peking, I can put a Maxim's on the moon," Cardin boasted to his guests at the inaugural banquet. "Close your eyes and you are in Paris. It is Paris down to the smallest detail."

After drinks in the bar, my friends and I were squired by the blond waiter into the main dining room. As we crossed the threshold, two Chinese musicians—a woman pianist in a for-

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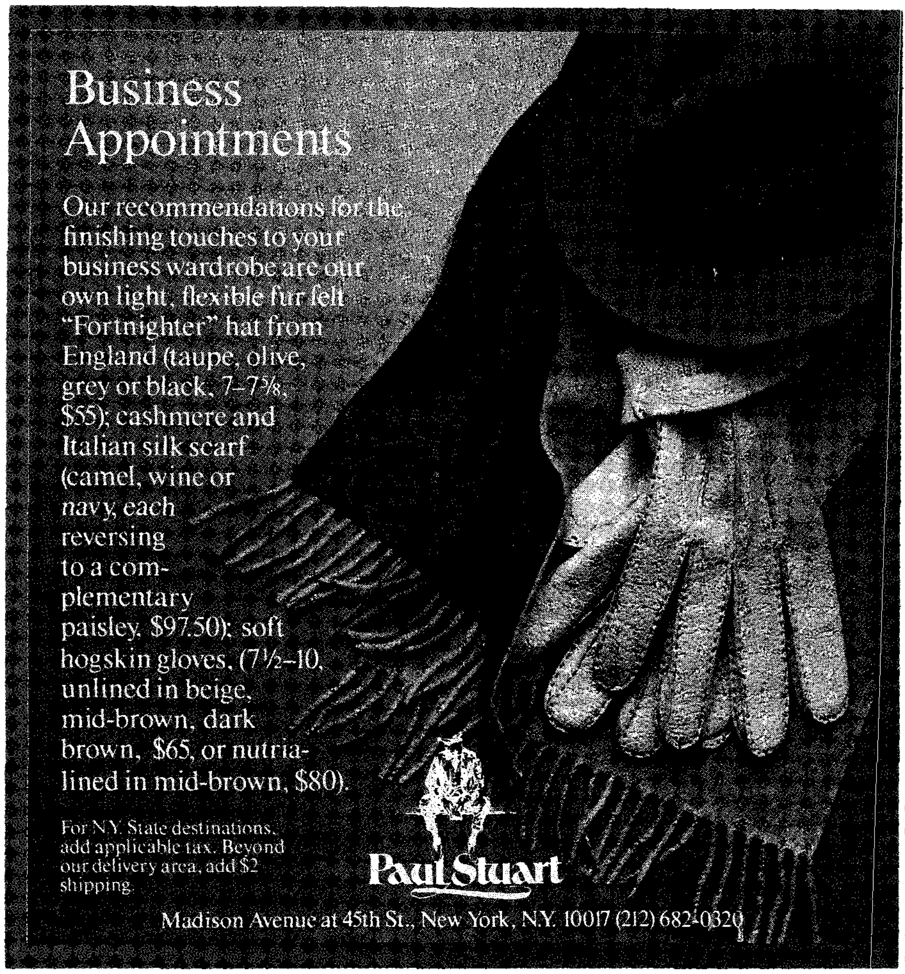

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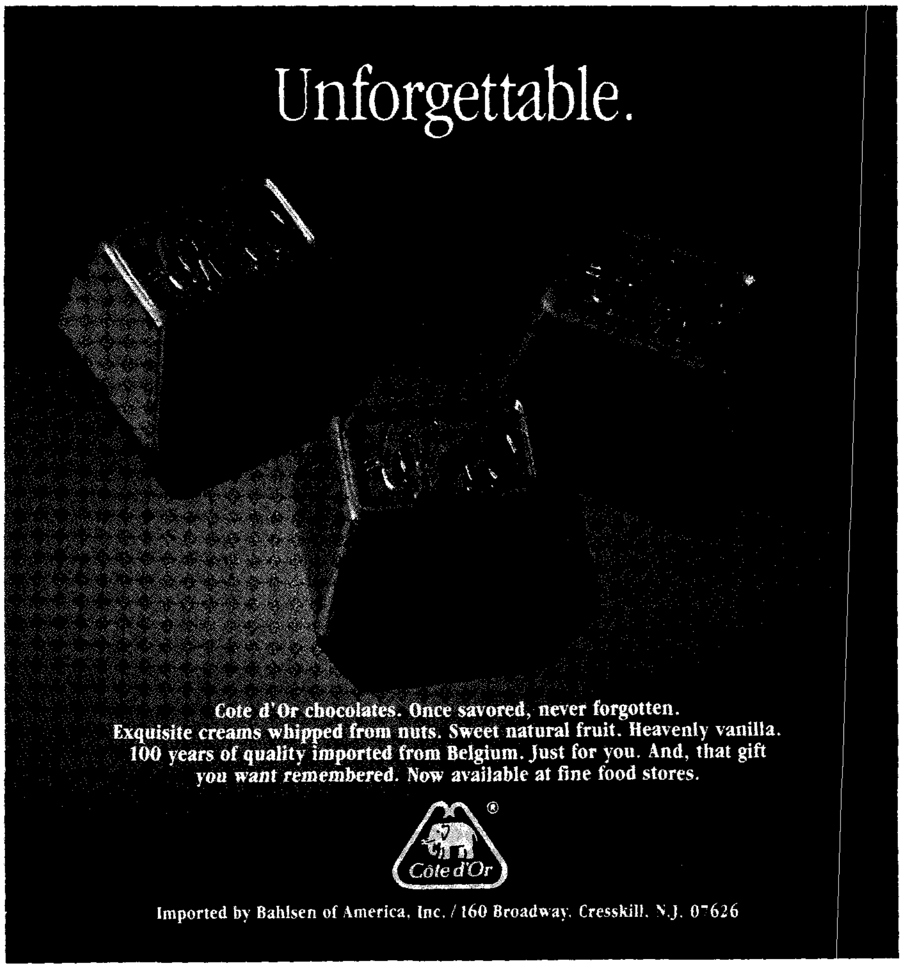

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mal evening gown and a male violinist in white tie and tails—on a small stage began to play a Mozart sonata. The waiter led us past a cart laden with pâtisserie and seated us, with a formal bow, at a table set with linen napkins, three sparkling wineglasses at each place, an iced dish of scalloped butter, and a centerpiece of jadelike flowers exquisitely carved out of apples and turnips. We were handed large menus, whose covers were decorated with a gouache of a Belle-Époque scene of Maxim's in Paris. Inside, we found such offerings as Coquilles Saint-Jacques Provençales, Crevettes Imperiales au Gratin, Côte de Veau Normande, and Médaillons de Langouste à la Mousse de Poivrons, most of which had been flown in from overseas. After we ordered, the musicians struck up a Strauss waltz. As we sat drinking a Pouilly-Fuissé, I looked around the dining room for the first time and realized that it was absolutely empty of other diners. Nor did any more arrive later on; we dined in magnificent solitude. Our only allies in filling the large room with sound were the two musicians; when they rested, an eerie silence would descend, in which each scrape of a fork against a plate or clink of an ice cube against a glass was as distinct as the sound of a twig snapping in a still forest. The tension in the room was palpable. Directly behind us stood twelve handsome young Chinese waiters in white ties, tails, and white linen aprons, all of whom had been to Paris for apprenticeship at Cardin's flagship restaurant. As we ate, they stood stiffly at attention, looking like a misplaced flock of exotically marked shorebirds.

If this evening was any indication, it would appear that Cardin's immediate chances of earning a profit from his restaurant were negligible. Foreign clients seemed to be few, and Chinese —except for high-ranking officials invited by foreigners as guests—do not eat there. But Cardin, who had told a Reuters reporter that his new Maxim's was "a place where you can dream," appeared to have dreams of his own. Maxim's was simply a means for the designer to stake out territory in China—to make his mark. Cardin's real dreams were of expanding—ultimately to sell food and clothing to the Chinese "man in the street," as he put it. "I'm aiming at the biggest market in the world," he claimed, echoing the nineteenth-century English merchants who had hoped to keep the mills of Lancashire turning forever by inducing every "Chinaman" to add an inch to his shirttail. However, the dreams that came to me in Cardin's restaurant were not of trade, or even of Paris. I kept trying to picture the Chinese living in their crowded rooms just beyond Maxim's walls, who had no conception of the elegant world that lay next door. I thought, too, of Mao Zedong lying in repose inside his massive mausoleum, only a short distance away. What would that sage of Chinese Communism have made of Maxim's de Pékin? How would he have responded if he had happened to ascend the staircase to the bar, hear the strains of Mozart and Strauss being played by two of his minions dressed up like nineteenth-century French aristocrats, and see twelve young Chinese in European formal wear pouring imported wine and champagne into crystal glasses for wealthy foreigners? Would he not have retreated behind the vermillion walls of his quarters at Zhongnanhai and launched another Cultural Revolution? And may not his followers—now out of favor—someday have the power to do the same, once again disappointing the hopes and dreams of the West and of those Chinese who are drawn toward it? As we finished our hundred-and-fifty-dollar dinner with a Mousse Glacée aux Framboises and paid with an American Express card—the first time I had ever seen a credit card used to pay for anything in China—Chairman Mao's era as Great Helmsman seemed as remote as that of the mythological emperors Yao and Shun, who are said to have lived in the mists of Chinese prehistory.

PIERRE CARDIN burst on the Chinese scene in December of 1978, when he spent a week visiting several textile factories. Before he returned to Paris, the Chinese government appointed him a consultant to Chinatex—the Chinese National Import-Export Company for Textile Products. The government also asked him to return to China the following March to show his own ready-to-wear collection in Peking and Shanghai. "It's not a matter of China awakening. It is more a case of China exploding," Cardin told reporters back in Paris. "There are a billion people out there who need clothes."

"Cardin takes the long view," I was told by Mme. Sung Huai-kuei, a Chinese-born artist who emigrated to Europe with her Rumanian husband in 1974 and has now returned to Peking

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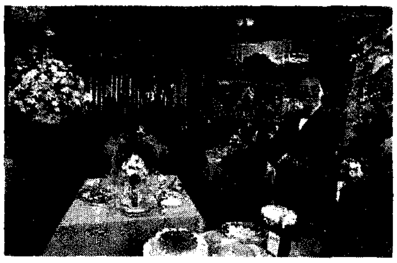

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as the business representative for Cardin's China interests. She paused a moment to reflect, her long hair elegantly coiffed in a bun at the back of her neck, and her understated but lovely Cardin dress giving her an emphatically Western air. "He is not averse to making money," she said. "But he is an artist as well as a businessman, and this is something that Chinese officials do not always grasp. Cardin is like a sculptor who, when he sees a magnificent piece of uncut stone, cannot resist wanting to carve it."

"But isn't Cardin's conception of the finished Chinese sculpture somewhat different from that of China's Party leaders?" I asked.

"Cardin likes to do difficult things," Mme. Sung responded, with a sweet laugh. "He looks at China and sees many beautiful people in terrible clothes. That provokes him. He wants to do something about it. The fact that it seems impossible only makes him want to do it all the more. To him, China is the perfect challenge."

Some Chinese, however, were not certain they wanted to become the perfect challenge to a French clothes designer. The first stirrings of fashion-consciousness in China provoked a reaction against exactly the kinds of things that Cardin wanted to bring into the country. In March of 1979, several days before Cardin arrived back in China for his first shows, the *Beijing Daily* published two letters criticizing the new preoccupation of China's youth with Western fashions. "Seeing the behavior of certain young people, we older workers are worried," one of the letters said. "These young people have not thoroughly studied literature, Marxism-Leninism, and Mao Zedong thought. Instead of devoting themselves to work, these young people prefer to wear pornographic bell-bottom trousers, spend hours getting their hair permed, and excite themselves doing foreign dances. Such behavior is really not permissible." Cardin may have been entering "the biggest market in the world," but not everyone was ready to embrace the importation of foreign fashions; even the most élite Chinese had been stylistically dormant for three decades. Nonetheless, on March 19th, Cardin arrived at the Minorities' Cultural Palace in Peking with French and Asian models to present his current line of clothes to a Chinese audience. An article in the Hong Kong *Standard* on this pathbreaking show was headlined "CARDIN GREETED WITH AS-

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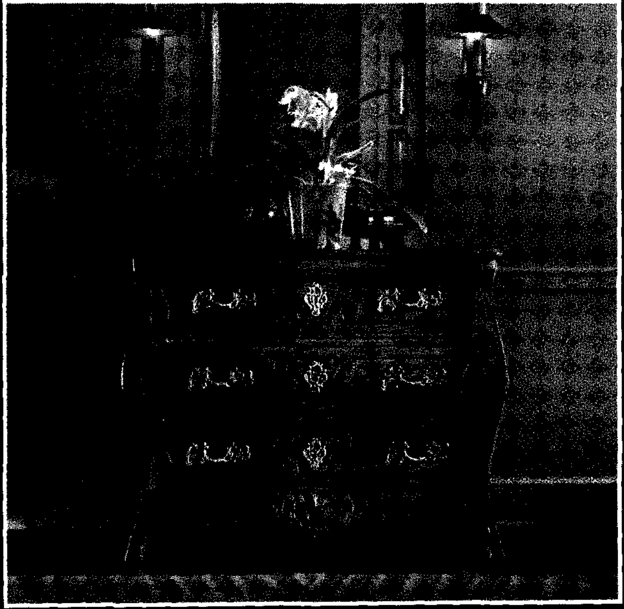
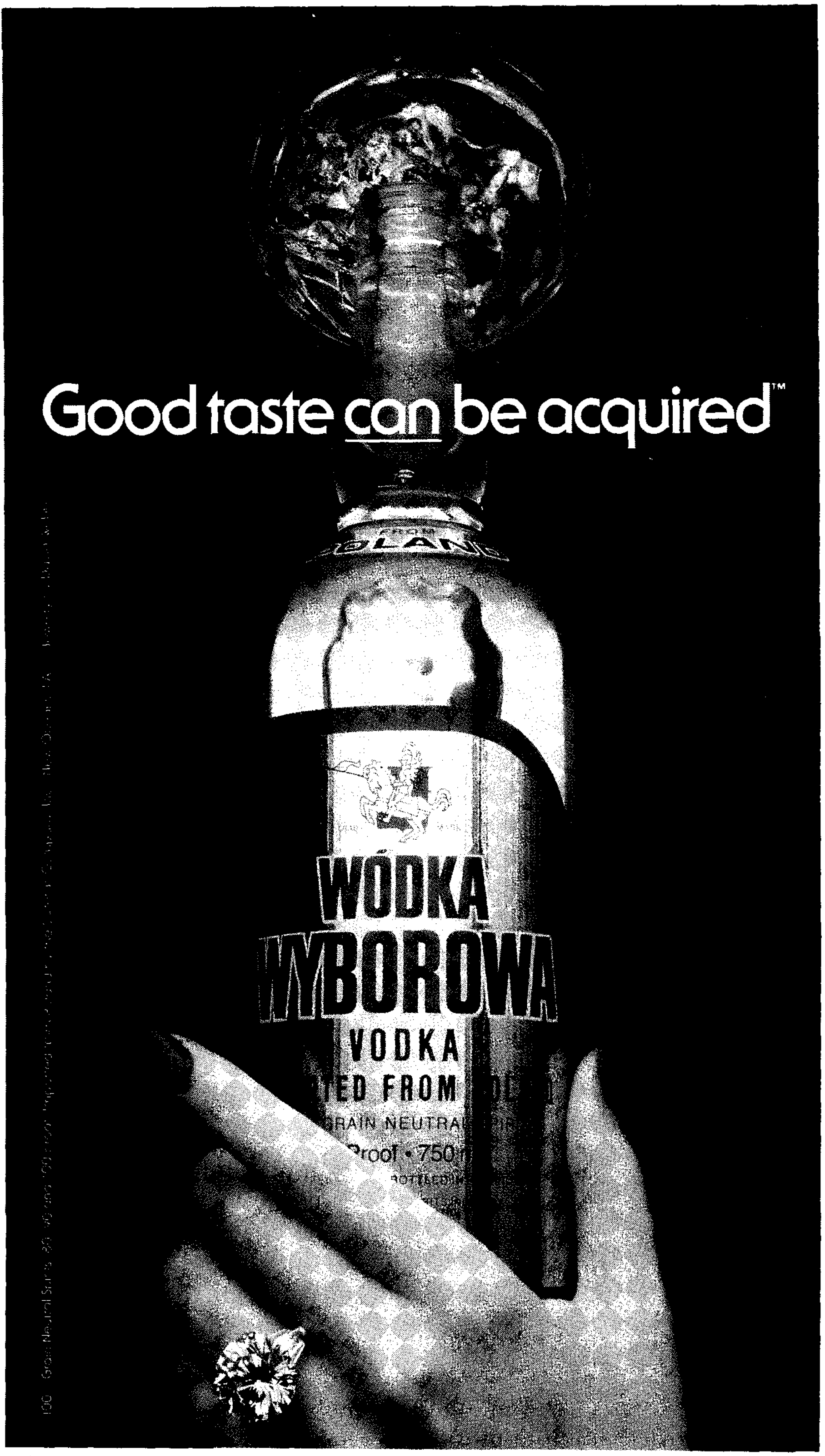


TOUNDED SILENCE." Christopher Pritchett, a Peking-based Reuters correspondent, filed the following account:

> Slinky French models slid along Peking's first catwalk tonight, and hundreds of Chinese gasped in disbelief and sometimes horror. After turning a drab meeting hall into a hideaway with bright lights and loud pop music, designer Pierre Cardin let loose with a flight of fantasy to show the Chinese textile industry what he could do with its products.
>
> He also managed to convey the impression that people should have the shape of inverted pyramids; extremely broad shoulders turned up to a peak for both men and women and narrow waists were Cardin's favorite theme. So were naked shoulders, leg displays, and glimpses of forbidden territory that the 400-member audience looked at open-mouthed. Nothing like it has ever been seen in drab Peking. Some of the women covered their faces and tittered. The men looked at the ceiling when they could tear their eyes away from all the flesh.

"It was quite a shock for the Chinese when they first saw our clothes," Mme. Sung recalled. "For thirty years, styles had not changed in China, and I think the uniformity and repetition made everyone quite depressed. As long as such limits on the imagination persist, I don't see how the Chinese people can ever really be free to create a new country."

Cardin returned to Peking for a second show in 1981, and for a third last year, just before the gala opening banquet at Maxim's. This time, instead of bringing foreign models to show his collection he arranged to use twenty-five young Chinese from the Peking East City Cultural Palace's Spare-Time Fashion Modelling School. The showing of Western fashions by Chinese models was, in its own way, as much of a milestone as Cardin's advent had been. By allowing Chinese—particularly women—to be seen in public in avant-garde Western clothing, China's leaders were in effect giving their approval to another quantum leap forward in the introduction of Western style into the Chinese garment industry. ("It was symbolically important for Cardin to be allowed to use Chinese girls as models," Mme. Sung told me. "The girls themselves were nervous at first about wearing Western clothes in public, even for an official occasion. But now they have grown accustomed to them. I don't think they could ever go back to Chinese clothes.") After the 1983 show, Cardin gave each of the female models a gift of new European-made shoes and a set of underwear. These presents



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were immediately confiscated by the Chinese authorities—perhaps an indication of the ambivalence the Chinese leadership was feeling toward this partial liberation of Chinese aesthetic sensibilities.

Pierre Cardin was not the only Western fashion designer to be invited to China soon after Deng Xiaoping announced his open-door policy. In September of 1980, Halston arrived, accompanied by Bianca Jagger and the Halstonettes—twelve top-paid New York models. Halston, like Cardin, had been invited by Chinatex, which hoped that he would further develop overseas markets for Chinese textiles and finished garments. In Shanghai, Halston staged a show of his fashions at the Exhibition Hall, before fourteen hundred members of the Chinese textile and garment workers' unions. Their reactions varied from polite admiration to outright dismay, as the Halstonettes twirled about in an assortment of plunging necklines and other revealing styles. The highlight of the show was a see-through jumpsuit of dark net which left the audience aghast and moved several Chinese viewers to suggest that people who wore such clothes belonged in mental hospitals rather than in fashion shows. Bianca Jagger, who attended the show wearing a high-collared Mao jacket and a blue cap with a red star, was reported by *Women's Wear Daily* to have headed out on her own for a tour of Shanghai the night before in full evening regalia. Wearing a flowing white evening dress and a gold tiara, she had spent two hours walking the streets of the city. It is unlikely that those Chinese who encountered her while pedalling home on their bikes from a late factory shift will readily forget the experience.

Cardin and Halston had been invited to China in much the same way that engineering experts were being brought in to advise on oil exploration or hydroelectric projects. But initially there seemed to be little appreciation of the subversive role that fashion—one of the consummate expressions of aesthetic individualism in the West—could play in a totalitarian society. China's leaders appeared to believe that the technical aspects of Western fashion could be detached from the value system out of which they had grown—that, as in other sorts of technological borrowing from abroad, the Party could control the attendant flow of contaminating ideas by concocting formulas that divided Western influ-

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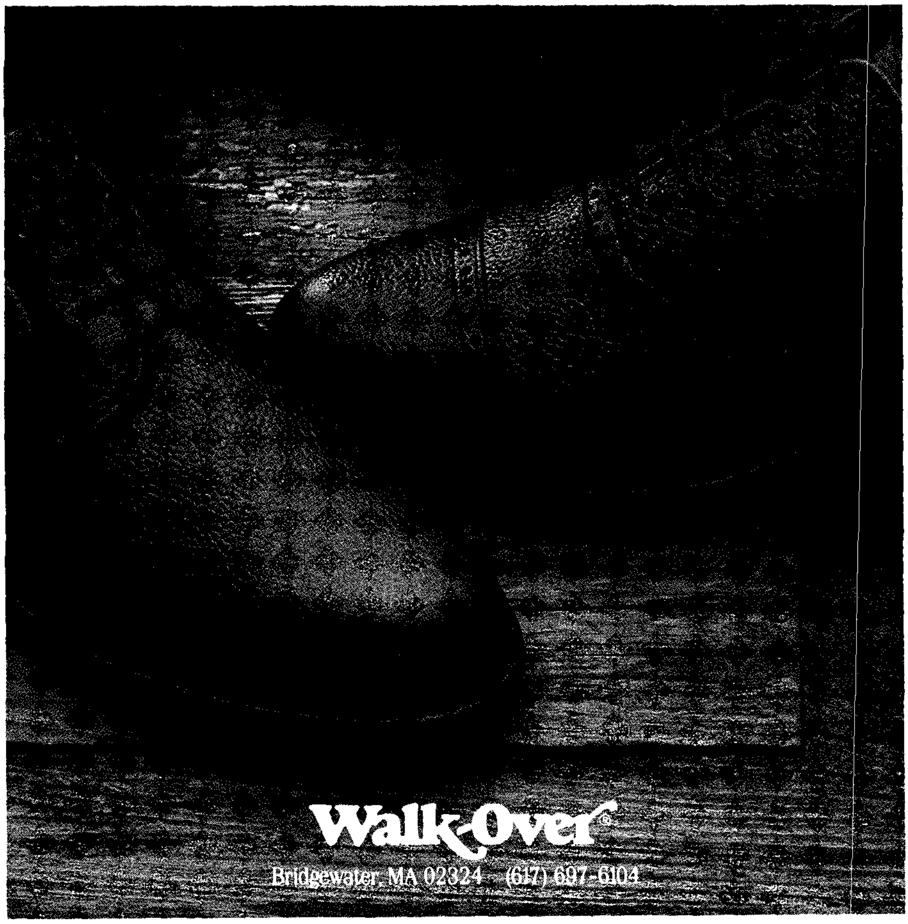
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ences into good and bad and then allowing only those influences that were not "bourgeois" or "decadent" to enter the country.

The Chinese, of course, have long endeavored to borrow know-how from the West while rejecting the capitalist values that gave rise to it. In the nineteenth century, after repeated defeats at the hands of Western powers, progressive scholar-officials of the Qing dynasty attempted to formulate theories that would justify the importation of Western science and technology while protecting Confucian civilization from subversive, "barbarian" values. These pioneers of Chinese eclecticism came to be known as "self-strengtheners." Zhang Zhidong, one of the foremost among them, drew a distinction between "practical" things, like science and technology, and "essential," or "spiritual," things, like values and culture. "*Zhongxue wei ti, xixue wei yong*," he proclaimed; that is, "Use Chinese learning for matters of spiritual essence, and use Western learning for matters of practical use." The self-strengtheners hoped to protect China's traditional cultural identity from erosion while borrowing Western technology to build arsenals, railroads, factories, mills, steamships, and telegraph systems, just as China's leaders now hope to modernize their country without fatally harming the values of their socialist civilization. Whether or not this is possible is open to argument; the translator and philosopher Yan Fu, one of China's early advocates of Westernization, said in criticizing Zhang's *ti* and *yong* formulation at the turn of the century, "I have never heard that the left hand and the right hand can be considered respectively as fundamental principles and application."

THE summer after Pierre Cardin's first fashion show in Peking, new Chinese-designed women's garments went on sale in Shanghai stores, and fashion billboards began to spring up in Chinese cities—even on Peking's Changan Boulevard, which runs past the Imperial City, the Great Hall of the People, and Tiananmen Square, where Mao lies on public view in his mausoleum. The advertisements on the boulevard stood in garish contrast to the huge, hairy portraits of Marx, Lenin, Engels, and Stalin that keep watch over the Gate of Heavenly Peace, and the red-and-white billboards proclaiming such messages as "Long Live the Chinese Communist

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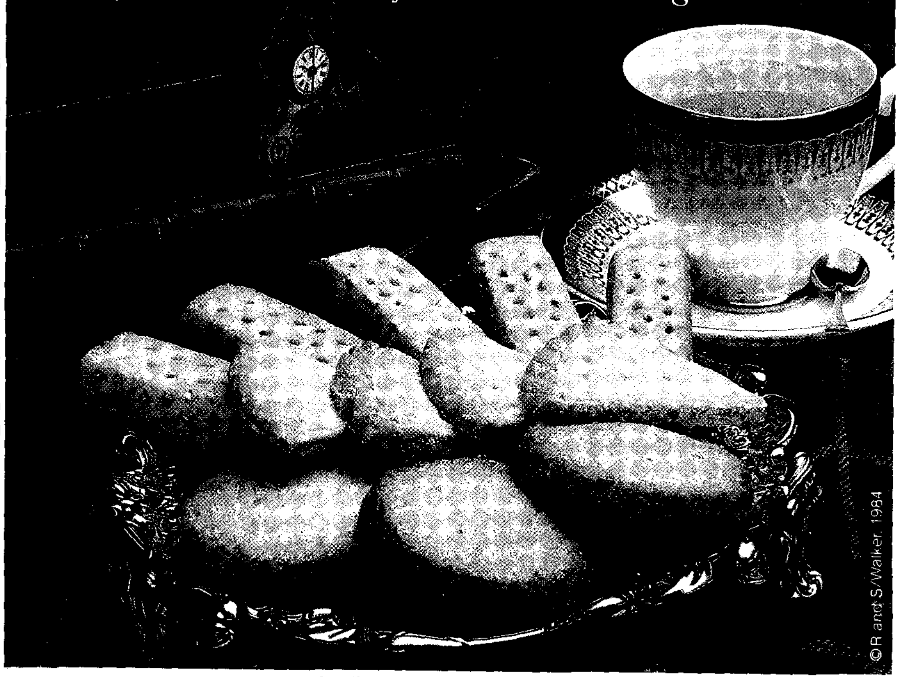

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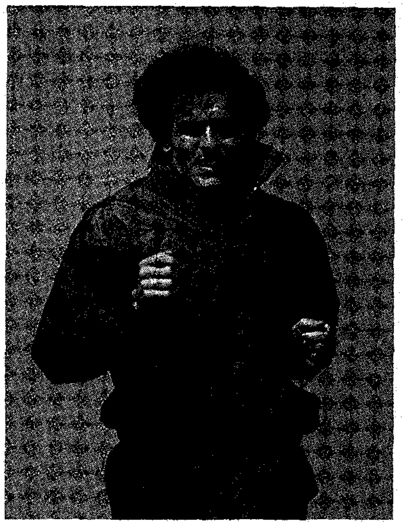

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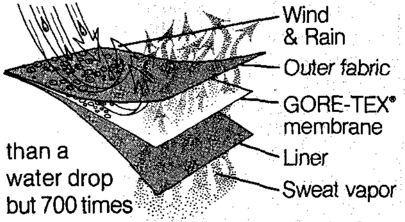

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Party" and "Workers of the World Unite." In August, 1980, there appeared the first of several clothing-design magazines—a quarterly called *Fashion*, which featured color photographs of Chinese, Japanese, and Western models wearing evening gowns, tailored suits, slacks, and jewelry. It was an immediate hit; within a year and a half it had a circulation of one and a half million. In 1981, the revitalized Shanghai Design Institute began recruiting fashion models from among local textile workers. (The current renaissance of the Chinese fashion industry is centered in Shanghai, a city that, before "liberation," was known as the fashion capital of China, where a wealthy segment of Chinese society dressed in stylish clothes, dined at Western restaurants, and frequented numerous chic European-style night clubs.)

On each of my return visits to China in the late seventies and early eighties, the changes that had taken place in styles of dress while I was away were immediately apparent. The effect was something like looking at an Eadweard Muybridge sequence of action photographs. In 1979, for instance, a number of young men had acquired a faintly hoody look, having rushed to buy foreign sunglasses following the appearance of an American television series, "The Man from Atlantis," on Chinese TV. Some of them also began sporting long shaggy hair, bell-bottom trousers, Western suit jackets, and trenchcoats. By the early eighties, women were wearing heels and dressing with splashes of color—perhaps a bright printed blouse or scarf. The most audacious were appearing in public during the summer in short-sleeved cotton dresses. Hair salons, which had previously been confined to the large hotels occupied by Western tourists, were opening all across China and were flooded with young women poring over photographs of Western and Hong Kong models before getting their own hair done.

The Chinese had started to hold fashion shows and clothing exhibits of their own, albeit less daring than those of Cardin and Halston, by 1983. In March of that year, the textile ministry sponsored a two-month-long exhibition and sale of spring and summer clothing at the Peking Exhibition Center—an event that the *China Daily*, the country's English-language newspaper, described as a "renaissance" and "wildly popular." Each

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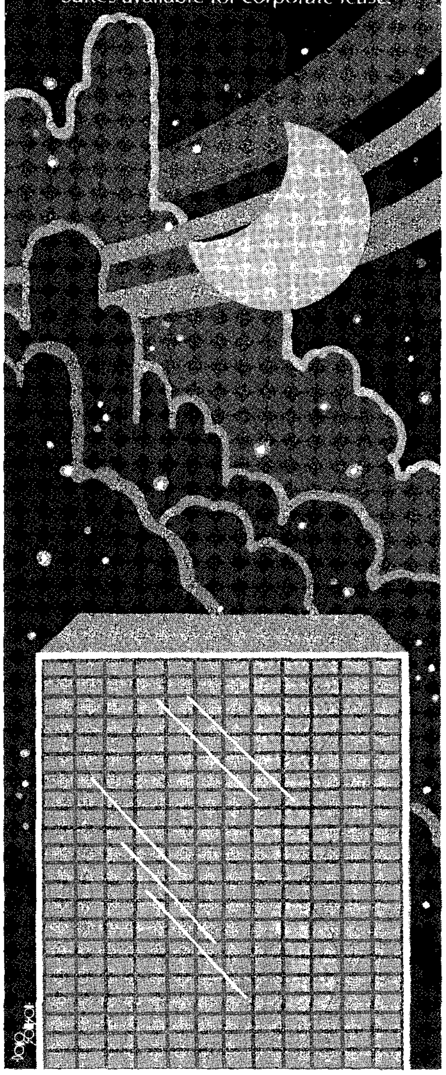

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day, over thirteen thousand Chinese elbowed their way around the exhibit; tickets were in so much demand that scalpers were able to sell them for fifty times their original price. The exhibit was visited by Premier Zhao Ziyang, Vice-Premier Yao Yilin, and other high-ranking officials. Ordinary customers fortunate enough to get tickets spent ten million yuan (two and a half yuan are approximately equivalent to a United States dollar) on well over a million garments, including safari jackets, colored body stockings, and jogging suits. Those factories that had not yet abandoned the baggy, unisex look of years past met with few sales at the exhibit, and soon found their warehouses piled with unsold merchandise. Peking was host to its first major all-Chinese fashion show that May. Twenty-four models from the Shanghai Design Institute showed residents of the capital nearly a hundred new designs for women's garments. By 1984, it seemed as if some sort of fashion event were taking place almost every other day. In July, the Peking Workers' Committee and the *Beijing Daily* co-sponsored an exhibit and fashion show featuring Chinese models in the once-banned *qipao*—a form-fitting dress slit up to the thigh, and made famous in the West by the movie "The World of Suzie Wong." A few days later, another show presented heavily made-up models wearing mirrored sunglasses and strutting before the crowd in updated silk Mao suits, miniskirts, and evening gowns to the songs of Michael Jackson. In October, the Shanghai Garment Exhibition and Sales Mart, held in a passenger-and-freight terminal on the Huangpu River, featured tuxedos with lapels embroidered with Chinese goddesses and Buddhist pagodas, ruffled dress shirts, tulle wedding gowns with flowing trains, and dark three-piece pin-striped business suits—all displayed to the strains of the Grand March from Verdi's "Aida."

Fashion, which began its comeback primarily to educate workers in the Chinese textile and clothing industries, has clearly spilled out into the population at large—a circumstance that has surprised and gratified some Chinese and dismayed others. As in almost every other aspect of China's modernization program, the resurgence of fashion raises contradictions that are hard to overlook. The most obvious is that this liberation of Chinese aesthetics is in stark opposition to Mao Zedong's notion that art of any

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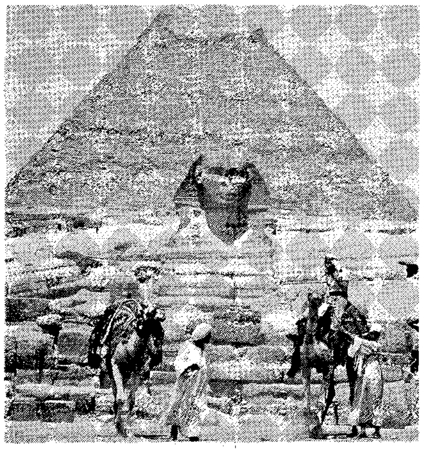

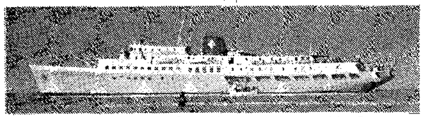

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kind is justifiable only if it advances the cause of socialist revolution. In his seminal lectures on art and literature, given in Yanan in 1942, he told the Chinese people, "There is in reality no such thing as art for art's sake, art which stands above classes, or art which runs parallel to or remains independent of politics. . . . Revolutionary art and literature are part of the entire cause of the Revolution, they are its cogs and screws . . . indispensable to the whole machine."

Now, however, even work clothes for the Chinese laboring masses are being influenced by new design concepts that have no evident connection to Revolutionary politics. Last winter, the Ministry of Commerce sponsored a show in Peking of newly designed work clothes, including a stylish sky-blue apron for barbers, new uniforms in beige tints for textile workers, and a selection of colorful overalls for factory workers. All over China, government employees began to shed their Mao suits—or "baggies," as one American friend of mine calls them—and appear in smart new regimental dress that often seemed inspired by uniforms worn by government workers abroad. China's customs inspectors showed up for work one day in stylish black uniforms and caps almost identical to those of their Hong Kong counterparts, across the border. Traffic police were issued military-style uniforms reminiscent of those worn by the Soviet Army. Airline hostesses, who once patrolled the aisles of Chinese planes in shapeless gray tunics, appeared in tailored trousers and jackets, protected at mealtimes by frilly pink aprons. One fashion-conscious metalworker wrote a letter published in the *China Daily* complaining that while other workers had been given "trim uniforms with shiny buttons and bright shoulder loops," his colleagues were still wearing clothing "designed decades ago," and that "everyone wearing them, whether male or female, old or young, resembles a slovenly dressed grandpa or grandma." Sounding almost like a Red Guard calling for an end to China's feudal class system, he concluded, "I believe that metallurgical workers have every reason to demand a 'reform' of their ugly work clothes."

The *Yangcheng Evening News*, in Canton, carried an article impugning the Mao suit as "impractical," and suggesting that Western clothes conferred a "dynamic appearance" on those Chinese who wore them—an

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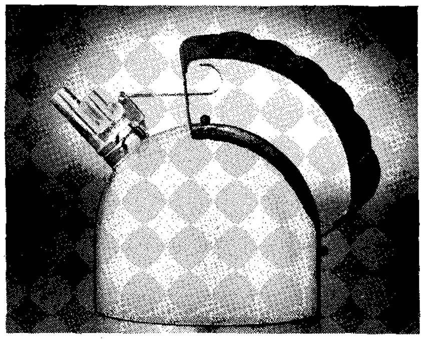

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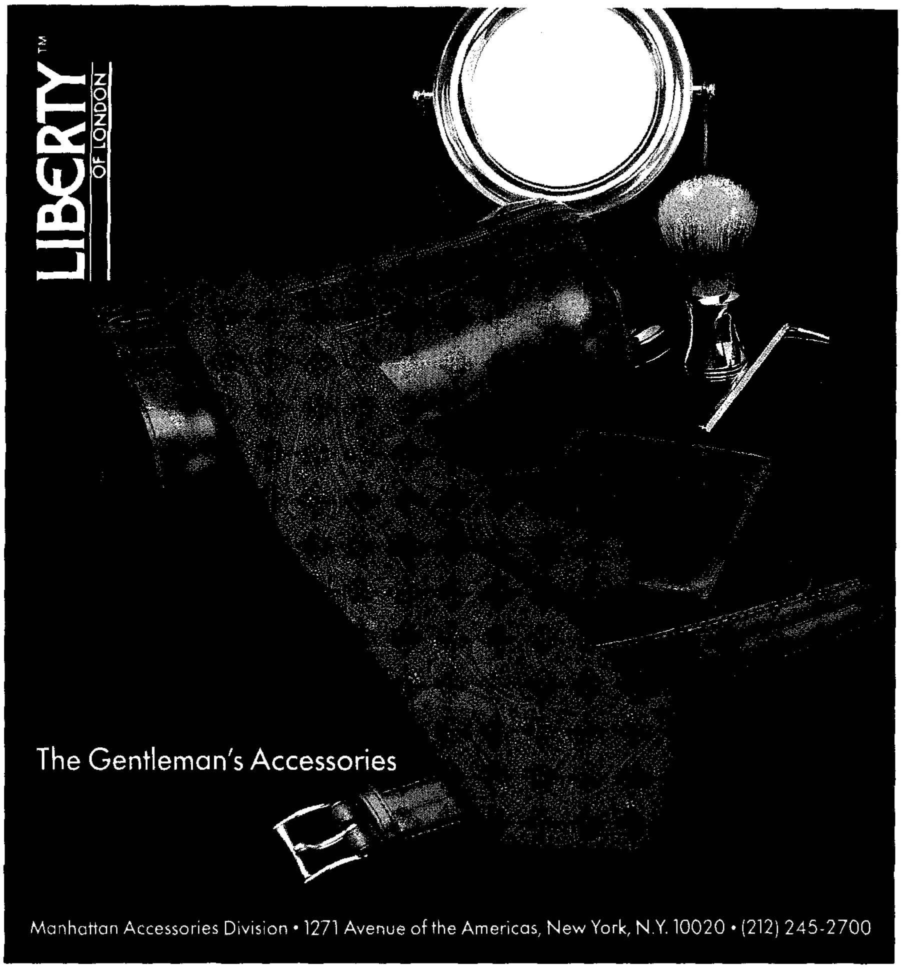
opinion all but echoing that of the nineteenth-century Westernizer Yan Fu, who was one of the first Chinese to speak out in admiration of the Promethean energy of the West. After television newscasters began to appear on the screen in Western suits and ties, more and more Chinese men started buying such attire and wearing it in public. However, Western clothing received its biggest official boost when Premier Zhao himself arrived in the United States for a state visit last January wearing a suit and tie. Whether he imagined that this outfit would give him a "dynamic appearance" is not known, but Zhao could hardly have thought of a more graphic way to dissociate himself from the Maoist phase of China's Revolution. He was, of course, also observed by hundreds of millions of Chinese back home. A short but telling item in the *Yangcheng Evening News* reported that during the first twelve days of February—immediately following Zhao's return—Canton's Nanfang Mansion Department Store had sold thirteen thousand neckties, many of them to young men from rural areas. Following National Day this fall, employees—both male and female—of state-run services such as stores and restaurants began showing up for work in business suits and ties, and Vice-Premier Tian Jiyun entreated cadres to "take the lead in dressing more fashionably . . . and stop viewing fancy clothes as exotic." Why should the Chinese Communist Party have allowed the old "Mao suit," which had become so closely identified with the Revolution, to fall so quickly into historical oblivion? Why was the Party, which had spent some thirty years inculcating conformity among its people, now allowing—even promoting—a force as potentially disruptive as fashion? Perhaps the leadership had decided that, in addition to modernizing China's textile industry, a flirtation with modern Western fashion was a fast way to image-make—to let it be known at home that a new era had begun, and to reassure businessmen abroad that China was becoming more like them and thus was once again trustworthy in the international marketplace. There may also have been a segment that shared Mme. Sung's rather Western conviction that the real energy and imagination of the Chinese people would never be fully realized until some measure of self-expression was allowed. I was constantly surprised by the amount of sup-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port the development of fashion received from official sources. Even the *People's Daily*—the principal Party organ—seemed warmed by the existence of this mini-movement. "Monotonous colors and outdated styles remained unchanged for years," one commentator noted in the summer of 1983. "People ridiculed us, saying that blue, gray, and black were our national colors, [but now] along the crowded downtown streets . . . one can see yellows, reds, pinks, greens, and purples. It gives one the happy feeling that in recent years the people's living standard has really improved."

ANOTHER very obvious manifestation of how the "people's living standard" has improved is the revival of the cosmetics industry in China. While Mao and his wife, Jiang Qing, still ruled, just about the only cosmetic one could find in stores was cold cream. But recently China's domestic perfume industry has been resurrected. By May of 1982, the *People's Daily*, without passing judgment on whether or not it was politically correct for Chinese women to use perfume, was stating, "Many goods such as perfume, cosmetics, and detergents show marketing promise. They have the advantage of producing quicker economic results with smaller investments, less energy consumption, and less pollution. Such chemical production departments can also provide more jobs, bring in greater profits, and increase State revenues." One of the most popular brands of Chinese-made perfume that year was "Springtime Thunder," which was every bit as potent as its name suggested. Soon, however, foreign-made perfumes began to be advertised and sold within China, along with other cosmetics liberated by the new policies. Foreign lipstick, nail polish, face powders, hair conditioners and dyes, and various kinds of face creams began appearing for sale.

Three hundred Chinese cosmetic-factory executives convened in Tianjin in November, 1981, to discuss ways of strengthening the industry. Their final proposal called for expanding production of Chinese cosmetics at a twenty-five per cent annual rate for the next four years. Participants believed that this rate of growth might very well be surpassed once the rural market of peasants, many of whom had acquired new wealth under the responsibility system, was tapped—a unique marketing strategy in view of

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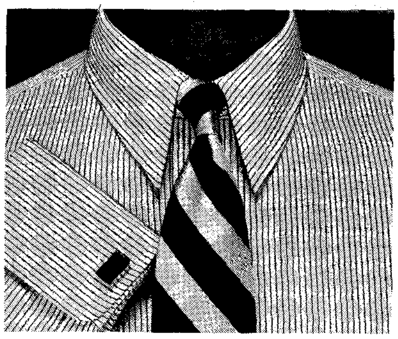

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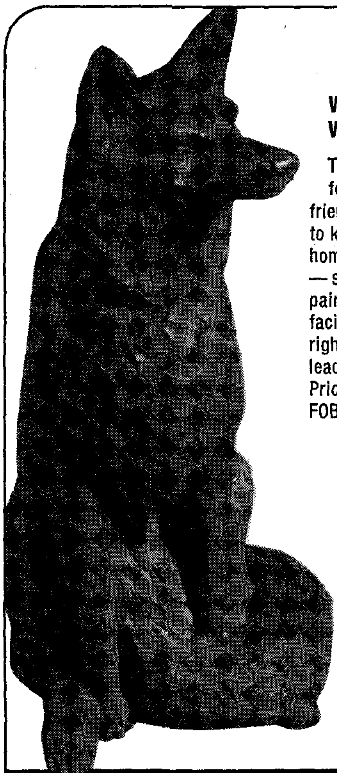

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the fact that China's peasants have traditionally been looked upon as too poor to bother with. Now that a new class of rich peasant entrepreneurs was springing up as a result of the decollectivization of agriculture, some of China's manufacturers were starting to sound like the Western merchants of old who dreamed of China's inland as a vast and potentially lucrative market for their goods. And as Chinese peasant society began to polarize economically into classes some of its members became prosperous enough to think about buying such luxuries as cosmetics, which had formerly been used only by urban Chinese. Of all the reversals taking place in China, surely these were among the most unexpected.

To the preëxisting line of cosmetics—such as Bee and Flower Nourishing Frost Powder and Face Friend face cream—Chinese cosmetic factories soon added such Western nostrums as deodorants and depilatory creams. The introduction of the latter created a series of human-interest stories in the Chinese press about women who after suffering silently for years because of unwanted hair had at last found a remedy. When the depilatory—which was called Liangfu Shuang ("Cream to Brighten the Skin")—actually went on sale, thousands of people mobbed the counters of stores that carried it. So popular did Liangfu Shuang become that the Shanghai Film Studio ultimately made a short feature about it to be broadcast on the Central People's Television Network. The new interest in cosmetics was having repercussions in the workplace as well. Women, concerned with maintaining their femininity, were reported to have begun evading work that roughened or sunburned their skin or made their bodies too muscular and masculine-looking. In January of 1982, Shanghai's *Liberation Daily* complained that requests for transfers from physically demanding jobs were being made by female workers, who had been unduly influenced by Chinese and foreign film stars, calendar girls, and cover girls on magazines. Numerous magazines, many of them concentrating on movies and the fashion world, had in fact begun reappearing in China, often using cover photographs of pretty, leotard-clad young women in suggestive gymnastic poses. The paper warned Party authorities to take into account the social consequences of such magazines and their glorification of beautiful women who led "a Western bourgeois-style life of

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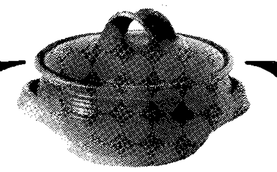

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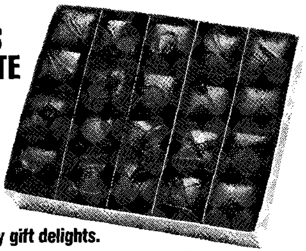

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ease and comfort." Apparently trying to moderate the growing amount of attention that the Chinese were investing in their physical appearance, the paper warned those who put fashion-consciousness before work to remember that "using the sweat of one's own labor to contribute to socialist modernization truly gives expression to inner beauty." If there were many young urban Chinese listening to this advice, it was certainly not obvious to me.

One of the most arresting changes in Chinese attitudes toward Western style has nothing to do with cosmetics or clothes. Last June, Song Ruyao, the director of the Plastic Surgery Hospital of the Chinese Academy of Medical Sciences and the president of the Chinese Plastic Surgery Society, told the New China News Agency that with the steady increase in China's living standards one could expect more and more demand for cosmetic surgery. The most common kind of cosmetic surgery performed in China today is alteration of the epicanthus by the addition of a second fold, to give the eye a rounder and more Western look. In February, 1982, Michael Weisskopf, the Peking bureau chief of the Washington *Post*, visited a private clinic in Peking that performed such surgery. It was run by Dr. Fu Longyu, a frail fifty-eight-year-old man with one blind eye, who worked out of his own bedroom and used a reading lamp for a surgical light. Dr. Fu had learned his trade as a medical student more than thirty years before, and had received a permit from the municipal government to run his business in 1981, shortly after the responsibility system had gone into effect. He had since performed some six hundred operations, modifying Chinese eyes for forty yuan per patient. "Now people pay as much attention to outside beauty as to inside beauty," Dr. Fu told Weisskopf.

The idea that beauty is related to looking Western is presumably abhorrent to many Chinese—particularly Maoists, who have spent their whole lives struggling to disentangle China from foreign domination of all kinds. Deeply sensitive to any insinuation that China is inferior to the West, Chinese revolutionaries must now watch their young people troop off to eye surgeons to be made to look more Western, just as young women in American client states such as Thailand, the Philippines, Taiwan, and South Korea have done for years. When Deng Xiaoping stood atop the

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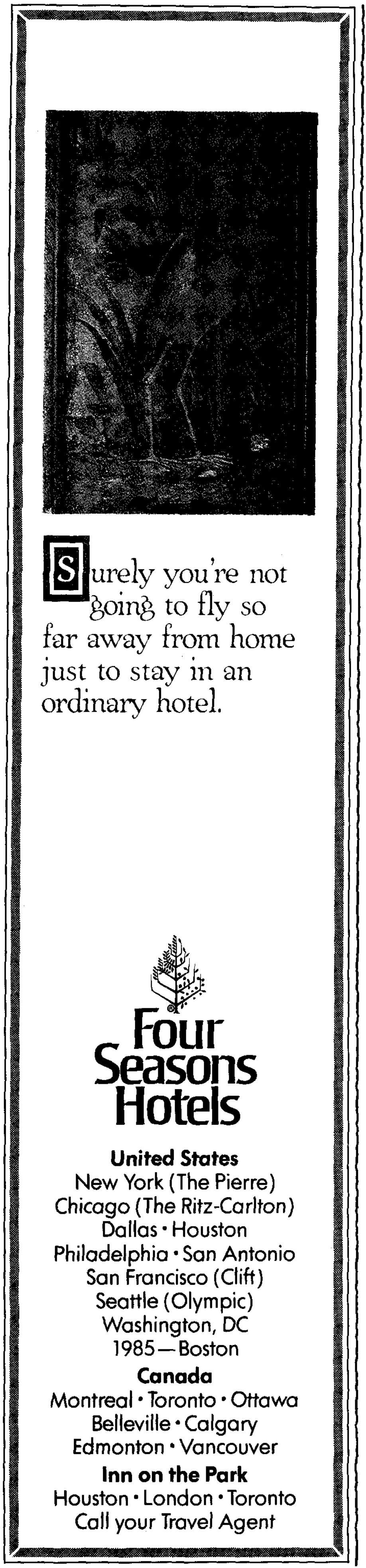
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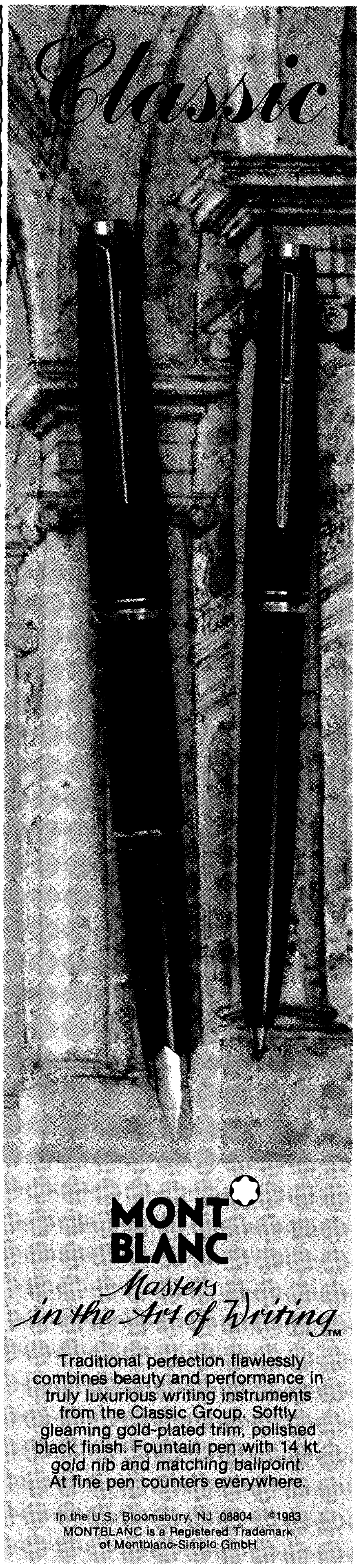
Gate of Heavenly Peace, as Mao had done in 1949, and proclaimed at a National Day rally celebrating thirty-five years of Communist rule that "we have given China a new face," he was obviously not referring to the work of China's new cosmetic surgeons, but his words must have seemed odd to those of his listeners who had recently Westernized their physiognomies.

ONE of the most common targets of the neo-Maoists' criticism has been China's youth, and the way it has been affected by Deng's open-door policy. In the spring of 1979, for instance, Peking Radio broadcast an attack on the "unhealthy trends" it saw emerging among students—not only the wearing of long hair and bell-bottom trousers but the habit of "billing and cooing" in public places. The magazine *China Youth News* came quickly to the defense of the young. It acknowledged that they ought to work and study diligently, but it did not agree on the need to "force everyone to lead the same way of life." The article went on to say, "It is furthermore inadvisable to criticize the love of an ordinary life with ideology. Hair and bell-bottom trousers have no natural connections with good or bad thinking." However, for those—some of them high in the Party—who held that China's revolutionary essence was being corrupted by Western influences, and who rejected the notion that the best elements of Western capitalism could be applied in socialist China while the rest was pared away, dichotomies like *ti* and *yong* were dangerous; they believed that the adoption of Western *yong*—practical things, like technology—led inevitably to a contamination of Chinese *ti*, or essence. For them, there seemed to be no middle ground, and they did not like what they saw happening to Chinese youth; nor did they miss a chance to press their attack against such obvious signs of degenerate behavior as fashion-consciousness. In October, 1981, for instance, a radio station in Liaoning province reported on a proclamation issued by a group of municipal organizations there which urged young people "not to wear weird clothes or [wear] their hair long, and not to dance to rock and roll." Bell-bottom trousers were anathematized, and boys were asked not to wear "feminine clothing, high-heeled shoes, or queer-looking hats, and not to wear their hair in weird . . . styles." The report continued, "Whistling, shouting,



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making trouble, and saying vulgar words at recreational spots, including cinemas, theatres, and stadiums, are discouraged. Youths are urged not to drink wine, to fight, or to crowd around foreigners and overseas Chinese compatriots in public places." The following February, the *Beijing Daily* published an article claiming that young Chinese "do not understand what true beauty is . . . blindly worship bourgeois life styles and see 'foreign' as 'beautiful' and their own nation's beauty as 'ugly.' " The paper warned young Chinese men that in the West such affectations as long or wavy hair were worn mainly by those who were "spiritually barren."

In China, where intensive political campaigns have often grown out of such seemingly innocuous criticisms, the mere mention in a negative tone of something like bell-bottom trousers or long hair in the press is enough to send a signal that larger and more important questions of policy are involved. The somewhat schizophrenic debate over mores, which began in a desultory fashion in 1979, kindled in 1983 into a major controversy, and it became clear that behind the façade of unity in Deng's modern China serious disagreement still existed over how to deal with Western influences. In that year, two significant and essentially contradictory movements were launched: one to "rectify" the Party by ridding it of members who harbored ideologically impure thoughts—that is, unreconstructed Maoists—and the other to purge the masses of "spiritual pollution." Fashion, being at once so ephemeral and so obviously inspired by Western culture, became a symbolic target for those who opposed the thrust of Deng's reforms.

Curiously, it was Deng himself who initiated the campaign against spiritual pollution, at the Second Plenum of the Twelfth Central Committee, on October 11, 1983. There he spoke out against the dissemination of "all varieties of corrupt and decadent ideologies of the bourgeoisie and other exploiting classes, and . . . sentiments of distrust toward the socialist and Communist cause and the Communist Party leadership." Apparently, Deng intended to mollify the neo-Maoists with a well-controlled assault on "spiritual pollution" in the hope of getting them to go along with his housecleaning of the Party. He was very careful, however, to draw a distinction between what he called the "drive" against spiritual pollution and

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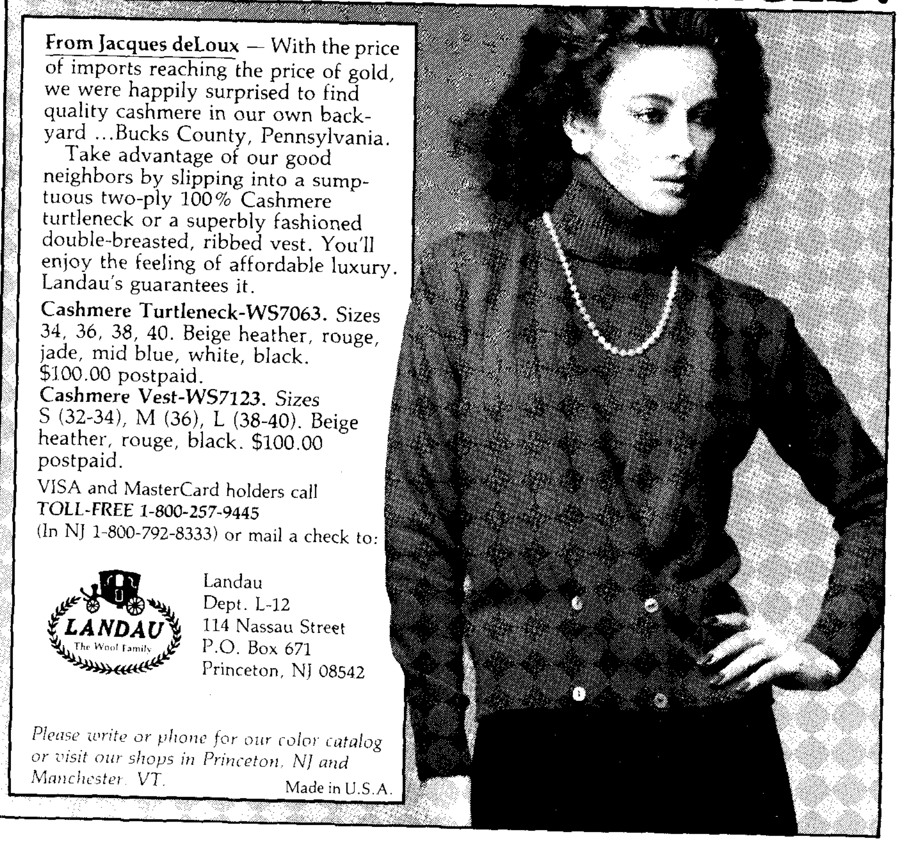

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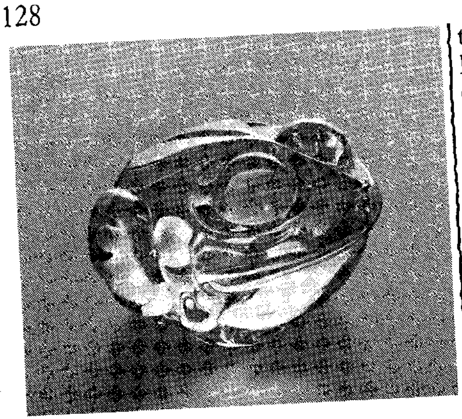

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the larger political "campaigns" that had so disrupted China during the Cultural Revolution, being well aware that those who opposed his policies of economic liberalization and of opening China to the outside world would have liked nothing better than to use a new political campaign to rid the country both of his leadership and of the heterodox influences that had begun to sweep in from abroad. Indeed, there is evidence that this is exactly what his opponents tried covertly to do, once the drive against spiritual pollution got going.

The Party's propaganda chief, Deng Liqun, who was one of the drive's strongest supporters, defined what he considered to be the four main kinds of spiritual pollution: things that are "obscene, barbarous, treacherous, or reactionary;" "artistic performances" that are "vulgar;" indulgence in "individualism, anarchism, and liberalism;" and writing articles or delivering speeches that "run counter to the country's social system." Many Chinese newspapers, taking their cue from the Second Plenum, suddenly began to publish commentaries on the need to combat spiritual pollution. On October 23rd, the *People's Daily* criticized intellectuals whose thinking and writing had led to a "mistrust of socialism." A week later, the Minister of Culture, Zhu Muzhi, cautioned Chinese in the *People's Daily* that spiritual pollution not only was a problem among intellectuals but had also manifested itself in "performances that propagandized for violent things that were depraved and sexual in nature, and in stinking bourgeois life styles dedicated to nothing more than having a good time, drinking, resting, and hedonism." In the same issue, the veteran revolutionary writer Ding Ling lamented that "it's got to the point where when someone sings, 'Without the Communist Party There Would Be No New China,' people laugh derisively."

Joining the drive, the Peking municipal government issued a new dress code for its staff, forbidding its female employees to wear "unwholesome attire," hair that came below the shoulders, or too much makeup. Male employees were forbidden to wear long hair, mustaches, beards, or sideburns. "We must preserve our habits of simplicity and bitter struggle," the *Beijing Daily* said in explaining the new regulations. "Hats and clothing must be clean and simple, and bizarre outfits are forbidden." The Central College

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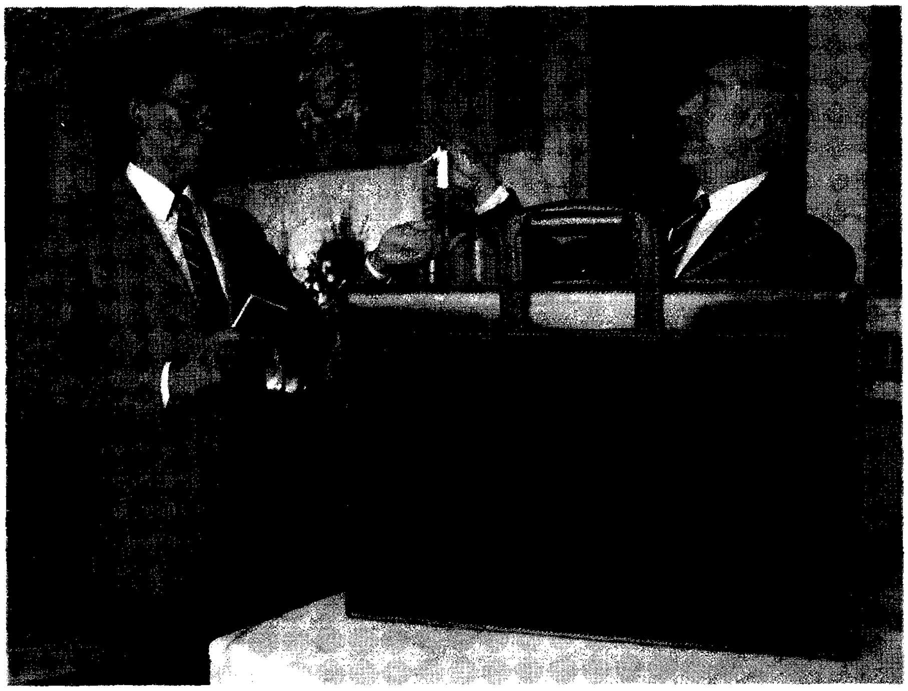
of Arts and Crafts in Peking announced that it would require all male students with long hair to get haircuts as a condition for registration. To facilitate this ritual of purification, the school administration set up a barbershop next door to the registrar's office. Universities and youth organizations throughout China held mass meetings to warn against the dangers of spiritual pollution. Party leaders claimed to have encountered signs of such contamination even in Tibet. By November, two high-ranking staff members of the *People's Daily*—Hu Jiwei, the director, and Wang Ruoshui, the deputy editor-in-chief—had been dismissed for not advancing the drive with sufficient editorial ardor. In some parts of China, avant-garde artists were arrested.

Of course, not even the staunchest supporters of the movement could ever come right out and attack the policies that had led to all this spiritual pollution; namely, Deng Xiaoping's "open door" and such economic innovations as the responsibility system. This would have put them in direct opposition to the ruling faction. Even Deng Liqun himself was forced to voice at least pro-forma support for the open-door policy, and to stress that China's leaders would not allow a runaway political campaign against Westernization to develop. Nonetheless, for a time the movement caused ordinary Chinese citizens all across the nation to grow apprehensive about becoming closely identified with things Western. Young people turned to less conspicuous styles of dress. Intellectuals began to clam up and to avoid contact with foreigners. Workers began to be wary of buying ostentatious material goods. Peasants pulled back from engaging in businesses that might leave them exposed to charges of "taking the capitalist road." In short, much of the energy for modernization, which relied on private initiative as well as on foreign capital and technology, began to disappear.

This was too much for Deng Xiaoping, who, although he was still involved in complicated factional struggles, remained in control of both the Party and the military. A month after the anti-spiritual-pollution drive began, the brakes were put on. On November 4, 1983, the *People's Daily* claimed that victims of spiritual pollution should be viewed as "comrades" in need of reform rather than as "criminals," and two weeks later it reprinted an editorial from the *China*



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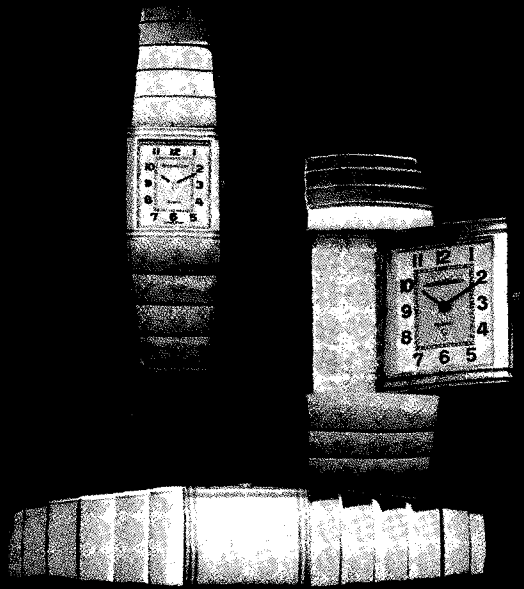

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Youth News entitled "Pollution Should Be Eliminated but Life Should Be Beautified," which claimed that makeup, high heels, and bell-bottom trousers should not be mistaken for spiritual pollution. On December 21st, another article in the *People's Daily* made it even clearer that the drive had gone too far for Deng Xiaoping's taste and should be curtailed: "What is worth paying attention to now is that some have expanded the elimination of spiritual pollution into daily life. . . . This is wrong. People should not mix up spiritual pollution with changes in material and cultural life; even more, they should not interfere excessively with different customs of life." In February, An Zhiguo, the political editor of the government-sponsored foreign-language newsweekly *Beijing Review*, wrote that spiritual pollution was a limited concept, consisting only of "erroneous words and actions that deviate from Marxism and socialism," and of "decadent ideas such as pursuing profit as one's only aim and the influence of pornography." And what of fashion? "Over the last few years people have become increasingly fashion-conscious," An acknowledged. "This should not be regarded as ideological contamination; rather, people should be encouraged to wear beautiful clothes and enliven their daily activities."

By the spring of 1984, things had returned to the status quo ante. The sale of cosmetics, for instance, was booming once again. The People's Market in Nanjing announced that during the first three months of the year it had sold a hundred and seventy thousand yuan worth of such goods as lipstick, rouge, and nail polish. Newspapers reported that the management of a large department store in Canton was actually encouraging its saleswomen to wear makeup as "an outward sign of . . . respect for their customers." By April, one was hearing very little about the dangers of spiritual pollution. Deng Liqun had been quietly demoted. President Reagan was in China—which he referred to as "this so-called Communist China"—promoting "friendship" and paving the way for an even greater exchange of goods, finance, technology, culture, and arms. China's door to the outside was open wider than ever. Yet although critics of Westernization at least momentarily fell silent, I met few Chinese who believed that they had actually disappeared. The drive against spiritual pollution had made it

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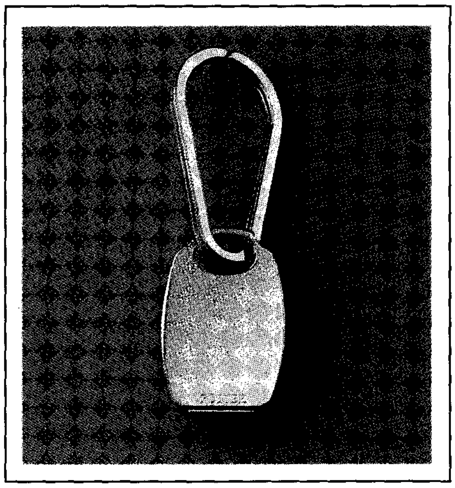

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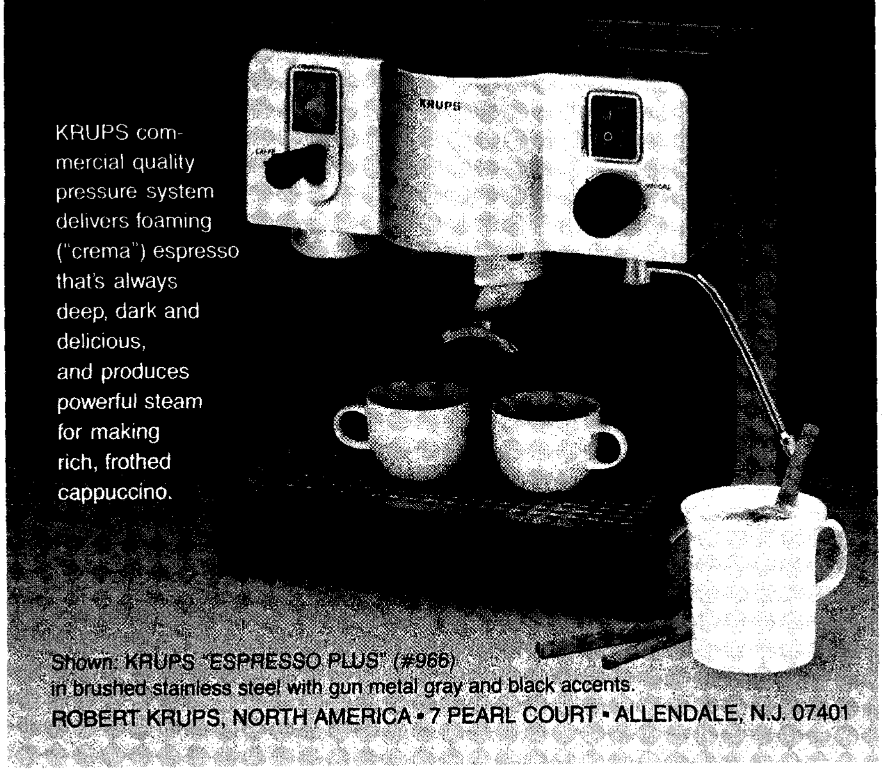

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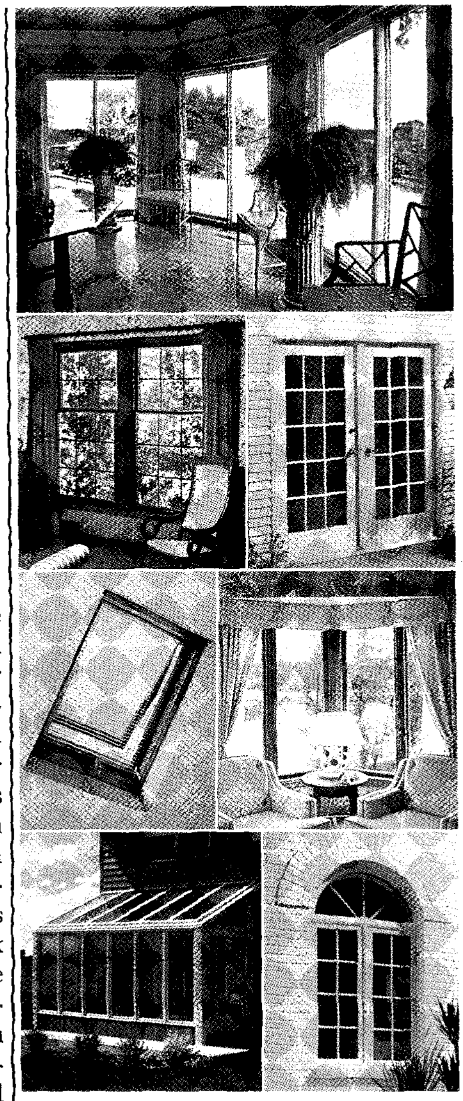
clear to all that those forces opposed to Deng Xiaoping's policies were still ones to be reckoned with. The brief movement was a warning to everyone that, even while "modernizing," China still professed socialist principles, and that the new freedoms were not without limits, even though at times the limits might be difficult to define.

CANTON, a port city on the Pearl River and the capital of southern China's Guangdong province, is a reminder of China's embattled past and its long and unequal relationship with the West. Western merchants penetrated the interior of China from Canton in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was from the Canton area that hundreds of thousands of Chinese "coolies" (from *kuli*, a Tamil term which the Chinese translate as "bitter labor") emigrated to the North American West Coast to work in the gold mines and build the railroads during the middle of the last century. It was here that Sun Yat-sen's Republican Revolution against the last imperial dynasty, at the beginning of this century, found such fertile soil. It was here also that Chiang Kai-shek took refuge, with the embassies of those countries that recognized him, just before Mao's armies swept down from the north and drove him off the Chinese mainland. In short, Canton and its environs have almost always been at the cutting edge of China's relations with the outside world. Guangdong province shares borders with the British and Portuguese colonies of Hong Kong and Macao, and it is hardly to be wondered at that during this most recent transformation of China the province's capital is once again in the forefront of change, and that free enterprise and foreign influence there have reached a level unequalled by any other city in China.

When I flew to Canton on a commercial plane belonging to the Civil Aviation Administration of China, I was stunned to see on the back cover of the C.A.A.C.'s new in-flight magazine a full-page, glossy color advertisement for Yves Saint Laurent's "Opium" perfume. I had been surprised many times by what I had found in China since Deng Xiaoping opened the door to the West, but nothing could have prepared me for this bizarre manifestation of his policy. If there is any single historical incident that might be said to epitomize Western imperialist aggression in China, it is



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surely the Opium Wars, which followed the confiscation and burning by the Chinese in 1839 of twenty thousand chests of English opium stored in Canton. Since the late eighteenth century, and in contravention of Chinese law, English, American, and other Western merchants, supported by their governments, had imported large amounts of the drug into China and traded it at enormous profit for silk, tea, and silver. The British reacted angrily to the confiscation of their property, sending an expeditionary naval force to China which proceeded to launch attacks all the way up the coast as far as Tianjin. When the defeated Chinese finally signed the humiliating Treaty of Nanking, in 1842, they were forced not only to cede Hong Kong to the British and to open up five coastal "treaty ports"—Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai—to foreign residence and trade but also to pay a large indemnity to Britain to reimburse English merchants for their opium. In the aftermath of the Opium Wars, foreign traders, missionaries, and soldiers were given the right to live and work in China exempt from almost every aspect of Chinese life, including the law.

Canton today, exploding with capitalist energy and bombarded with Western influences, had a way of jolting me each time I turned around. Foreigners were everywhere. Billboard advertisements loomed above the main thoroughfares. Side streets were filled with newly opened private restaurants and shops. Black-marketeer money changers accosted me apparently fearless of arrest. In some neighborhoods, beggars slept in doorways. But one of the most obvious signs of change could be seen in the enthusiasm of the Guangdong Chinese for consumer goods. For decades, economic-development policies had slighted the manufacture of such goods in favor of investment in heavy industry and agriculture. Under the new economic policies of Deng Xiaoping, however, these priorities have been readjusted, in an effort to show the Chinese people that there are indeed some material benefits to be gained after all the years of sacrifice for the Revolution. Families for whom radios, bicycles, and wristwatches had been luxury items a few years ago now aspire to color-television sets, tape players, refrigerators, and washing machines. Such goods are manufactured in China, but the craftsmanship is often inferior; the Chinese prefer

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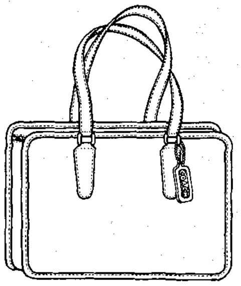
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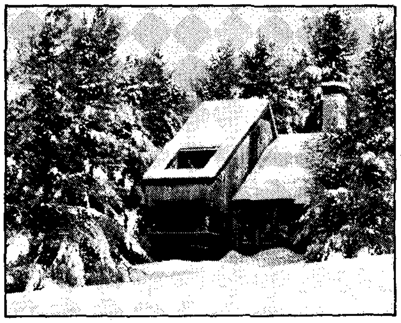

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foreign appliances. As in the days before the Revolution, when the word *yang* ("foreign") appended to an item gave it the hallmark of quality, China has once again begun to worship goods made abroad.

There are a number of state-run department stores in China called Friendship Stores, which sell certain foreign-made products and the best domestic products. The Friendship Stores were set up exclusively for foreign residents and visitors to shop in. All purchases have to be made with certificates that the Chinese government issues only to foreigners in exchange for hard currencies, such as dollars, marks, pounds, or yen. During the Maoist phases of the Revolution, these stores were dreary affairs, housed in bleak, Soviet-style buildings. Since there were few "foreign friends" in China at that time—just the diplomatic community and a sprinkling of tourists, expatriates, and members of the press—the stores were often virtually empty. Shopping in a Friendship Store was a depressing experience. Little attempt was made to brighten them up. There were no bargains. Bored clerks wearing Mao suits stared into space, unconcerned about whether they made sales, and security guards stood watch at the front doors to turn back any local Chinese indiscreet enough to try to enter. Normally, I would have avoided the Friendship Store in Canton, but when I arrived in the city a rather Westernized young Chinese friend asked me if I would accompany him there to buy a large portable radio/cassette-player, an item that is currently the rage in China. My friend, who spoke English and longed passionately to go to the United States, had somehow managed to acquire the necessary scrip needed for his purchase, and he asked me to come along as a front man. He dressed for the occasion in a Western suit, with shirt and tie, and a trenchcoat. When we arrived, we found not the gloomy place I had anticipated but a reasonably attractive modern building. A steady stream of people poured out of the store entrance, lugging mattresses, television sets, washing machines, radio/cassette-players, clothes, cosmetics, and bags full of imported groceries. Many of the people, like my friend, were clearly local Chinese.

"How can Chinese buy things at Friendship Stores?" I asked incredulously.

"They're not supposed to, but they do it anyway," he replied, a grin

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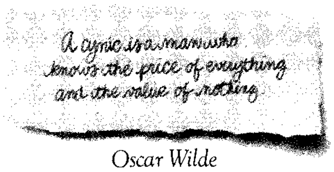

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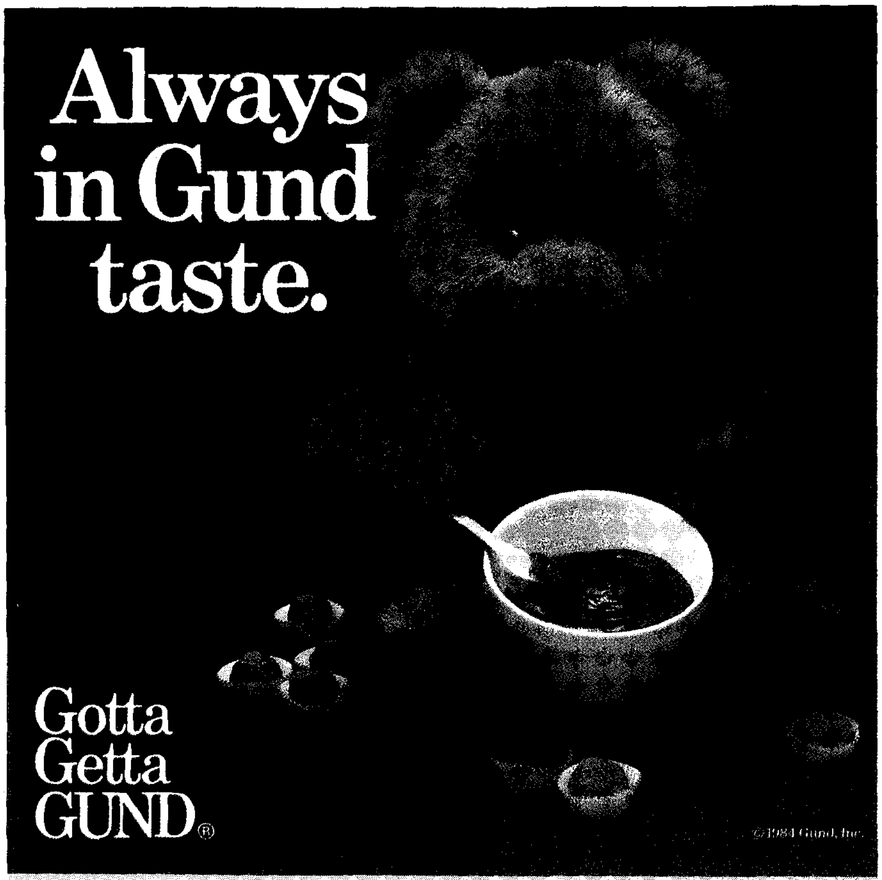

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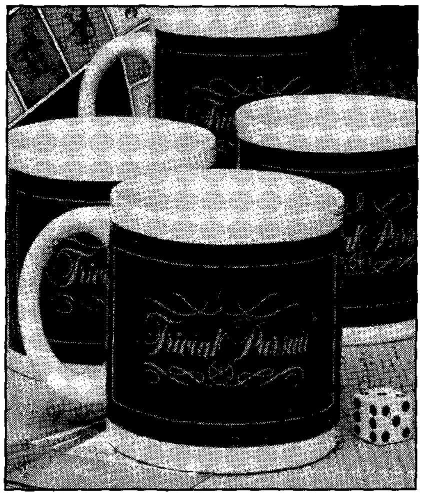
breaking out on his face. "If you dress up like an overseas Chinese and have foreign-currency scrip, the clerks usually don't say anything. They're on a bonus system, so they want to sell as much as they can. It's the responsibility system in action. Business is business." This was not the last time I would hear this particular adage in Canton. Stepping inside the front door, I was astonished by how similar the atmosphere was to that of a Western department store. The interior was well lit, and glass counters were filled with tastefully displayed merchandise. Each department was marked by a digital electronic sign. Hundreds of shoppers, including some—obviously Party cadres—in tailored Mao jackets and caps, were hunched over the counters inspecting the store's wares. Occasionally, an overworked clerk would snap at a persistent customer, but most members of the staff appeared helpful and polite. They went about the task of selling with a concentration I had never before observed in a state-run store. My friend was waited on by an efficient young woman, who patiently took several radio/cassette-players out of their boxes to show to him, even though nine or ten other customers were crowding around the counter. My presence as a front was completely unnecessary; the clerks did not challenge my friend to see if he was a local in disguise. As we left the store with his purchase, he had a triumphant smile on his face and a Marlboro clamped between his teeth; the tails of his trenchcoat snapped behind him. Looking at him, I was again struck by how quickly the archetypal model of Chinese youth—or, at least, its urban version—had changed. My friend was not a proletarian hero who aspired to serve the workers, peasants, and soldiers in the countryside. Although he was still a patriotic Chinese citizen, he had other aspirations. He wanted to become educated, to go abroad, to find excitement and a materially better life. He was the embodiment of the young, privileged, Westernized intelligentsia that was once again growing up in China's coastal cities as contacts with the outside world increased.

THE trains, boats, and planes coming into Guangdong province from Hong Kong and Macao are full of overseas Chinese loaded with electronic appliances and with shopping bags containing liquor, cigarettes, videocassettes, clothing, and



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other luxury items. These people wear the latest Western fashions, makeup, and hair styles, and have about them a brusque, businesslike air that unmistakably differentiates them from the Chinese relatives who await them and their booty at stations, docks, and airports inside China. Many people in Guangdong—in contrast to North China, from which relatively few people have emigrated—have relatives who live abroad. Historically, such familial ties have formed a powerful connection between the southern Chinese and the outside world; and now that China has abandoned the kind of class politics that once pitted revolutionary China against the reactionary countries of the capitalist world, visas are easy to procure, and countless émigrés are making pilgrimages from the United States, Canada, Southeast Asia, and Europe back to Guangdong to reëstablish ties with their old homes. Not only are these overseas relatives apostles of a very different way of life but many of them have become wealthy since their departure from their homeland; and because the foreign-investment laws have recently changed—particularly with regard to overseas "compatriots"—these Chinese have begun to pump enormous sums of money back into South China. Such investments are being used not only to build major new factories but on a more informal basis, to start up the small-scale private businesses that are now appearing all around the Pearl River Delta and helping to create an enormous economic boom. Last June, the *Beijing Review* reported that "the new boom is attributable to the area's favorable climate, proximity to Hong Kong and Macao, and, most important, the implementation of the central authorities' special policies for opening Guangdong and other coastal provinces and cities to the outside world."

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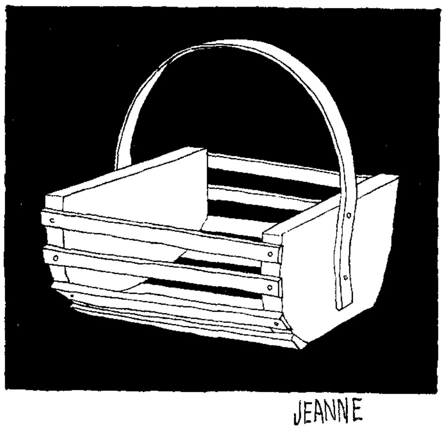

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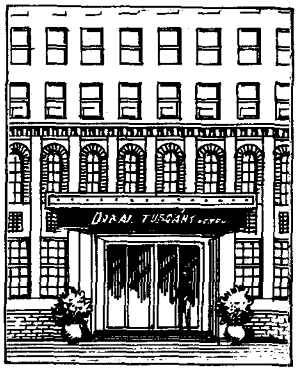

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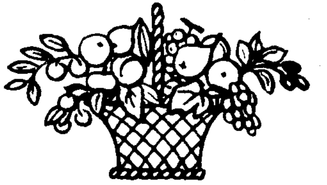

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three of China's four Special Economic Zones. These are areas that the government set up to lure high concentrations of foreign investment and new industry to China after the promulgation of the open-door policy. Foreign businessmen investing in the zones are guaranteed tax breaks, exemptions from both import and export levies, low rents and wages, and entrée into important new Chinese markets. The three Guangdong zones are centered on the coastal ports of Shenzhen, just across the border from Hong Kong; Zhuhai, just across the border from Macao; and Shantou, two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Canton. (The fourth zone is the city of Xiamen—formerly Amoy—in Fujian province, to the north.) The purpose of these zones is twofold: to attract foreign investment and technology to China, and to cordon off the resulting centers of foreign intrusion so that the rest of China will not be spiritually contaminated by them. A few years ago, the Chinese government spent seventy million dollars to build a high barbed-wire fence around the Shenzhen zone, which, covering a hundred and twenty-seven square miles, is the largest and also the most highly developed of the Special Economic Zones. The notion was perhaps a somewhat naïve one: though five years ago Shenzhen was a small rural port of thirty thousand people, it had grown by 1984 into an uncontainable boomtown, with three hundred and seventy factories, a population of approximately three hundred thousand, an annual industrial output of more than six hundred and seventy-three million yuan, and, among its Chinese workers, thousands living outside the fence and going back and forth each workday. When I visited the zone and drove through the heart of the developed area—down Shamnam Road, which is flanked by high-rise office and apartment buildings—I felt as if I had temporarily left China. Shenzhen contains China's first department store to sell foreign consumer goods to Chinese; a television station; a resort called the Honey Lake Country Club; a French ocean liner converted into a luxury hotel; an amusement park with sixty-two entertainment devices—including a huge roller coaster and a Ferris wheel—imported from Japan and Italy; and China's only Western-style gas stations, built by Caltex, Exxon, and Mobil. Under construction are a fifty-eight-million-dollar six-lane superhighway to connect the zone

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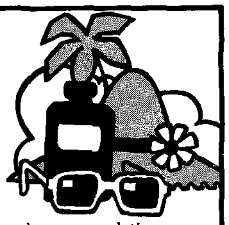

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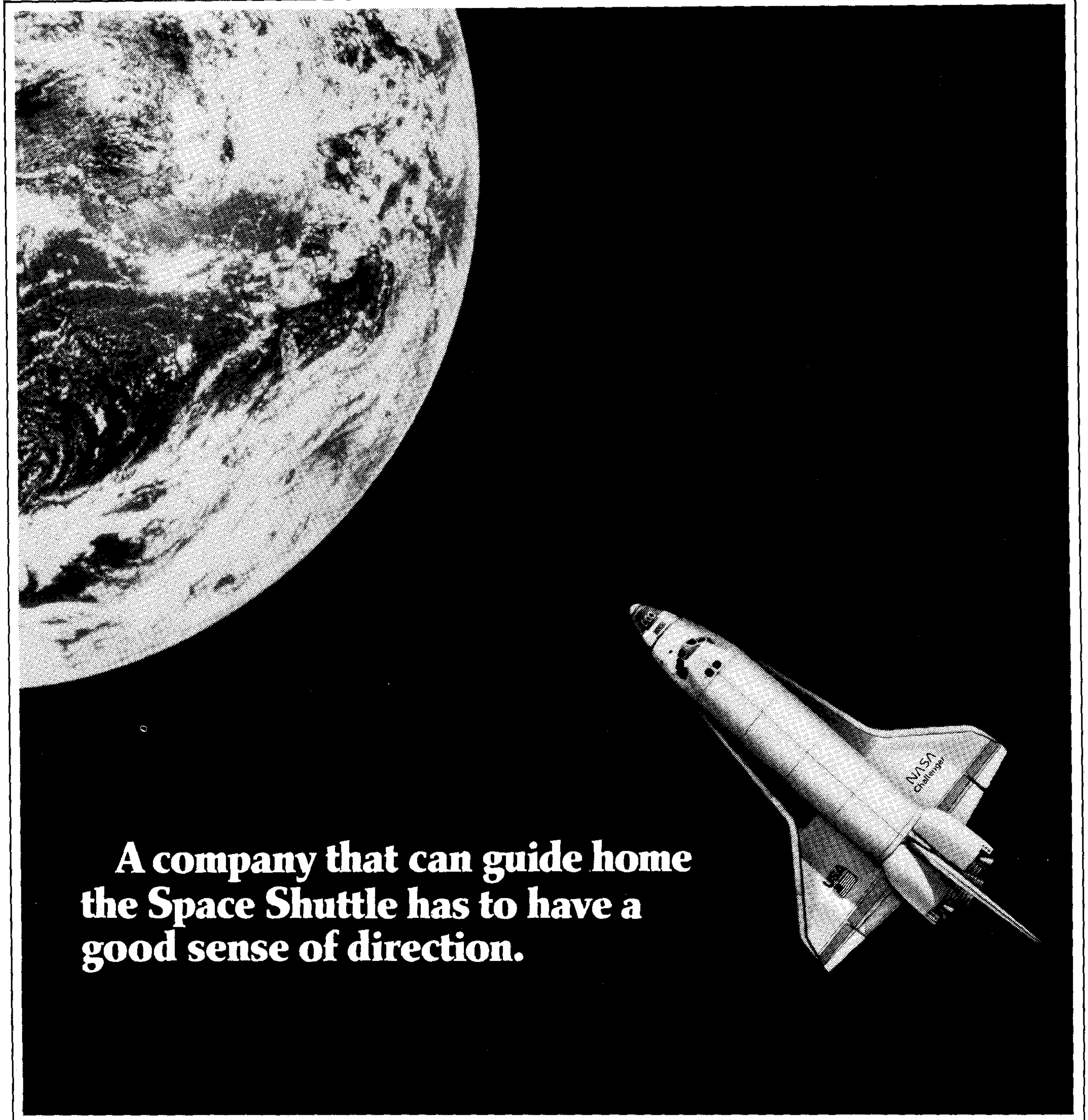
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to Hong Kong and Canton, an eighteen-hole golf course, a Club Med, a fifty-two-story hotel that will be the highest building in China, and some sixty other buildings over eighteen stories high. The average annual per-capita income of the zone's workers is well above the national average of three hundred and sixty yuan, and a fifth of the local peasant families were reported by the Chinese press to have attained the exalted status of Ten Thousand Yuan Households. By the end of last year, the zone had concluded twenty-five hundred contracts and agreements with foreign businesses.

Visually, the Special Economic Zones are still vast, dusty, sprawling expanses of land, littered with construction materials and reverberating with the sounds of bulldozers, trucks, and pile drivers. As has been evident in so many past projects, once the Chinese make a decision to do something they go at it with determination and with an astounding haste that frequently leads to poor planning and sloppy construction. One cannot help feeling the intensity of the energy that pervades the zones—an energy that, although it is aiming in a decidedly capitalistic direction, is in many ways reminiscent of Mao's Revolution, when the fury of the moment caused everyone to rush forward with an invincible but often reckless speed and optimism. China is no longer building back-yard steel mills or using thousands of people carrying baskets on poles to build dams and dikes, but it has set about developing the new zones with the same hellbent energy and impatience.

Last January, Deng Xiaoping made a tour of the Special Economic Zones. Upon returning to Peking, he proposed to the Secretariat of the Party's Central Committee that the special status granted to the zones be extended to other ports as well. In April, the Chinese government announced that fourteen more coastal cities, from Zhanjiang, in the South, to Dalian, in the North—as well as the island of Hainan, off the southernmost tip of Guangdong—would be granted this status, so that "the vitality of foreign economic relations" could be spread.

Not since the old treaty ports had China seen such an extensive network of coastal entrepôts open to the outside, and the terms of investment were also being made more and more enticing. Foreigners were allowed to establish exclusive investments. The mu-

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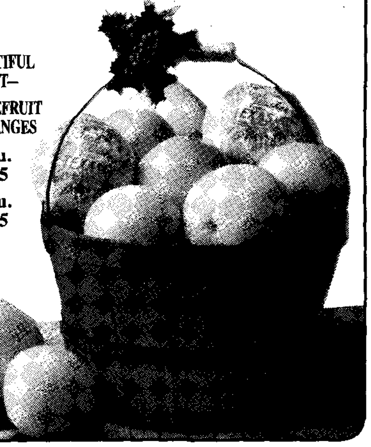

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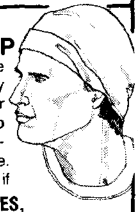
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nicipal governments were empowered to approve various kinds of foreign projects without having to seek permission from the central government; theretofore all foreign investment had had to be approved by the appropriate ministry in Peking. In decentralizing the decision-making power and allowing municipalities to deal directly with foreign businessmen, the Chinese government was, in effect, promoting regionalism. This relaxation of regulations set off a scramble for foreign capital among the open ports, whose governments began competing with each other in a manner that had been unknown in China for decades. Local leaders gave interviews to the *China Daily*, and ran advertisements in English extolling the climate for investment in their particular areas. In June, the Japanese Association for the Promotion of International Trade announced that Japan would offer three hundred and sixty billion yen in long-term loans to finance a wide variety of projects over the next five years in the newly opened ports. By this summer, inland cities, too, which had formerly enjoyed only a limited amount of investment from abroad, had been granted the authority to deal directly with foreign investors, and suddenly most cities of consequence in China were holding investment seminars and inviting businessmen from around the world to attend.

Few observers seemed mindful of the dismal historical record: in the past, China had tried to import whole factories and systems, only to see them languish because of insufficient training of Chinese workers, lack of adequate power, poor transportation facilities, backward management, and an unreliable supply of raw materials. Nor were there many cautionary notes recalling China's one painful experience with post-Revolutionary dependence on foreign capital—when Mao, deciding "to lean to one side," had relied exclusively on the help of Russia, China's "big brother," only to be left perilously close to collapse in 1960, after Khrushchev had pulled out Soviet advisers and cancelled all aid programs. From time to time, an item would appear in the press in which someone expressed revulsion at how money-minded the Chinese were becoming, only to be dismissed as wrong thinking. Last May, the *China Daily* reported that officials in the industrial town of Shekou (part of the Shenzhen zone) had angered some Chinese by posting a sign that read, "Time Is

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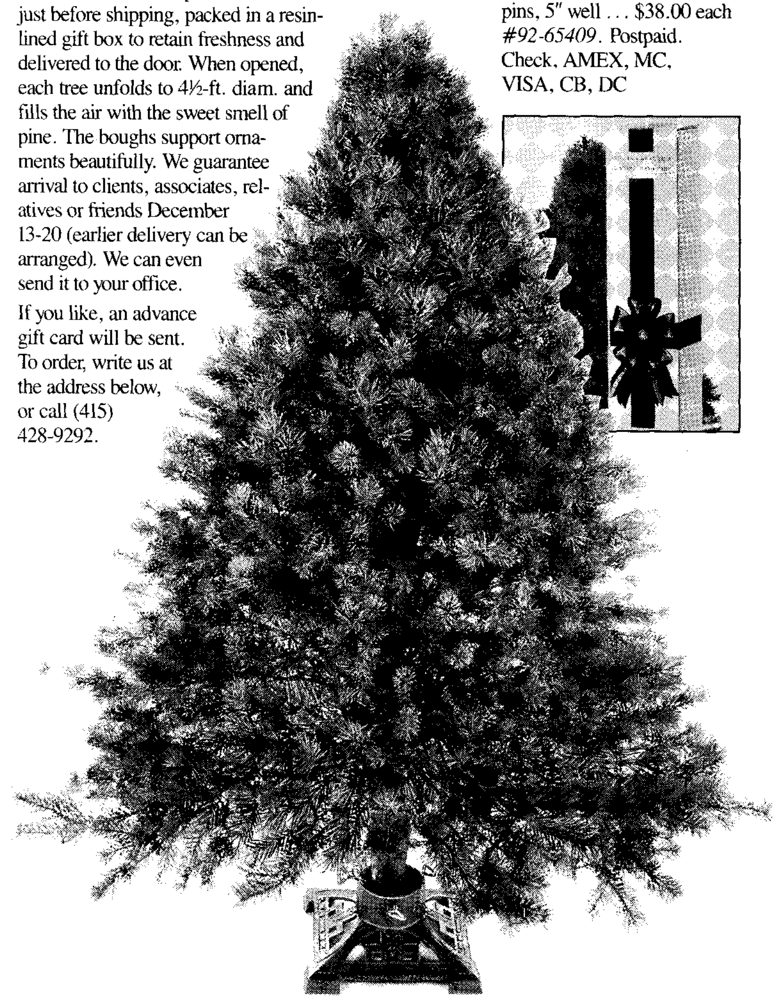

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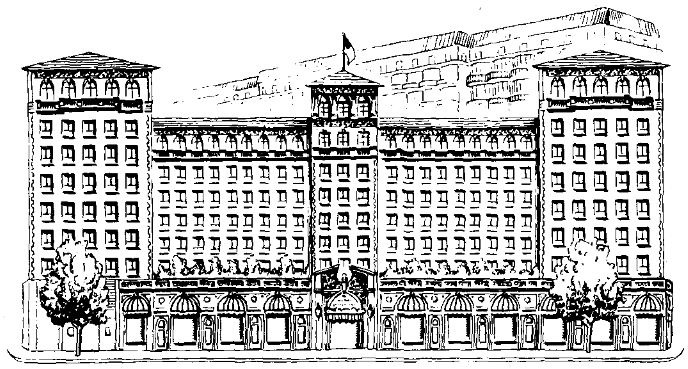

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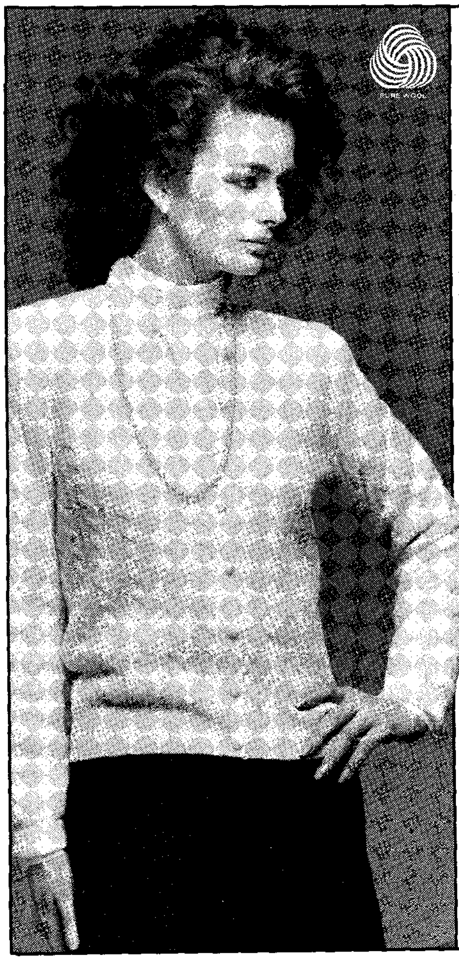

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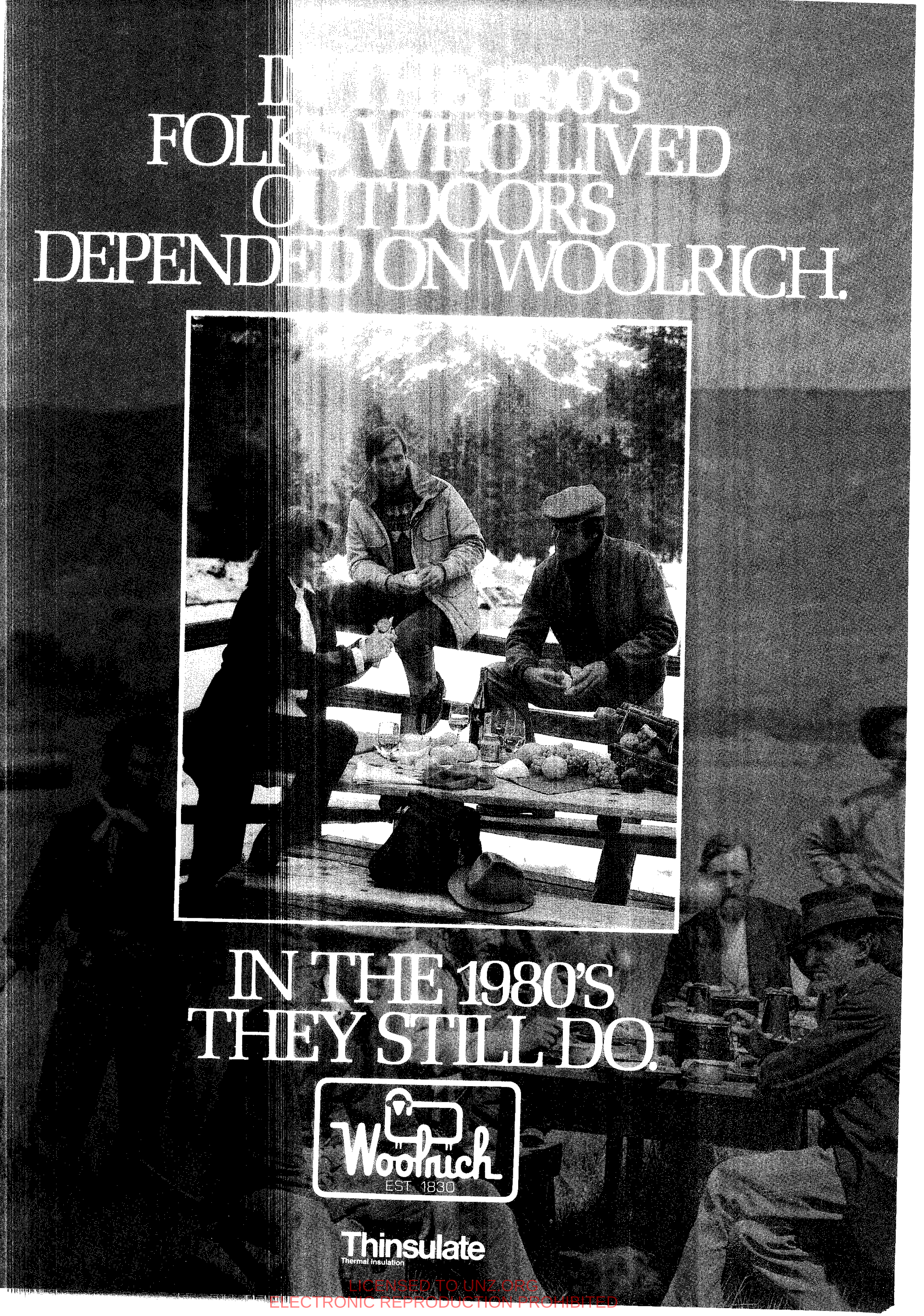
MONEY AND EFFICIENCY IS LIFE." The statement "Time is money" had a capitalist ring, and the article noted that some people "rejected the notion that the slogan best characterized the high-speed development of the industrial zone." Shortly thereafter, however, Deng Xiaoping himself approved the disputed slogan. By this fall, it was emblazoned on a giant billboard in downtown Canton.

ON one of my excursions to Guangdong province, I entered the river port of Jiangmen by hydrofoil from Hong Kong, in the company of a small group of Americans. The first person we saw as we stepped ashore was a dapper young Chinese wearing a gray three-piece suit, a necktie, and well-shined shoes. He was carrying a slender hand-tooled leather attaché case. Assuming that he was an overseas Chinese on his way back to Hong Kong, I gave him no particular thought until, a few minutes later, he walked up and introduced himself in good English as a guide for the China Travel Service. He was there to take us to the rural county of Taishan, several hours away by car. It soon turned out that our Westernized guide had never been abroad—even to Hong Kong. His masterly replication of Western style was achieved completely on the basis of what he had seen and learned of the outside world while in China. The second Chinese I met in Jiangmen also spoke English, if haltingly, and also wore a Western suit, though one that was dusty and rumpled. He was drunk. As we left the customhouse, he approached me on wobbly legs, wearing a loony smile. With a hand outstretched in greeting, he launched into a confusing discussion of British actions in Guangdong during the Opium Wars. "You British weren't fair," he told me. "You came here, right here to our country with cannons! And we . . . we couldn't . . ." Here he faded out like a radio losing the signal. In the past, such a blot on the socialist escutcheon would have been whisked off the street by the police of the Public Security Bureau before any foreigner had had a chance to see him, let alone be subjected to the beginning of an inebriated history lesson. But now there were so many foreigners, and the myth of socialist perfection had been punctured for so long, that no one paid him any heed.

Our guide took us for lunch at what was apparently Jiangmen's newest, and probably best, hotel—the East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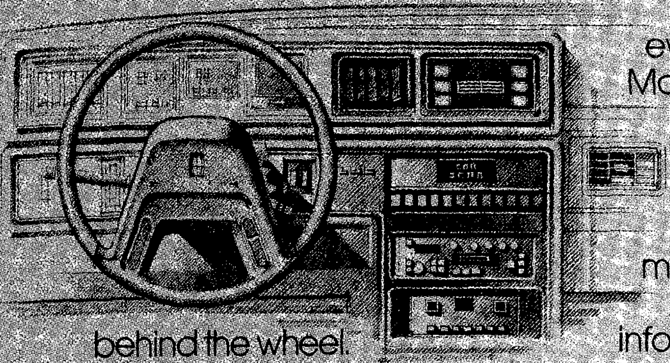
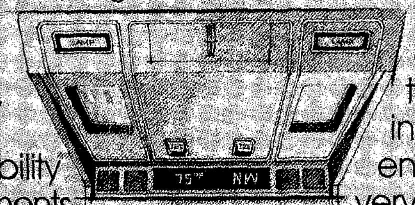
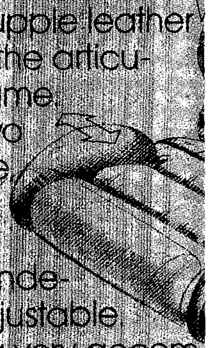


Inside the Mark VII you'll face a logical array of instruments and controls positioned to be most easily seen and reached. The configuration of the steering wheel, for instance, allows for optimum visibility of the instruments. Similarly, the placement of the cruise control on the wheel allows for optimum access. These are but two examples of a driver-centered philosophy that permeates every aspect of the Mark VII. That recognizes the most important component of an automobile is its driver.



Few automobiles in the world keep their drivers so well-informed. A twelve-unit Message Center gives data on fuel consumption, arrival time, even metric conversion. An overhead console houses both a directional compas and outside tempe ature reading. Clear the Mark VII driver is in touch with his environment. He is als very comfortable in it.

Consider the seat. Rath than dwell on the aesthetic quality of its supple leather surface, note the articulated sport frame. Because no two drivers are alike, the lumbar and thigh supports are independently adjustable. There is also a very accommodating six-way position variance. But the LSC wasn' designed to be simply a rewarding place to sit.



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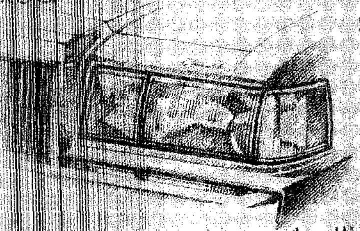
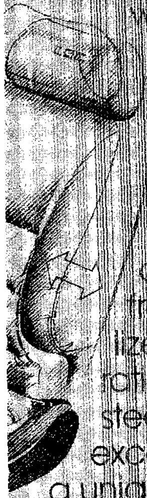




nd responsive with a 5.0 liter electronically fuel-injected V-8. Shaped with the lowest drag coefficient of any luxury car built in America, it uses the air to hold the road solidly. Flush-mounted headlamps, an automotive first in this country, are one element of aerodynamic design. Recessed doors are another, with the added benefit of reducing wind noise. The LSC's disciplined handling and precise road manners are due in part to front and rear stabilizer bars and quick-ratio rack-and-pinion steering. Where it excels, however, is in a uniquely smooth yet tactile road feel. From a combination of technological advancements no other automobile can equal.

Nitrogen-pressurized front struts and rear shock absorbers in the LSC are nearly impervious to fluid aeration—the major reason traditional shock absorbers cease to absorb shocks.

And the LSC is also equipped with a special Electronic Air Suspension system (a.) that compensates for unusually heavy or uneven load conditions. It automatically orders air vented from or added to the suspension system to keep the vehicle level side-to-side as well as front-to-back.

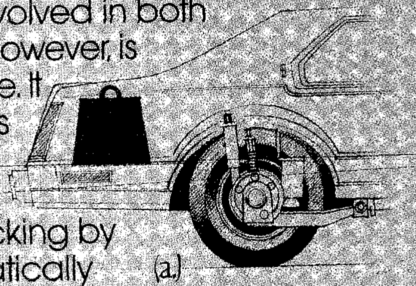
But as impressive as the way the LSC moves is the way it stops.

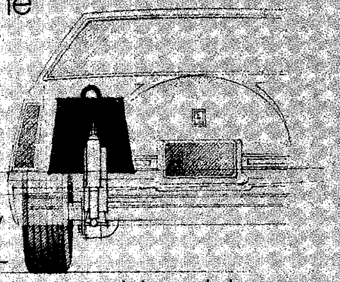
An Anti-Lock Brake System, available on select models, uses magnetic sensors (b.) and an electronic microcomputer to monitor individual wheel speed.

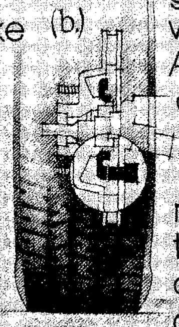
This technology has been used effectively for years in the design of landing gear on commercial airliners. It has only recently been applied to automobile brakes in the United States. The principle involved in both cases, however, is the same. It prevents the wheels from locking by automatically "pumping" the brakes.

This results in a retention of control and maneuverability during emergency stops unachievable with conventional brakes. Also shorter stopping distances on virtually any road surface.

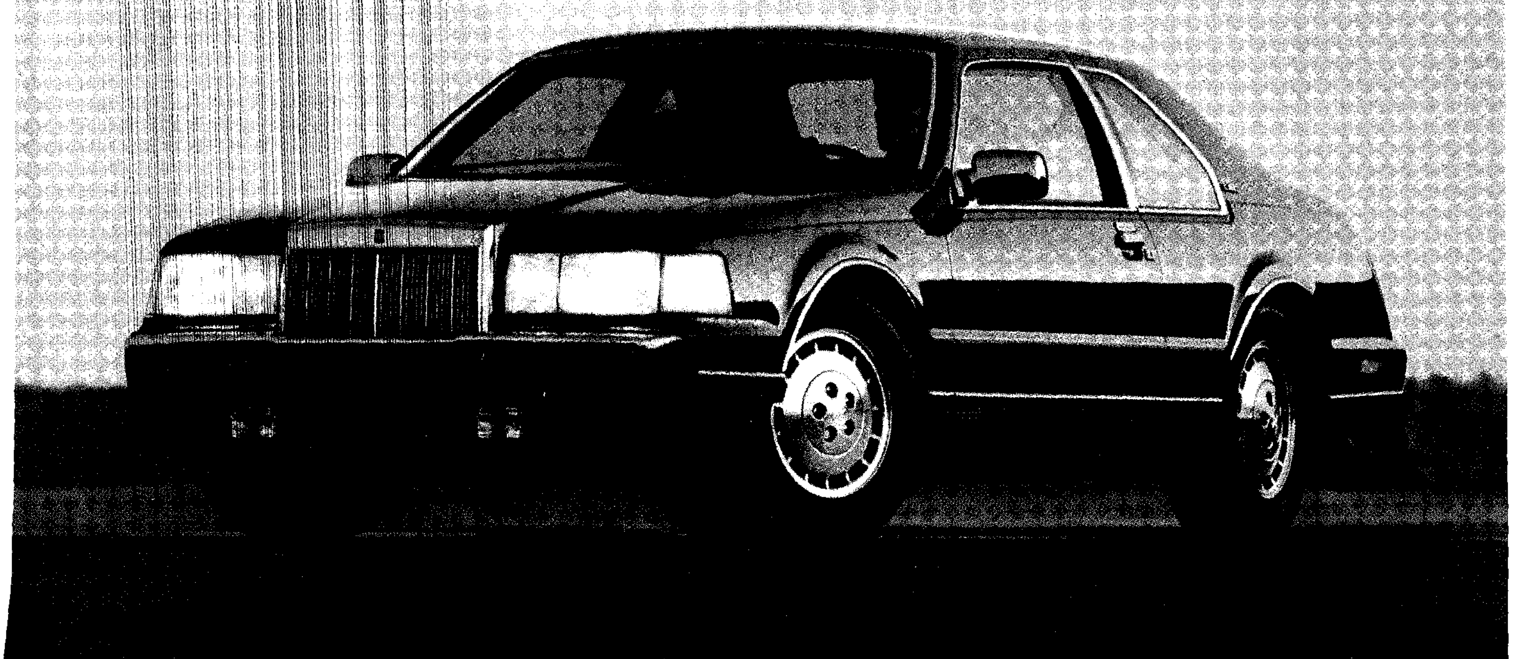
Of course, these are merely technical reasons to put the 1985 Mark VII in a class with Mercedes. After driving it, you'll find far more eloquent reasons to put it in a class by itself.







Continental Mark VII



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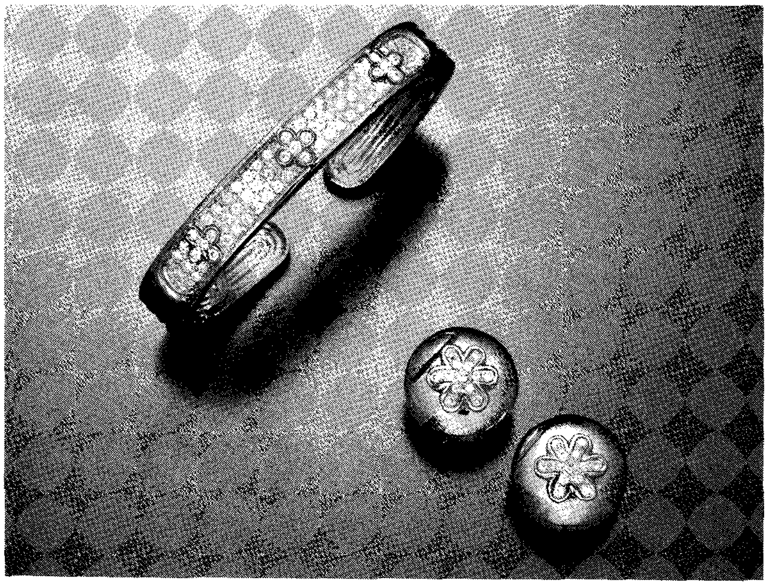
Lake Guest House, a curious-looking structure built with overseas Chinese capital and run by local Chinese. The East Lake Guest House combined the worst of Eastern and Western architecture. Outside, the décor was Oriental, with an ornamental fishpond set in a bamboo grove, but in the lobby a tape of the country singer Conway Twitty was being played over a sound system. Crystal chandeliers, as out of place as a Shang dynasty bronze in a truck stop, hung in the dining room, which was divided by folding partitions covered with rubberized floral-print wallpaper. The waitresses wore uniforms topped with bright-red vests that matched the tablecloths. At first glance, the dining room appeared to be a perfect replication of Ramada Inn modernity, but as I began to note my surroundings in greater detail I realized that what I was looking at was an illusion. There were flies buzzing in the air. The tablecloths were splotched with soy sauce and other food stains. The waitresses' uniforms were soiled, their service lackadaisical. The wall-to-wall carpeting was all but covered with big greasy stains. A good look at the East Lake Guest House only underscored the difficulty that the Chinese were having in successfully imitating the West without continuing Western help.

While Mao's political ideology still held sway, a Western visitor to the Chinese countryside could feel utterly lost to the outside world. How markedly the situation had changed was brought home to me when we reached Taicheng, the seat of Taishan county. As I was strolling through a street market, where peasants were buying and selling live chickens, ducks, and geese, I saw a sign hanging from a distant building which read, in English, "COFFEE SHOP." Drawing nearer, I heard the strains of Boy George and his Culture Club ("Do you really want to hurt me, Do you really want to make me cry?") blasting out through the doorway. Inside, I found a small, tidy, privately run snack bar with two tables. The walls were plastered with Viceroy, Coca-Cola, and Fanta decals. A Schweppes poster was taped on the front of a glass case displaying Hilton and Marlboro cigarettes. Above a small counter hung a menu on which was hand-lettered, also in English, "WESTERN SNACKS," and which offered sandwiches of lunch meat, peanut butter, or cheese. The owner, a pleasant young man, informed me that he had



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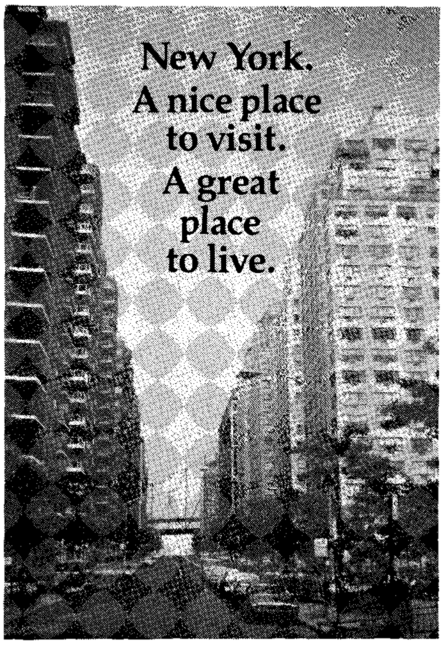
relatives in Hong Kong who had financed his business and who kept him supplied with Western food. When I ordered coffee, he took a king-size jar of Nescafé instant coffee off the shelf, put a teaspoonful into a cup, added some sweetened condensed milk, and then poured in hot water from a thermos.

Coffeehouses (*kafeiting*) have once again become popular in Shanghai, as befits a city that has historically been in the vanguard of Chinese trends, and although their coffee is as undrinkable as any I have ever tasted, the new cafés are becoming the rage of urban youth. To find coffee and contemporary popular music in rural China, however, was distinctly startling. The notion of having any sort of fun, in fact, has only recently attained a measure of acceptance among the Chinese. Under Mao, pleasure-seeking was considered not only a frivolous but a dangerous waste of time. But now, all across China, I was finding young people dedicating themselves to "fun"—expressed in Chinese by the word *renao*, which literally means "heat and noise." As more and more leisure-time activities, such as hanging out in restaurants and coffeehouses, reading love stories and science fiction, playing pool, watching foreign films, dressing up, and indulging in courtship, have become permissible, the notion of "heat and noise" has had a rebirth. Even dancing, long in official disfavor, is now not only allowed but apparently encouraged.

In Taicheng, for instance, the local labor union sponsors dances for young people on Saturday nights. Some days after my visit to the coffee shop, I attended one such dance with an Italian friend. After paying .30 yuan to a gatekeeper at the union compound, which was situated across from a movie theatre and a pool hall, we climbed a flight of stairs to a meeting room, from which the strains of Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home" drifted out into the night. From the doorway, we peered into the "dance hall," which was completely dark except for the illumination cast by several strings of Christmas-tree lights hung around the otherwise bare walls. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw that while there were many young people in the room, only four or five couples were actually dancing. These couples were not made up of members of the opposite sex; boys were dancing with boys, and girls with girls. Moreover, it became obvious that the state



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of the art in Taishan county was rather low; the couples moved around the room in jerking motions, as if they were following diagrams on the floor. We had been there for no more than five minutes when a young woman timidly approached and asked me if I would teach her how to dance. Amazed at her boldness, and feeling somewhat like a reluctant modern-day missionary called on to bring a new gospel to the Chinese masses, I stepped out onto the floor and began to lead her in the box step. She told me that her name was Miss Wu, and that during the day she worked in an electrical-wire factory. The job bored her, she said, and as a diversion from it she loved to practice dancing and listen to Western pop music. Actually, conversation was difficult to maintain with Miss Wu, not only because the music was loud (we were dancing to an up-rhythm version of "Home on the Range") but because, while we danced, she looked almost exclusively at my imported feet, making it rather hard to discern what she was saying. In fact, everyone in the room was looking at my feet with great intensity, as if they might unlock the riddle of the universe. Like most other forms of *renao* in China, however, dancing clearly had its limits. These limits became evident when the tape deck suddenly burst forth with "When the Saints Go Marching In," and my Italian friend, who was also dancing by this time, spontaneously burst into a jitterbug. Almost as one, the other young people in the room rose and crowded around him to watch. Just as some of the bolder boys began to laugh and clap, a cadre in a gray Mao suit, whom I had previously noticed sitting beside the sound equipment, jumped to his feet, walked over to where my friend was performing, and motioned him to stop—making a palms-forward, fluttering gesture, of the kind that someone might make to dissipate a bad smell. When he did stop dancing, the crestfallen youths surged around him, begging him to jitterbug with me, and explaining that the cadre had objected only because he had been dancing in such a flamboyant manner with a Chinese girl instead of with a foreigner. My embarrassed refusal to become my friend's jitterbug partner for the edification of a dance-hungry crowd of young Chinese ended this particular episode of *renao*. The cadre, perhaps hoping to reinvest himself with the mantle of authority among his charges,

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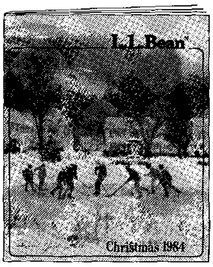

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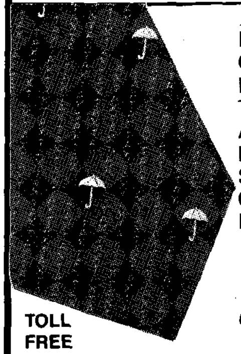

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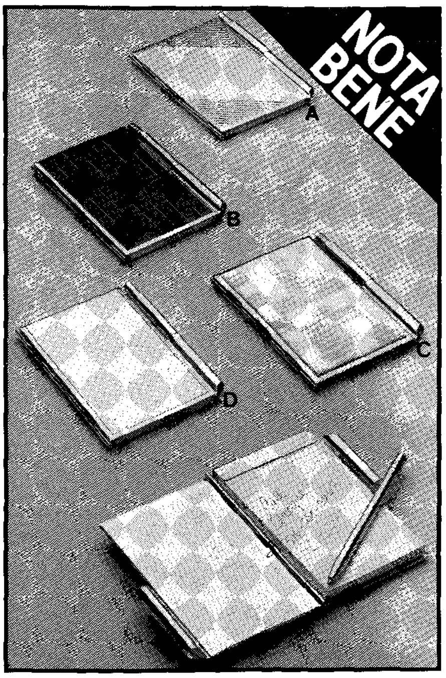
put on a fox-trot and began to dance with one of the young women in a fashion so unrhythmical that he looked like a mechanical man.

AN important factor in the transformation of Canton into one of China's most cosmopolitan cities over the past few years has been the boom in foreign petroleum exploration of China's continental shelf, which is estimated to contain between thirty billion and fifty billion barrels of crude oil. By this summer, China had signed contracts with twenty-eight major international oil companies. The foreign oil companies are operating under so-called risk contracts, whereby they initially bear all exploration costs and then share the profits once their expenses have been paid back. These are, of course, favorable deals for the Chinese. If estimates prove to be accurate, the South China Coast could become the focus of foreign-capital investment that could easily reach twenty billion dollars by the nineteen-nineties. Already, the Hong Kong *South China Morning Post* has dubbed Canton "China's Houston." The first commercial quantities of oil are not expected to flow before 1986, when an oil-and-gas-bearing structure discovered by Total, a French company, will be in production.

Most of the companies set up headquarters in Canton, where many foreign personnel found themselves both living and working in hotels and feeling lucky to have found the space. At first, they were willing to accept almost any accommodation, simply for the privilege of being allowed in to negotiate. Now, with the thrill of being in China beginning to wear off, they are asking for the conveniences of life back home. One of the most desirable locations for office and residential space in Canton is the China Hotel, which had a "soft," or partial, opening in December, 1983, and a "grand" opening last June. A nineteen-story, twelve-hundred-room, one-hundred-million-dollar white-and-gold colossus, the China Hotel towers over its surroundings like the Potala over Lhasa. Like the Great Wall, Lido, and Jianguo Hotels in Peking, the China Hotel is a joint venture—in this case, between China's Yangcheng Service Development Corporation and Shin Ho Ch'eng Development, Ltd., an investment consortium in Hong Kong. A contract signed with Hong Kong's New World Hotels International provides for its management,



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which includes a German general manager, eleven other Westerners in managerial positions, and a staff of more than a hundred Hong Kong Chinese. The China Hotel offers its guests a variety of luxuries: an indoor gym, saunas, a tennis court, a swimming pool, a beauty salon, a ballroom with a Dolby sound system, fourteen restaurants and snack bars, four cocktail lounges, a bowling alley, a fleet of Mercedes-Benzes, a four-hundred-car underground parking garage, a shopping arcade, and an office tower and residential wing with two hundred and fifty de-luxe furnished apartments —most of which had been rented by the oil companies before they were completed.

When I arrived at the hotel for an overnight stay, I found a lobby of gleaming red granite, in which hung two enormous glittering crystal chandeliers. A phalanx of Chinese, obviously from the countryside and looking thunderstruck by the opulence, came through, escorted by a paunchy overseas Chinese in a Western-style leisure suit. Here in Canton, where so many Chinese come from abroad to visit their relatives, it is more difficult than it is in Peking to keep such a hotel a privileged foreign preserve. All day long, I saw awed Chinese families being led through the lobby to one or another of the hotel's restaurants by overseas relatives. It was practically the first time I had been in a hotel or a restaurant in China where foreigners and Chinese could mingle without triggering inquiries from security guards.

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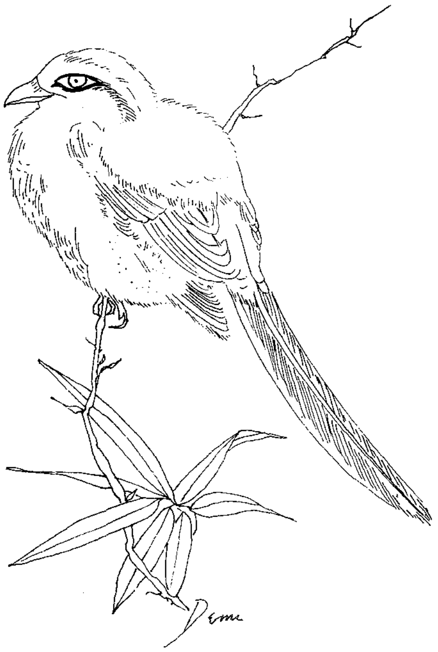

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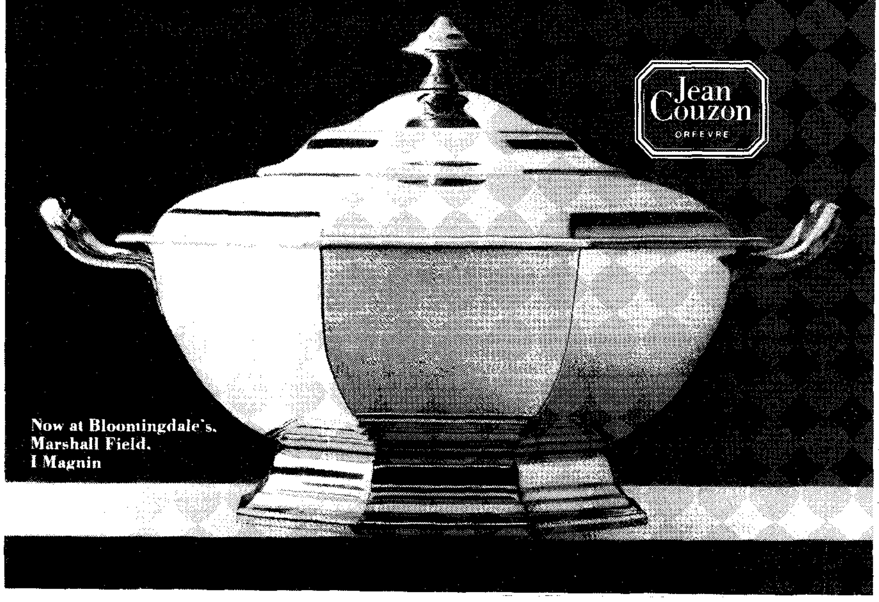

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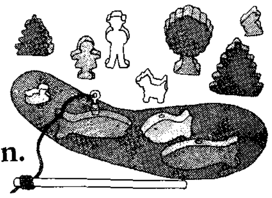

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where in the China Hotel: twenty-four-hour canned music in the hallways; miniature refrigerators in each room filled with Coke, Sprite, and Carlsberg beer; and bathrooms stocked with bars of Imperial Leather soap, made by the English firm of Cussons. The *South China Morning Post* is slipped under the door each day. There are American-made telephones with direct dialling to Hong Kong, and color-television sets made in Japan. When I stopped at a cocktail lounge off the lobby called the Corner Bar, I was greeted at the door by a solicitous and neatly groomed Chinese in a dark business suit and a checked necktie. "Good evening, sir. Would you care for a cocktail before dinner?" he asked, in excellent English. A name tag on his lapel read "Charles Chen." He squired me to a stool at the bar and handed me a drink menu. (I noticed that no effort had been made here to Sinify the drinks, in the manner of the Chinese-run Peace Hotel, in Shanghai, where the bar offers a Peace Cocktail, a Friendship Cocktail, a Panda Cocktail, and—the pièce de résistance—a Million Dollar Cocktail.) Along the walls, panelled in dark wood, hung a series of oil paintings depicting scenes of English country life, with squires in pink hunting coats sitting in front of fireplaces. My reverie was broken by the approach of a bartender, whose name tag identified him as Wister Chu. He was dressed in a black bow tie, a white shirt, a red vest, a red cummerbund, and black trousers. Wondering how much expertise the bar could actually deliver, I asked for a Tequila Sunrise. "Very well, sir," replied Wister Chu, and set to work. While I waited for my Tequila Sunrise, I noted that all the bartenders and waitresses wore tags with European names. Besides Wister and Charles, there were Pierre, Felix, Winnie, and Angela. In many Chinese cities, upwardly mobile youths are taking such names. During the Cultural Revolution, this practice would, of course, have been utterly inconceivable—tantamount to "taking the capitalist road"—but in 1984 the names carry no counter-revolutionary odium. Far from being a political liability, they seem to be an asset, conveying the impression that the bearer is modern and cosmopolitan.

My Tequila Sunrise tasted quite good. When Charles Chen walked over, I asked him how he and his staff had mastered the intricacies of making Western drinks.

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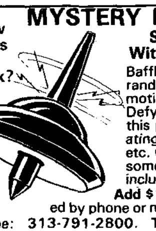

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"People came up from Hong Kong to teach us," he replied, with a pleased smile. "We have a sister hotel there—the New World. To keep our hotel first-rate, we have had to ask for some help and training from them. In fact, that's where our boss comes from."

"Do any members of your Chinese staff resent having to work under foreign managers?" I asked, as I tried to adjust to Chen's use of the word "boss"—a term I had never heard in China, except in reference to such unacceptable categories of people as "capitalist" or "Soviet" bosses.

"No. Why should they?" Chen replied, with a surprised look on his face. "They are good managers, and we are learning from them."

"And is the staff succeeding in providing first-class service?" I asked Chen.

"We have not had much experience yet, so sometimes things might not be quite right," he replied. "For instance, maybe a staff member will come to work in the winter with long green underwear sticking out of his uniform. When we see these things, we must criticize them, even though the staff member may be a little embarrassed."

The word "criticize" rang in my ears. Not so long ago, it had quite a different connotation in China. To "criticize" someone meant to level charges of erroneous ideological thought against him—an allegation that carried potentially dire consequences. Thinking about China before the open-door policy led me to ask Charles Chen about his own past.

"As a young man, I joined the People's Liberation Army," he told me. "After I got out of the Army, I attended the Canton Foreign Languages Institute. When I graduated from there, I was assigned to work as a cadre in the Canton Railway Station."

"Are you a member of the Chinese Communist Party?" I asked.

"Yes," Chen answered, stiffening a little, like a soldier who suddenly finds himself being inspected. "I became a Party member in 1973."

As I contemplated the idea of a Party member and former soldier in the People's Liberation Army working as a maître d' in a Western-style cocktail lounge, Wister Chu took an order for a Margarita from an American sitting on the next stool. Turning on a blender full blast, Wister mixed the drink. Showing only the slightest hesitation, he rimmed a glass with salt, poured the drink, and set it on the bar with a bowl of peanuts. "Please try

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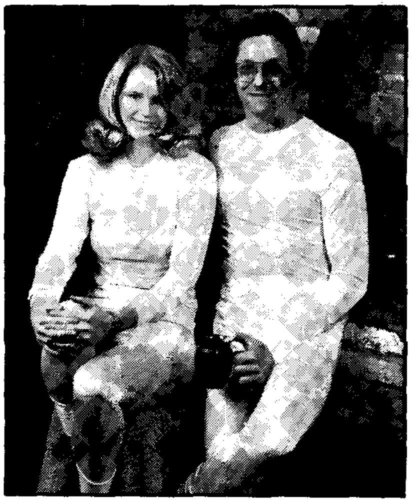

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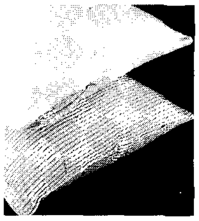

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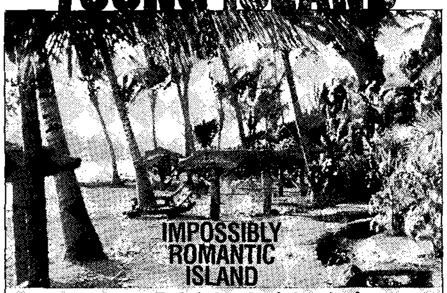

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some," he said, in wooden English. "They are roasted by our own German chef."

"Have you ever been abroad?" I asked, turning back to Chen.

"Yes. I have been to Hong Kong to receive some training with a delegation of waiters and policemen," he replied with a smile.

"What kind of impression did Hong Kong make on you?"

"Oh, very nice," replied Chen, his face breaking out into a full-fledged grin. "We went to discos and enjoyed ourselves very much."

"Would you like to go back?"

"Yes, of course. Life is good there . . . better than here. Everybody likes to go where life is good."

IN 1949, just before the final Communist victory on the Chinese mainland, the well-known leftist writer and critic Mao Dun gave a lecture in which he attacked those Chinese who looked to the West for inspiration, denouncing such people as having sold out to "compradore culture." The term "compradore," borrowed from the Portuguese, had long been used to designate those Chinese who worked for foreign companies in the coastal treaty ports before "liberation." Compradores usually adopted many aspects of foreign culture. Mao Dun's talk set the tone for the "rectification movement" that the Chinese Communist Party soon launched against the contamination of Chinese culture by Western bourgeois ideas of all kinds. "Compradore culture, which might well be termed the godchild of imperialism, has relied on our big cities as its base camps and has sent out its probing attacks from there," Mao Dun declared. "The petty bourgeoisie is the hothouse soil most conducive to compradore culture—a soil in which it will always take root. The worshipping of Western people, the intoxication with European and American life, the notion that 'the moon shines brighter abroad than here at home'—or, to put it more succinctly, the sowing of the seeds of an inferiority complex in the minds of our people—this is the specialty of compradore culture."

In the early days of the Chinese Revolution, the Party struggled militantly not only against compradore culture, particularly in the large coastal cities in which it thrived, but also against the capitalist world outside, which threatened to dissolve China's cultural identity and deprive

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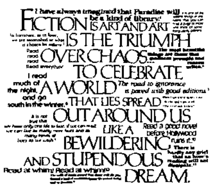
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the country of its economic and political independence. Now the historical wheel appears to have come full circle. Once again, China is looking westward. Its leadership is inviting the old imperialist adversaries back in, instead of battling the encroachment of foreign armies, traders, and evangelists. This time, of course, the country is unified and stronger. In these important respects, at least, the chemistry of China's reconnection with the West is different. But as Westerners flood back into China, reviving foreign enclaves of privilege, one wonders what has become of that part of China's collective psyche which in the past suffered so intensely in the face of Western wealth, power, and technological superiority. At least in those areas through which I travelled, the Chinese appear to have temporarily lost touch with this aspect of their recent history. China seems on the verge of passing from one era into another, but exactly what it is in the process of becoming has not yet been clearly spelled out. For the moment, China's new leaders are simply trying to "modernize" their country. Few Chinese seem to know or care whether or not there is a social blueprint—beyond hoping that through "modernization" most of the population will become wealthier. After so many years of "Mao Zedong thought," China seems wary of grandiose visions. As I left China for home, I could not help wondering if the changes I had seen in Peking, Canton, and the Guangdong countryside were not a prefiguration of what lies in store for the rest of the country.

—ORVILLE SCHELL

◆

CORRECTION

In the Oct. 3 edition of The Enterprise, it was reported that Ernie Shierk, of Ernie's Transmission Service, told the council: "If Jim Bride wants to put that whorehouse in, let him pay for the water." Mr. Shierk actually said: "If Jim Bride wants to put that warehouse in, let him pay for the water." The Enterprise apologizes for the error.—*Edmonds (Wash.) Enterprise.*

Still, it made the day down at Ernie's Transmission Service.

◆

CHICAGO—Could there have been a better time for a turnaround?

Vancouver Whitecaps, who only two weeks ago appeared to be travelling on a dead-end road, reached a cul-de-sac here Tuesday night. And the question now is whether they can continue their impressive march in the right direction?—*Dan Stinson in the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.*

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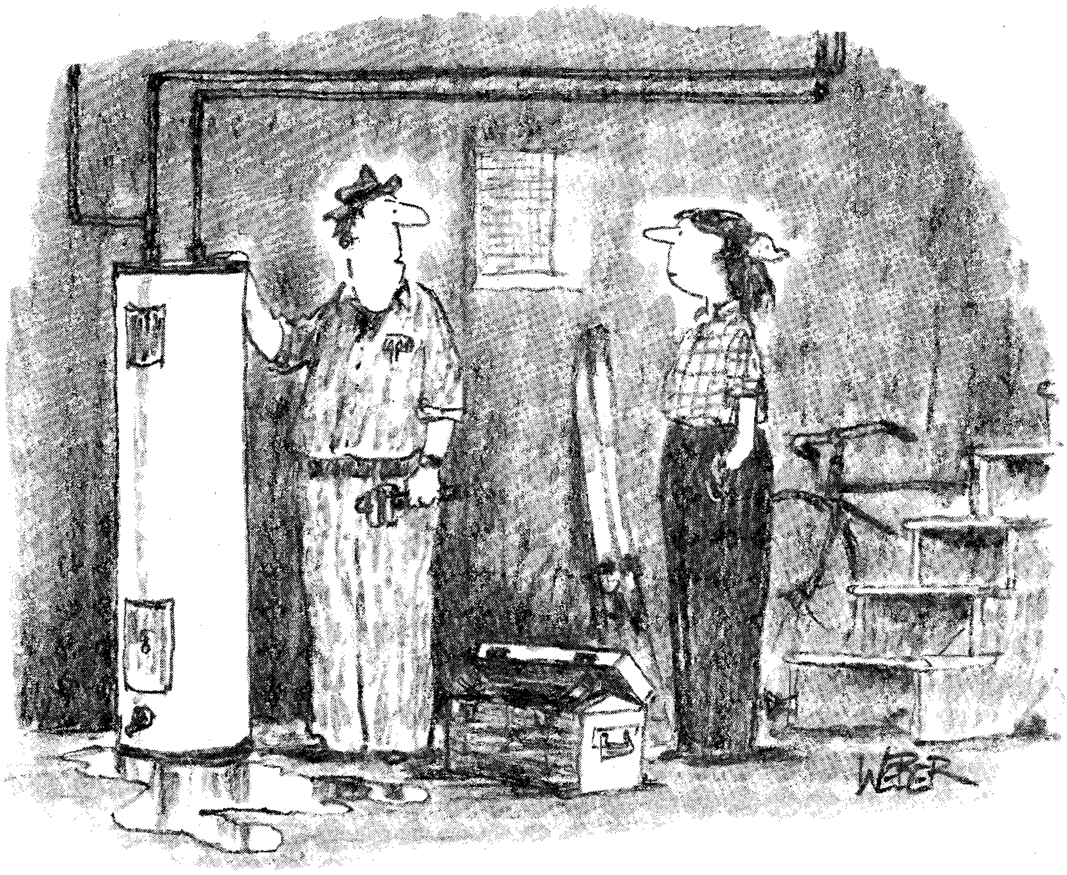
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

THAT familiar luxury the Hermès silk square (to be inspected in variety at the new Hermès shop, 11 East 57th Street) looks strikingly fresh in a shopping season characterized by the need for lashings of money and by splashes of brilliant color. Decades of service as a status symbol threatened to obscure the depth and vitality of the scarves' hand-screened color and of their idiosyncratic, exuberant designs. They reassert themselves now, unfurling in glowing yard-square scenes from a world of myth and quest—a Neo-Realist Narnia of falconry and fiery steeds and fairy-tale conveyances, where skies rain hunting horns or golden stirrups, and sensuously feathered game birds lie exquisitely dead. Silk squares are $100; silk-and-cashmere squares, in a more restricted choice of patterns, are $195 for the thirty-six-inch size or $325 for a fifty-six-inch square shawl. Paris-made gloves here include a dreamily chivalric hand-stitched pink suède with a turned-back dove-gray gauntlet cuff, for $145, and a chic short black kidskin with a snappy fuchsia bow, for $135. This pair teams well with a silk square whose print—Watteau-style fuchsia ribbons twining rakishly round stirrups sparkling on a black ground—is also used for low-heeled pumps, which are $275. On the walls here, photographs of famous customers in the role of young mothers—Ingrid Bergman with her twins in a pair of carry-cots, Princess Grace holding a classic Hermès handbag and helping a just-toddling Caroline—are displayed almost discreetly. The famous bag—with its single handle, twin-strapped flap, key and padlock, and generally sturdy air—is here in all varieties and skins, at prices ranging from $1,200 to $3,795. In an accordion-gusseted version with sections of tan, burgundy, and bright-red kidskin, it looks positively fun; $1,495. Hermès beach towels are rectangles of Egyptian cotton as thick as bowling greens and printed with numerous striking patterns in colors almost as rich as those of the scarves; $125. Harlequin-quartered leather change purses are $110; a small memo book or telephone-listing binder is $175 in beige lizard or cognac-colored ostrich skin; and a quarter-ounce bottle of Hermès' perfume Calèche is $35.

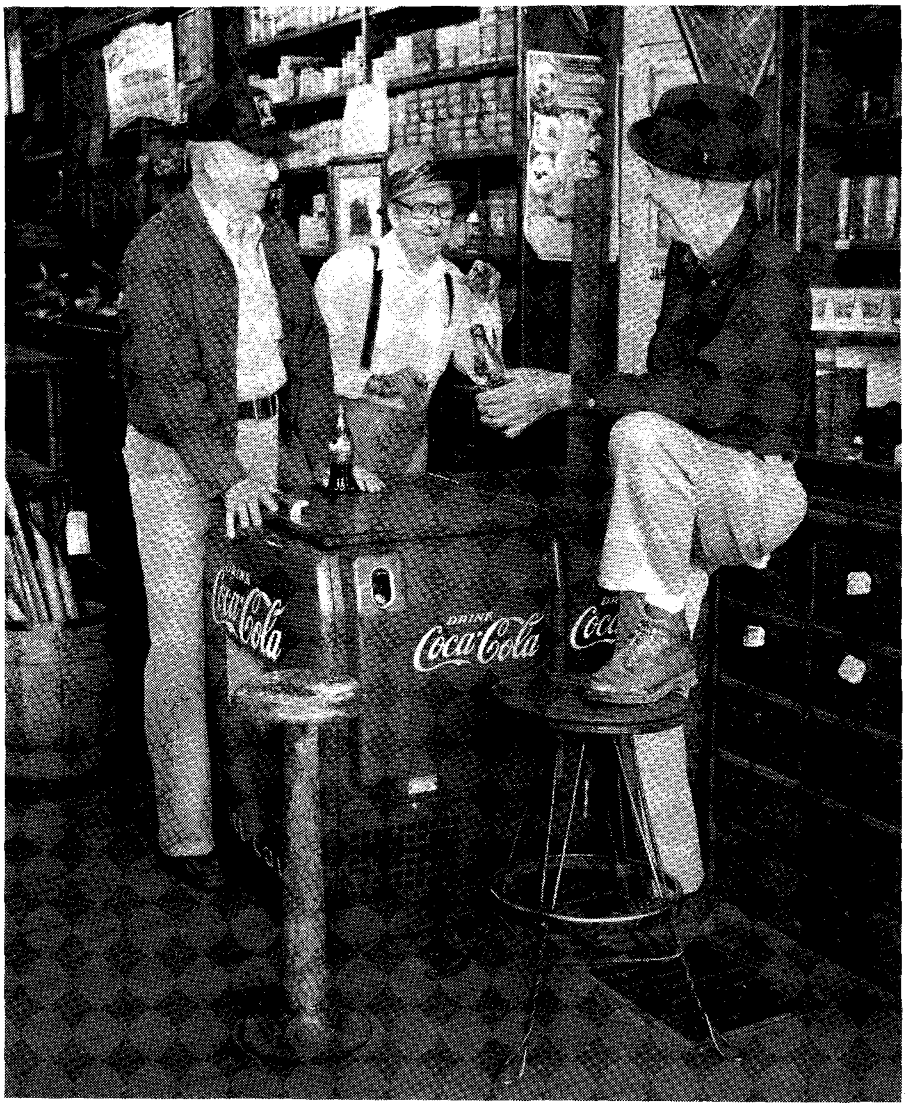
Signed photographs of star customers are prominently displayed at the outpost that Giorgio, of Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, has opened at 47 East 57th Street. A certain amount of unabashed flash is the tone of the parent store and also of this one, which sells only the well-publicized Giorgio perfume and products related to it. Yellow-and-white striped the packaging here, and yellow-and-white striped the awning, whence puff out gusts of fragrance in the manner of steam from New York streets. The West Coast Giorgio is known in some circles for its pool table and fully stocked bar; here there is only wine, cappuccino, sofas, and a ceramic cheetah. The Giorgio perfume is a distinctive multifloral, with top notes of jasmine and rose; a remarkable number of men seem to like to buy it for women to wear. An ounce is $150; a quarter ounce is $50; a bottle of perfumed body lotion is $25; dusting powder is $25; and bath gel is $20. Assorted products in a gift basket cost $195 for a small basket and $350 for a large one.



"Some people think I'm nuts when I tell them that hot-water heaters have feelings."

AS but one aspect of recent rearrangements, Bergdorf Goodman has made the foyer next to the 58th Street elevator into a scaled-down version of the house of Guerlain, on the Champs-Élysées. All Guerlain's range of perfumes and perfumed niceties may be found, including attractive boxes of soap in Iris, L'Heure Bleue, or Fleurs des Alpes; $22 for three hand-size soaps or $40 for three bath-size soaps. An ornate eight-ounce bottle decorated with Napoleonic bees may be filled with Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, or Mitsouko eau de toilette, as well as Impériale, for which it was designed, in 1861; $215. Over at the counter dedicated to the perfumes of various other houses, three recent releases caught our fancy: Gianfranco Ferrè, from the Italian designer of that name, at $140 for one ounce of perfume; Diva, by Emanuel Ungaro, at prices ranging from $25 for an ounce of eau de parfum to $165 for an ounce of perfume in a particularly pretty crystal bottle; and Ombre Rose, which is $35 for two and a half ounces of eau de toilette in a clear crystal bottle or $150 for one ounce of perfume in a stylized black crystal flacon of vaguely Deco inspiration. Up on the seventh floor, in the home-furnishings corner, three squat "aromatherapy" candles, by Hope Hendler—the scent of one is said to relieve headaches, of another to help insomniacs, and of the third simply to promote euphoria—come packed in a box, for $70. Dainty hand-painted Limoges boxes reproducing eighteenth-century French designs are priced from $50 to $110, and Piers Hart's wooden jewelry boxes, handmade in England with fine veneers and floral inlays reproducing the more austere decoration on Georgian tea caddies, are $595.

In the fourth-floor lingerie department, easy wraparound robes from France come in yellow, peach, or white mohair fabric with the airy texture of handwoven lap robes; $495 or $395, depending on collar style (shawl or flying wing). Loré produces a slim, tailored, below-knee-length robe with contrasting silk cuffs, sash, and long, rounded lapels, all of which lend a hint of a Victorian gent at his fireside. In beige cashmere knit with beige lapels ($795), the effect is naturally luxurious; in gray crushed velvet with pewter trim ($365), it is slightly more Aubrey Beardsley. Man-tailored pajamas in either ivory or pewter silk are $260. Turnbull & Asser's piped peach silk man-tailored robe is $275, and matching pajamas are $350. Christine designs an ivory silk robe that hangs loose and graceful from shoulders tickled by mocha lace; $225. A matching bias-cut full-length gown with slip top is $235, and a teddy is $145. Coquettish slippers in cream- or peach-colored silk come trimmed with lace and fold into their own pouch for travelling; $65. Adagio makes a particularly pretty array of pure-silk lingerie, in either black or ivory and trimmed with lace. Camisoles are $80; half-slips are $80; and teddies are $120. Lace is frothing over the fashion scene this year in all departments, perhaps to act as a safety valve for prevailing styles of sombre masculinity. Here are teddies made entirely of



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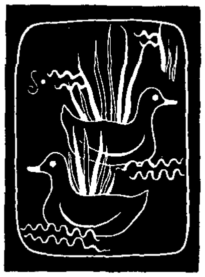
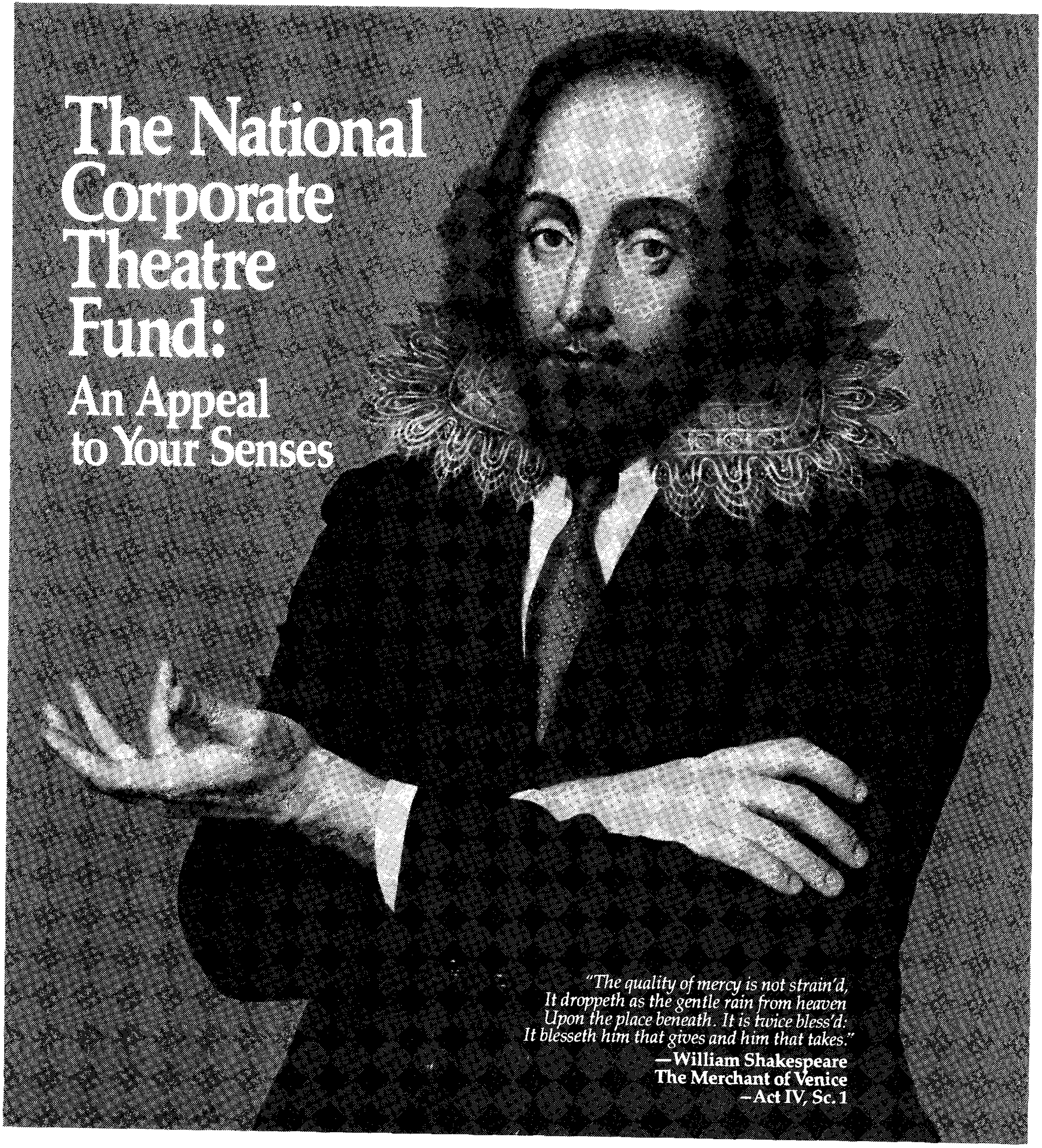
lace, with covered corset buttons down the front, for $200, and low-backed lacy cat bodysuits in black or ivory for $80.

The blazing out of neon color is also a reaction against sobriety in fashion. Stephen Sprouse, the young designer who has become known for shapes that might have been worn by Edie Sedgwick, the Warhol superstar of the sixties, and for colors from a particularly high-voltage palette, is represented in the third-floor designer boutique by man-tailored acrylic-pile overcoats in dazzling red, blue, yellow, or hot pink ($370) and by tubular liripipe-style fur-fabric hats, called Merry Walk hats, in a choice of bird-of-paradise-bright colors ($30). André van Pier has designed a one-button evening blazer of severe, slim-sleeved, and classic cut but in a choice of brilliant emerald, sapphire, hot-pink, or canary silk or gold or silver lamé; $700. Jean-Paul Gaultier and Thierry Mugler, two top names in European fashion design, send slightly more muted messages: Gaultier with a tapestry-patterned zip-front cardigan with lime-green and taupe flowers on ivory, for $370, and Mugler with a big-shouldered, stirrup-footed pale-blue jumpsuit, for $760. And, down on Bergdorf's main floor once more, the jewelry boutique of the former Tiffany designer Angela Cummings has another frivolously leavening touch that is showing up in various forms this year: bows. These are delicate, made of silver or 18k. gold, and serve to ornament brooches ($95 or $115 in sterling, depending on size; $650 or $685 in gold) and rings ($65 in sterling; $475 in gold).



THE newest and most ambitious of the Charivari shops, at 18 West 57th Street, displays international fashions of the more progressive kind in a décor whose up-to-the-minute touches include a stack of three video screens permanently flickering with unmatching images of cult movies or fashion shows. Some jewelry from Copenhagen is strikingly modern in the old Nancy Cunard way: vaguely African chokers with bone and ebony strands of lozenge shapes are $160, and elasticized bracelets of silvery ice-cube shapes are $75. Sweaters at Charivari often run to the deliberately large; hand-knitted wool pullovers with clownishly wide bodies come in handsome patterns of graduated spots (raspberry on red, light blue on white, or burgundy on black) or Op Art grids, for $275. Bright color is in evidence elsewhere here as well. Jean-Paul Gaultier's gray-based sweater has comical oversize amoebalike paisley designs in Day-Glo orange ($270); Kenzo's cotton-knit gloves have combinations such as green hands with yellow cuffs or purple with turquoise ($30). Much of the recent impetus for electric colors comes from London designers, who are experiencing a resurgence at the moment, and who should not be looked to for restraint. The English design team of Timney-Fowler sends a hand-screened silk square in near-fluorescent tangerine with squiggles and borders of turquoise; $72. But it is possible to see all sorts of international design crosscurrents at work here, and observe the to-and-fro of gaily copied ideas. The French firm of NewCo, for instance, sends combinations of knit pieces—a scarlet collarless cardigan ($375) over a scarlet-and-hot-pink tube dress ($400) or black over a black-and-lime-green one—with silhouettes vaguely Japanese and colors that might be out of Britain but with the over-all effect remaining, like the designers, wholly French. Pashu makes hand-knitted Tokyo interpretations of the Aran sweater, for $350. Although Jean-Paul Gaultier's name is on beige or black ankle socks strangely textured with rippled ruffles like the underside of some exotic mushroom, they are made in Japan and have a look distinctly modern-Japanese; $11. Other socks (to be found in the men's department, but many Charivari ideas are interchangeable between the stylishly inclined of both sexes) come in turquoise, hot pink, or Day-Glo green with splashes of fifties-style Matisse-like collage patterns; these are also from Tokyo, and cost $12. The most talked-about names in new British fashion—including Katherine Hamnett, English Eccentrics, Body Map, and PX—are represented here, often by parodies of American clothes for active sports; Body Map's interpretation of a hooded sweatsuit in white cotton piped with black is $145. And in the elegant corner set aside for the collections of Yohji Yamamoto there is a refined and easy version of the same idea: white wool fly-front, long-johns-style pants ($200) and a roomy raglan-sleeved crew-necked sweater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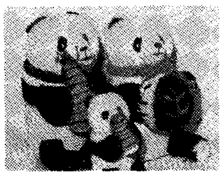

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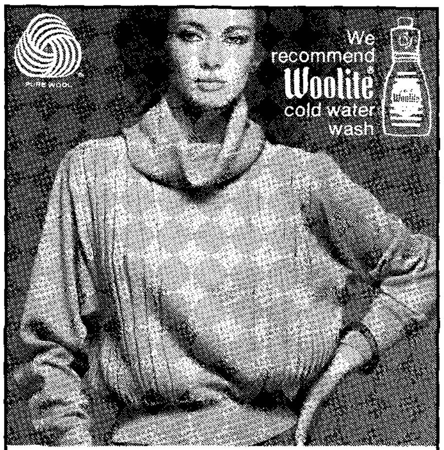
For all the austerity of its gray cement interior, the Omo Norma Kamali store, 11 West 56th Street, abounds in touches of fancy, beginning with MTV-style videos weaving improbable stories around the store's latest fashions. Snoods come in large or medium sizes, with sparkling paillettes, and in a choice of red, white, or black, for $37 or $40 each; above-elbow gloves in red, white, or black lace are $20; colorful Carmen Miranda wooden hoop earrings are $20 the pair; red, black, or white lace thigh-high stockings that stay up without garters are $18; and panty hose made to mimic gartered stockings come in red, natural, gray, or white and cost $5.50. Hats with pillbox crowns of black silk twill have deep, turned-back cuffs of either fake Persian lamb ($134) or leopard-stencilled calf ($150). Also romantically redolent of the Orient Express in its heyday are capacious carpetbag-style handbags made of soft dark synthetic sealskin, for $56 or $70, depending on size; matching oversize berets are $27. The lingerie corner has pieces in white, black, silver, peach, or khaki pure-silk Charmeuse and designed with unmistakably Kamalian flair. A slinky bias-cut gown with a wrap-and-tie effect around a very low-cut back is $300; a box-cut robe with padded shoulders is $335; panties with legs cut as high as those on Kamali swimsuits are $75; bias-cut French panties with side snap fastening are $85; and minimally structured bras are $47. A white silk "New York City Girl" camisole has a back resembling a woman's racing swimsuit and cutaway stevedore-undershirt shoulders, for $75; matching pajama pants are $216. A selection of glamorous evening gowns includes a rustling gold jacquard-effect wool lamé, with a tight-sleeved, slim-fitting, medieval-chatelaine bodice meeting in points a long gathered skirt, for $1,100. Long sleeves and long skirts go into dresses made entirely of black lace; $274. Full, crackly crinoline petticoats to wear with them, in red, black, white, or fuchsia, are $150. A Marion Davies-style white silk jacquard gown has a long-sleeved, loose-fitting bodice and a skirt that falls in triple ruffles to a hem longer in back than in front; $950. And Kamali's beautifully draped evening jerseys have cowl effects like Art Deco waterfalls and bodies like slender architectural columns, for wear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THE Chanel look has been enjoying yet another revival, since the move of the German-born designer Karl Lagerfeld to the house of Chanel in Paris, and since the appearance of a book on the life and times of Mademoiselle. Henri Bendel's jewelry department, on the main floor, is all set to abet matters with a supply of outrageously fake pearls and chains, clanking bracelets, and sternum-bruising Celtic crosses. These last come set with sapphirelike, amberlike, or diamondlike stones, and measure from three to four inches across; $125. Multi-strand necklaces of "pearls" and "gold" are $120; four-strand bracelets are $78; and earrings beginning at the lobe with a knotted gold-metal button and going on to toss in inch-and-a-half-long tassels of fake pearls are $58. The Leg Shop has (for a change of pace) odd little wool-knit ankle socks in gray or black, trimmed with bows, for $10. Up on the third floor (shortly to be revamped, like the floor above, and merged with it by a central staircase) are further examples of the season's colors. A strapless, tight-skirted short evening dress is very Rita Hayworth, with a ruched, draped bodice and a hip-high bow, all in vibrant purple satin; $456. The same silhouette appears in a simpler version, made of a special "rhino"-stamped leather, soft and supple, like a well-worn washrag, and colored electric turquoise blue; $435. The French designer Chantal Thomass sends a gussied-up reversible version of the basic ski jacket, this in black polished cotton with a canary-colored yoke and a lining of black marabou; $695. Oversize silk shirts with bright graffitilike writing or big white stars on a black background are $350 and $310. The second-floor designer department has its dazzle, too. Here is a further selection of neon from Stephen Sprouse. His vaguely zoot-suitish redingote-style coats have black collars, pocket flaps, and Teddy-bear-eye buttons, and come in hot-pink, green, or chartreuse wool melton of such startling brilliance that you almost have to look at it through smoked glass; $925.

The lingerie department, also on the third floor, has more of those Victorian gentlemen's robes—narrow-waisted, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and strongly reminiscent of the one worn by Thomas Carlyle in the famous portrait in which he leans,

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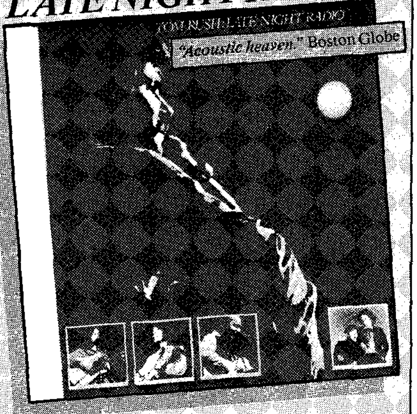

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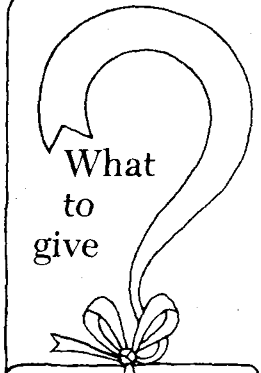

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clay pipe in hand, on the mantelpiece of his London home. The robes are made up in Liberty-print Viyella, patterned with blue and emerald peacock feathers or pink flowers, and there are contrasting lapels of solid color; $325. The Belgian firm of Pluto makes some very soft and comfortable winter nightgowns in a waffle-textured white cotton like a baby's receiving blanket, for $90, or striped and shaped like Scrooge's nightshirt, for $88. Here, too, is one solution to the problems of making last year's fashions look like this season's big-shouldered styles: an undershirt with shoulder pads built in. V-necked, of fine-ribbed cotton, either flesh-colored, white, or black, it is $36. Here are also high-cut, scallop-hemmed tap pants of polyester satin in the new fashion shades, including fuchsia and turquoise, for $20; a bra with T-shaped backstraps, for "New York City Girl" cutaway shoulders ($15); and zippered, machine-washable lace laundry bags, designed specially for lingerie and colored white, black, or nude ($12.50).

ACTIVITY on the Madison Avenue Monopoly board continues fast and furious, and a whole new crop of boutiques—many of them purveying European style in various forms—has blossomed since this time last year. To begin with a generally stable section of the avenue, though, and with an all-American name: Orvis, the Vermont-based company, has opened a branch store at 355 Madison (45th). The concern supplies far more than sporting-country gear and world-famous fishing rods, casting its lures far enough to include women of the kind who like comfortable, practical, and pretty clothes. Tyrolian-style boiled-wool jackets by Geiger of Austria have fitted bodices, silver buttons, and braided trim; in dusty rose, moss green, rust, wine, black, or white, and from $158 to $196, depending on trim and style details. Softly pleated wool-challis skirts with floral patterns on deep-colored grounds are $186. A loden-style overcoat is of navy-blue wool outlined at wrists and cuffs with a blue suède band; $440. A trench-style raincoat in either tan or slate-blue Gore-Tex fabric has a zip-in Thinsulate lining and is $195.

Heading up the avenue to No. 741, between 64th and 65th Streets, we find the new store called Robert Elliot, which specializes in fashionable clothing made of leather. Slim cigarette-leg trousers are made in a supple lambskin,

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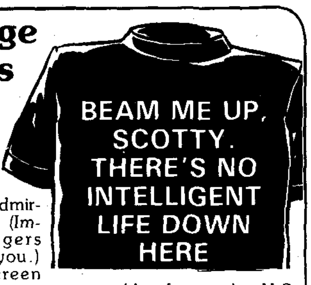
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either smoothly textured or embossed with marbleized or high-tech spot effects, and, in any case, colored light blue, pale mauve, cream, or tan; $295. A zippered bomber-style jacket to wear with them has a smooth-textured body and embossed inserts sewn on the shoulders; $445. The marbleizing notion recurs on a very fluid big-shouldered blouse ($295) and a circle skirt with a contrast-textured hip yoke, for $325.

Like the avenue's buses, Europeans are inclined to cluster. Some stretches of Madison are almost purely Italian by now; others are mostly French. Gianni Versace and Giorgio Armani, two heavyweight names of Italian fashion design, have opened stores at No. 816 and No. 815, respectively, and face each other near 68th Street like big artillery guns. The Versace shop is particularly handsome, with a style as close to monumental and imperial as a boutique can attain. The tone of the clothing (for both men and women) is also on the grandiose side, and somehow linked with notions of power. Very sharp, big-shouldered, narrow-waisted bomber jackets are made with the finest sort of Italian craftsmanship, using superb leathers and skins, and are priced from $1,500 to $3,000; short, straight skirts to match range from $300 for a wool skirt to $875 for a leather one. Easy, arrogant blouses in crocodile-textured crêpe de chine have necklines tossed into side-swept cowls, and epaulets buttoned, like the front, with big cabochon stones—amber-colored on white silk or diamondlike on black or red; from $490 to $605. A cowl-necked, kite-shaped coat of snow-white alpaca is $1,295; cashmere hooded wraps in a beige-and-brown tweed are $1,225; and napa-leather cummerbund-style belts in red, brown, beige, or black are $255 apiece.

The mood at Armani's women's shop is somewhat different, though still suffused with cosmopolitanism and money. For all that Armani has made his name with severely tailored silhouettes (and variations of his square-shouldered blazer may be obtained at the store in a choice of wool fabrics, for around $700), there is something soft and muted in the air here—as private and worldly as the half-light in the back of a limousine. The Armani blouse is thoroughly ladylike, with its long sleeves, back buttoning, and demure pointed collar. It comes in a wide choice of beautiful Italian silks for day or evening, in a

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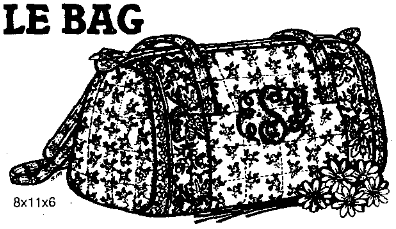

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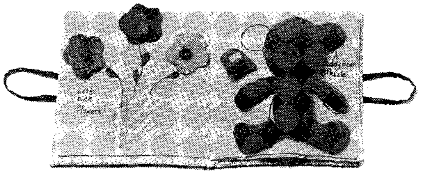

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generally subdued palette, for around $500. For daytime, there are side-fastened cashmere sweaters ($500) to wear collar-under-collar with the blouse; for evening, the blouse comes in various ink-black pure-silk velvets, plain ($500) or with flocked textures ($585). Lean black silk tuxedo pants ($910) and jacket ($1,335) are the sort of thing that saunters on rangy, cosmopolitan beauties of the Charlotte Rampling type. Maltese-cross pins made of jet and rhinestones are $165, and bar pins set with either three or five baguettes of rhinestones are $55 or $65. Luxurious Armani perfumes come bottled in various sizes, beginning at $42 for a quarter ounce.

On the third floor of the same building, Armani's Emporio shop stocks friskier fashions, including blouses with the same collars and shoulder pads as the blouses down below, but made of cotton and ranging in price from $70 to $105. Narrow-calved, Velcro-fastened pants in Prince of Wales checks are $140, and "paper bag"-style pants in gabardine, with enormously wide waists, to gather into random folds with a belt, are $175. The choice of belts includes tan leather with cartridge-case slots, for $55, and linked squares of black rubber shaped like mainsails of pocket-size square-riggers; $45. Black rubber also makes a pair of ring binders for telephone lists and notepads ($70) and an eyelet-closing round duffelbag, big enough for a weekend, with a handle and a shoulder strap attached with a dog-leash clip ($350).

The boom of fashion as a big, big international business can so easily drown out its lovely, vulnerable modulations as a little art. As a reminder of the latter quality, a visit to Alik Singer, on the second floor of 820 Madison between 68th and 69th has much to recommend it to anyone with a love of dress. Mr. Singer arrived in New York some years ago, after a period in Paris and a background as a couturier in his native Moscow—a background in no way diminishing his love of luxury, for he now works with the finest wools, cashmeres, and crêpe de chines. (Coats are $2,000 or so in cashmere, $1,000 in wool; silk dresses are between $600 and $850.) Mr. Singer is that rara avis a designer working not for the sake of business but for the sake of the thing itself. His designs show an innate understanding of how to cut and drape and flatter; they are womanly and poetic, and carry with them what their creator

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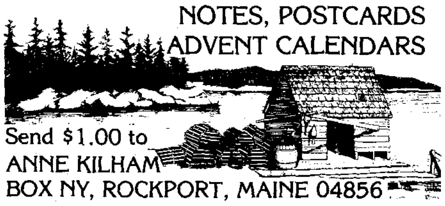

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(being Russian) is not ashamed to call a part of his own soul.

A FEW brisk blocks uptown and we enter the Madison Avenue colony of the French. At No. 857, opposite the well-established Provençal headquarters of Pierre Deux, at 71st Street, is the spankingly witty gray-and-red-painted shop of Arche, a French shoe company with a range of playful, sporty styles that are as soft as sneakers and often have flexible, shock-absorbing latex soles. Shoes and boots are shaped from a water-resistant leather, which feels rather like that used for baseball gloves, and is usually in the latest colors and sometimes stamped with patterns. Scratchy stick figures like Lascaux cave paintings dot lace-up ankle-high work-boot styles, in a choice of winter white, black, red, or spruce; $110. A round-toed, wafer-wedge-heeled boot has a shawl-collar effect round the ankle and comes in a choice of red, gray, black, or off-white; $135. On the brilliant-colored shoes named Dragster—after the feather-light soles with tire-tread ridges, which curve up around the heel like those of racing-driver shoes—a black industrial zipper closes the front. In Kelly green, bright yellow, hot pink, or violet, they are $125. There are matching handbags, too, of an informal, duffelish, tote-that-leotard kind, in red, blue, black, white, or beige, for $100.

Brigitte Cassegrain, at No. 859 (71st), is stocked principally with the handsome and durable leather goods made by the French firm of Longchamps, of which Mme. Cassegrain is the owner. The lightly ridged vinyl-coated canvas material Longchamps has christened Derby shows up in everything from billfolds to suitcases, all trimmed with tan saddle leather. A garment bag cum weekend case, modelled on the traditional French hunting bag and provided with a shoulder strap and a dowel spine, is $250. A funny little fourteen-inch-high duffel has a buckled flap that is peaked and looks like the hood of a Capuchin monk; in brown, tan, or black Derby trimmed with tan leather, and $85. In a more urbane manner, a range of briefcases and portfolios includes a fine box-leather folder for a legal-size pad, with compartments for extra papers and a calculator, in a choice of burgundy, brown, or black, for $245. There are also finely fitted handbags conforming to the most traditional and conservative of French

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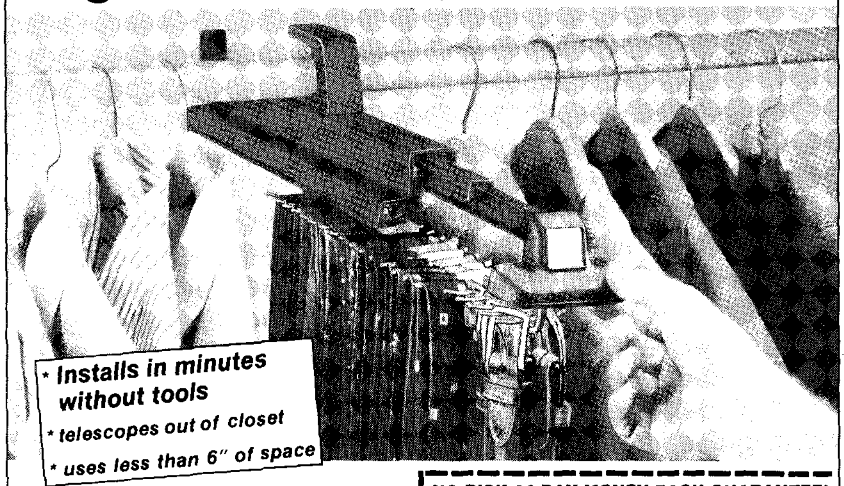
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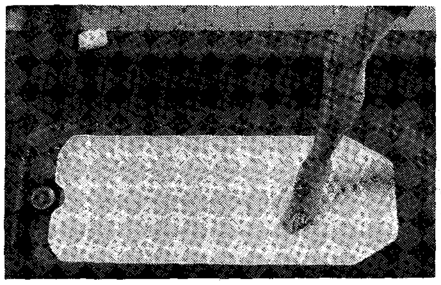

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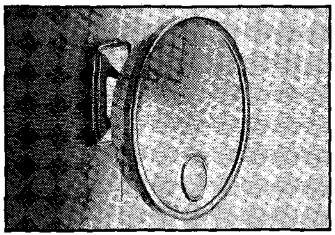

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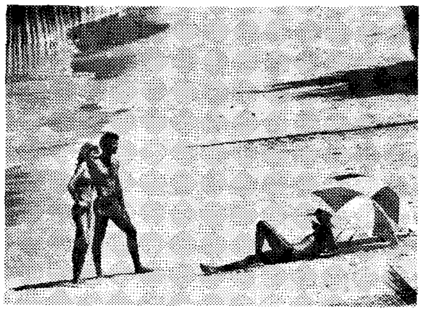
fashion tastes, and beautiful for all that; from $150 to $400. Large umbrellas with sturdy handles of Java, genista, or maple wood are $85 each.

Agnes B., 1063 Madison (80th), is the second New York store to be opened by a Paris-based designer whose first New York store is on Prince Street, in SoHo. Here are simple, casual, fairly tailored-looking separates, coats, and suits. Man-tailored shirts in Liberty cottons with backgrounds of red, blue, or brown are $78. A polo coat has the traditional two patch pockets in front and a half-belt in back, and comes in a red, taupe, navy, or black wool blend, for $272. A waiter's-style jacket in black leather is $300, and a matching below-knee-length straight skirt is $215. Sweat-shirt-fabric snappered cardigans in red, white, black, or pink are $58; cotton-knit T-shirts in green, navy, white, brown, red, pink, or blue are $38; and crew-necked, box-cut lamb's-wool sweaters in solid yellow, light blue, tobacco, red, green, or black or in black-and-white tweed are $89.

With La Différence, at 1223 Madison (88th), we attain the last Gallic outpost, and find a final cluster of imported notions, including a big coat in white, red, or burgundy wool with a tubular standup collar, imperious dolmans, an off-center fly fastening, and welted seams; $400. Silk blouses include a white middy trimmed with white satin and tiny rhinestones, for $200, and, for the same price, another white blouse, this with a fly front and with a white satin collar and epaulets decorated with pearl beads.

To arrive at the new store called Sweet Nellie, at No. 1262 (90th), is to take firm possession of the American heritage once again. Old-fashioned country style is the idea here, with an attractive décor and a stock of things handmade, including quilts, rag rugs, dolls, and hand-painted picture frames. Pioneer-woman ankle-length cotton aprons come with bibs ($37) or without ($25), and in a choice of stripes or plaids. Felt hats for starry-eyed romantics come ringed with ribboned wreaths of dried flowers and herbs; $110.

There's nothing un-American, either, about the handsome new store of the classic-sportswear firm of J. McLaughlin, at 1311 Madison (93rd). It's a preppy, unchanging-values sort of place, with some expensive-looking cabinetry and an atmosphere like the library of a club. Shelves are bright with piles of such things as V- or



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crew-necked Shetland vests with geometric patterns on the chest ($100 to $125); cashmeres with stock ties and in colors including yellow, pink, gray, white, red, and black ($190); and pima-cotton turtlenecks in a choice of sixteen colors ($30). Large-size lamb's-wool mufflers in hot pink, jade, purple, and a dozen or so other colors are $40, and cotton anklets in bright colors are from $6 to $10.

THE British firm of Aquascutum has opened an imposing new store at 680 Fifth Avenue (54th). Here are classic and gentrified clothing styles for both men and women. For women, the company has produced a trenchcoat cut somewhat fuller and longer than last season's examples, to lend the fashionably oversize air. In taupe poplin, with a wool lining of small navy-beige-and-brown checks, the raincoat is $520; a matching cloche hat with a braided band is $70. Black, vicuña-tan, or gray cashmere blazers are $580; camel-colored cashmere polo coats are $1,050; felt hats in taupe, navy, burgundy, black, and several other colors are $80 and up.

Darabin Ltd., on Park Avenue Plaza, at 53rd Street, is owned by two young women who once moved in conservative business circles and therefore understand the sartorial rules for women lawyers, bankers, stockbrokers, and the like. Here are business suits of high quality, made of English or Italian pin stripes, flannels, checks, and herringbones, and styled with either single- or double-breasted jackets and pleated, dirndl-style, or straight skirts. Prices range from $365 to $750, for handmade suits. Suits may also be made to order. All the de-rigueur accessories are here as well. Fur-felt fedoras are $62.50; Argyle-pattern vests in two-ply cashmere are $175; man-tailored cotton shirts are $47.50 and up; silk bow-necked blouses and cowl-necked buttoned ones come in a choice of colors and are $155 in either case.

Bloomingdale's main-floor costume-jewelry counter has some whimsical, stylized brooches that look a little bit like trick bow ties. The metal bows, about two and a half inches long, are enamelled in black, red, purple, or fuchsia and knotted in diamanté at the middle; these are $17.50, and scaled-down bows, for earrings, are $13.50. A card with six pairs of stud earrings in sparklingly facetted glass colored pale blue, green, pink, yellow, mauve,

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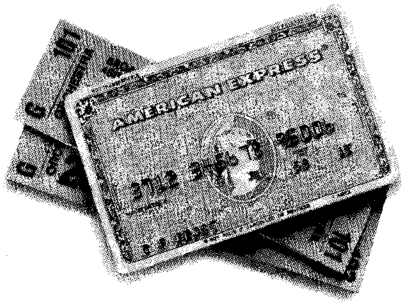

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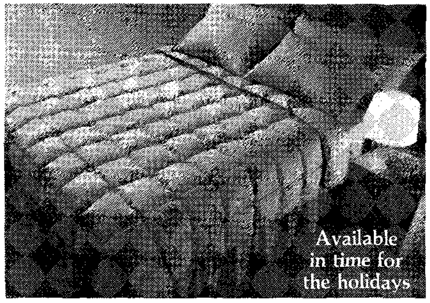

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and just plain "diamond" is $12.50. One-strand chokers matching one pair of the earrings in color are $22.50; one- and four-strand bracelets are $6.50 and $15, respectively. The belt department has Anne Klein's inch-wide, brass-buckled belt of crocodile-textured brown leather with a dangling loop of gold-metal chain, for a watch-chain effect; $45. Chanel-style all-chain belts have looped strands set with fake emeralds, sapphires, rubies, or diamonds; $45.

In the watch department, brilliant color crops up once more, in quartz watches with shiny plastic straps colored red, orange, yellow, or blue which are packaged inside a big, fat replica of a Crayola crayon; $27. Life-size replicas of stubby Crayolas have digital watches right inside and come dangling from neck cords; $12. The enormously popular Swatch watch, which is shock- and water-resistant and comes in a choice of dazzling colors, is $30. And in the small-leather-goods department there is a combination of hair dryer and steam iron, in a plastic housing and travel pouch colored festive red; $32.50. The department called Warm Encounters, in the Arcade, has lamb's-wool-and-angora mufflers in a choice of purple, cream, black, or blue and with hand-warming ends shaped like oven mitts; $24. The Arcade scarf department has cotton-lace muffler-shaped scarves in mint green, powder blue, mauve, pale pink, purple, beige, black, yellow, orange, or fuchsia, for $14. Nearby are some Japanese-made gloves in a stretchable acrylic knit of wonderful colors. Gloves start out in their packet as doll-sized but expand to fit almost any hand. They come in a variety of two-tone schemes, such as yellow with white fingers, black with red, or green with pink, and there are also two-tone fingerless styles, combining, say, purple with yellow; when these are worn on top of the others the fun really begins. The price is $7 a pair. Also nearby is another way of transforming last year's fashions to this: a facsimile of a pint-size Häagen-Dazs ice-cream container, but with "Pints of Päds" scrawled on it in red lettering and, inside, a pair of Velcro-tabbed shoulder pads, for $10.

Calvin Klein sidesteps the quarterbacks with some serene cashmere-sweater styles, to be found in his shop on the third floor. A long-sleeved sailor top has a bateau neckline and three buttons on one of its quite natural shoulders; $360. A short-sleeved polo shirt has a single buttoned breast pocket, and is $320; a lean and sleeveless cardigan vest has two unbuttoned pockets at the hem and is $310. The color choice for all the above is navy, white, or beige. A fluffy hand-knitted beige angora evening sweater from the Paradox corner has a gleam of gold thread to it, and a sewn-on string of imitation pearls looped as if frozen in a flirtatious flapper-girl twirl; $485. Beekman Sportswear provides some pretty and very feminine blouses in the nostalgic, silver-tea-service mood so dear to Mr. Ralph Lauren, but they are not in fact designed by him. One in lightweight ivory linen, has a surplice top with a shawl collar of scallop-edged and ribbon-trimmed lace ($152), and a Victorian-style, high-necked blouse in fine pure-white cotton has a buttoned back and shoulder detailing of lace inserts and pin tucks; $54. The same department has cashmere sweaters in cable-front crew-necked ($89.98) or cardigan ($109) styles. Colors are plum, soft red, off-white, taupe, black, or gray. Cable-front cashmere crewnecks in soft navy, red, pink, royal blue, spruce green, pastel blue, yellow, or pale pink are $60.

At Jean Pierre, the store that was once called Denoyer and is still to be found at 219 East 60th Street, there's more of that cool, moneyed, Charlotte Rampling-style international chic, in beautiful fabrics and clothes that are largely French or Italian and are chiefly restricted to the black, the white, and the gray. A quilted black satin evening jacket with a standup collar comes with a square-necked black velvet halter bound in satin and a straight black velvet skirt, all for $1,050. Fly-front straight-legged trousers of black crêpe are $195, and a round-bottomed black moiré evening purse outlined with a ruffle is $185. An impeccably tailored blazer in black or dark-blue wool flannel is $585.

Nancy Marshall's tiny nook, at 145 East 62nd, sparkles with a collection of Victorian and Art Deco dressing-table and desk accessories and jewelry. Here are hairbrushes and hand mirrors and such with embossed silver and crystal handles; porcelain powder jars, perfume trays, and toothbrush holders; antique hand-dip pens of sterling, mother-of-pearl, agate, ivory, bone, and hand-blown glass; and a variety of

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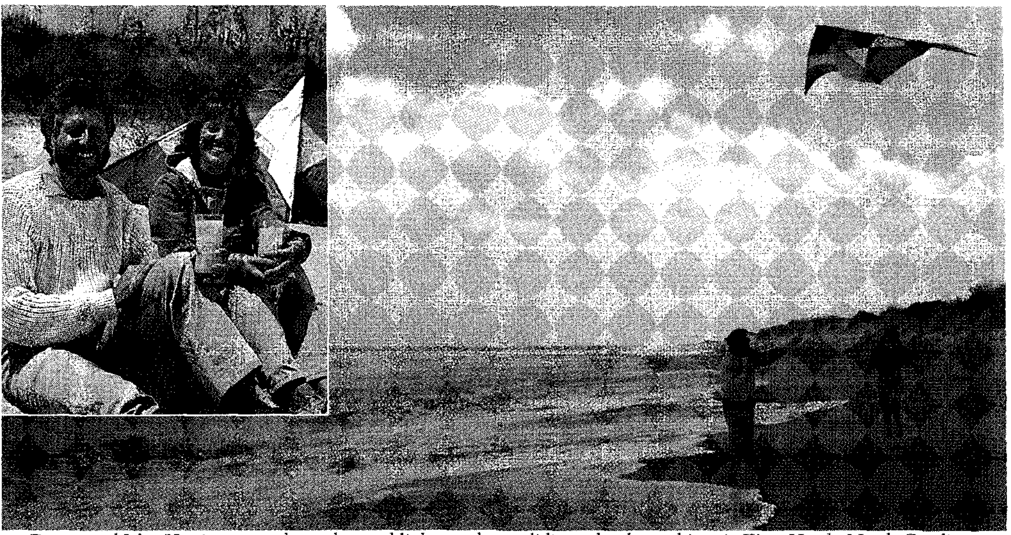
WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT A LITTLE FRENCH DRESSING?

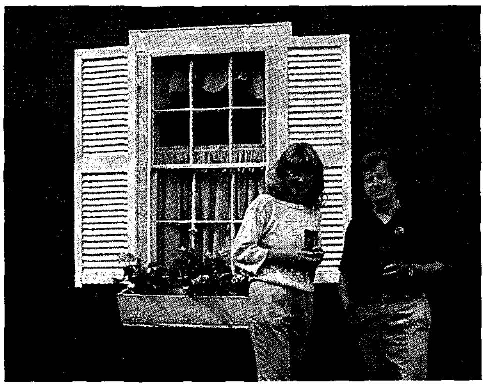
Rum. The New American Classic.

All across America more and more people are making Puerto Rican white rum a classic drink because it's smoother than vodka or gin.

In old San Juan, dentist Nelson Roura and Yamelle Roura enjoy the balmy evening air and the smooth taste of white rum.



Donna and John Harris own and run the world's largest hang-gliding school near historic Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. One of their favorite ways of relaxing in the late afternoon is flying kites along the beach. The other? Enjoying Puerto Rican white rum Screwdrivers.

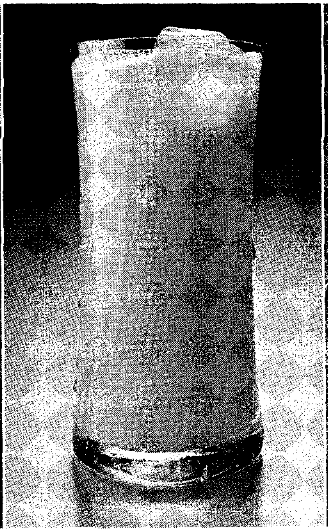


A New England fall. Made memorable with rum Bloody Marys. Just ask Marblehead architect Robert Zarelli and wife, Debbie.

At home in both New York and Puerto Rico: Victor de Jesus, a marketing executive for an international company and wife Magda Vera de Jesus, an attorney. Their drink: rum and tonic.

This South Carolina home is rich in history, as is the white rum enjoyed on the rocks by lawyer Rutledge Young and wife, Kathleen, an interior decorator.

Against the spectacular desert backdrop near Sante Fe, New Mexico, Ray and Judy Dewey, gallery owners specializing in Western and Native American art, pause for the very special pleasure of the smooth one: white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year–by law.

Rum and tonic at their Santa Rosa home. Freelance word processor Barbara Ellis and husband Michael, an engineer.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.

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pins, necklaces, earrings, and watches. Cosmetic brushes with handles of silver, agate, and mother-of-pearl for powder, blushes, and the like range from $75 to $150. Swansdown powder puffs in white or pastels (blue, yellow, or pink) have crystal or silver knobs to grasp them by and cost from $70 to $100.

The white cotton Victorian nightgowns at Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), fit into this boudoir world and range upward in price from $120. Heavy lace edges trim Victorian handkerchiefs that range between $35 and $125 apiece. Lap robes handmade on an antique loom in Wales come in pale-pink or pale-blue wool plaids and cost $140. Pastel plaids are also involved in mufflers, also hand-loomed, but in Vermont; $45.

T. Jones, 1050 Third Avenue (62nd), carries out its own ideas in this season's most dazzling colors. Hot-pink, indigo, or canary-yellow wool twill makes a boxy double-breasted jacket with contrasting black buttons ($129), an A-line skirt ($118), and pleated-front cuffed trousers ($148). The same colors, but in a soft melton-type fabric, go into an oversize reefer-style coat, with low-set double-breasted buttons and two patch pockets; $299.

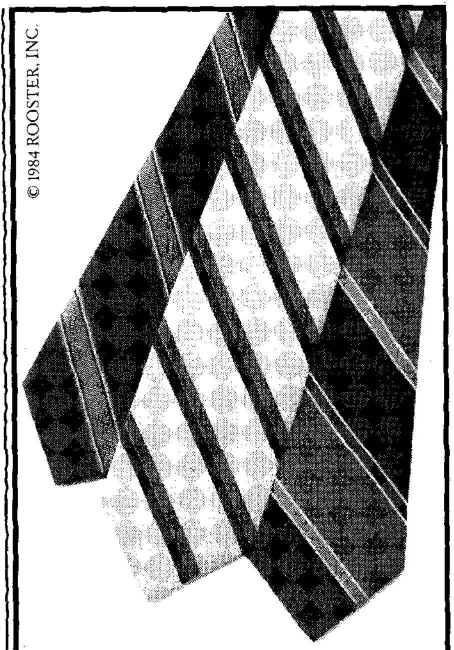
Thompson Street, in SoHo, continues to undergo transformation into boutique territory. Among new arrivals is the designer Yonson Pak, who has established a clean and modernist showcase at No. 107. Miss Pak's style is all her own, and it is carried out with a refined knowledge of fabrics such as silklike wools and textured cottons. This season's styles—stirrup-footed ski-style pants; jackets with toothy front zippers; blouses with exaggeratedly long collars; and nearly ankle-length skirts—mainly employ schemes involving chocolate brown and powder blue. To suggest a connection with "Star Trek" uniforms and Eisenhower-era TV is tempting, but, far from being funky, the styles are conspicuously serene. Tops are from $75 to $200; skirts are from $50 to $200; and pants are from $110 to $230.

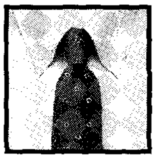
To step into the fine-jewelry shop called Byzantium, at No. 105, is to meet another quite distinctive taste. The proprietor, Stephen Adler, is also one of the designers represented here, and a psychoanalyst to boot. Many of the pieces—designed by Elisabeth Kodré-Defner, from Vienna; Luna Felix, who is Moroccan; and Paul Preston, an Englishman living in Cornwall, among others—betray an awareness of gold and precious stones as aspects of myth and magic. Prices range from $50 to $20,000.

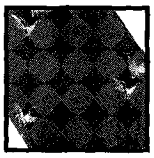
The Women's Duplex at Barneys, 106 Seventh Avenue (17th), has some beautifully made accessories, including saddlebag-shaped handbags by Andrea Pfister, in brown crocodile, for $950; and Stephen de Pietri's comic-opera gauntlets in black or white kidskin trimmed with frogging and tassels, for $250. Patricia von Musulin's necklace of ivory egg shapes ranging in size from hen to quail is $1,000. The dance- and exercise-wear counter has many styles of tights—with feet, stirrup feet, or no feet at all—for around $30; pastel or bright-colored leotards, in many new silhouettes, for around $33; bright-colored cotton socks from Hue ($6); and Keds in many dynamic aerobic hues ($20).

Columbus Avenue grows ever more ebullient, and throngs perambulate its length discussing what to wear or eat. Several stores from Madison Avenue have opened branches on Columbus. Joseph Tricot, 320 Columbus Avenue (75th), is one such store, bringing easy, simply shaped knit pieces such as tunic dresses in a choice of black, gray, fuchsia, purple, red, aqua, and several other colors ($185 to $225), and tube-like knitted wrist warmers ($25) and obilike waist sashes ($30) in a choice of Kelly green, red, hot pink, royal, turquoise, or black. A duck-hunter-style peaked cap has earflaps to pull down at will but a crown open to the breeze; in black-and-white checked or multicolored knit jersey, and $45. Blue, yellow, teal, or orange cotton umbrellas with black wood handles are $23, and backpack-style bags in brilliant emerald or scarlet suède are $145.

Ylang-Ylang, the costume-jewelry shop at No. 324 (75th), already has branches in Bal Harbour and on Rodeo Drive as well as on Madison Avenue, and does a brisk trade in twinkling, tinkling, lighthearted adornments imported from Paris. Among this season's hits are springy silver-metal bracelets like shirtsleeve armbands except that they're set with hearts (from $58 to $65); bracelets of gold- and silver-metal beads interspersed with glass and gold-metal hearts, for $75; chunks of sparkling glass in various shapes and forms, including "diamonds," on a choker, for $95, $125, or $145; 18k.-gold rings set with Minnie Mouse bows, for $395;







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earrings with dangling sterling-silver stars, for $80; and earrings that drop from silvery bows into a small heart or a cascade of three diamonds, for $38.

The Columbus Avenue branch of the huge Italian knitwear concern Benetton is at No. 386 (79th). Like the branches mushrooming at other sites, this provides a lot of style for little money. A cropped, shawl-collared, double-breasted cardigan in a choice of olive or slate gray is $55; a similarly short-waisted angora with a domino-dot perforated knit, in black, red, peach, or turquoise, is $60; and a crewneck with brain-coral-puckered waffles in turquoise, red, and yellow on black is $85.

Henry Lehr, at No. 410 (between 79th and 80th) has sixties-revival radical-chic T-shirts and sweatshirts hand-studded with rhinestones and further adorned with hand-painted scenes and sometimes bits of lace. An early-punk black model has on its chest slashes, bits of chain and other encrustations, and "Led Zeppelin" worked in rhinestones; $385. Other examples have "Standby to Hawaii" or war themes. The parade on Columbus pushes farther north all the time. The limit as of this week is just about the gelato parlor between 82nd and 83rd Streets and, a few doors down from it, the smart little storefront establishment of two podiatrists, with Berber-style gray carpeting and elegant banquettes. On the wall is a poster of some heartrendingly battered pink-ribboned toe shoes. In this neighborhood, even the foot doctor's office looks chic.

•

From time to time I find myself traveling to various parts of the state either for work or play. Whatever the purpose, I seek out local restaurants which score high in atmosphere, creativity and especially fresh, interesting and appetizing meals.

Setting out from the southern part of the state on a gastronomical tour, I would head straight to Bennington for a meal at La Brassiere for a double-sided treat.—*Lois Webby in the Vermont Sunday Magazine.*

Just watch out for dangerous puns.

•

Paradoxically, however, it is the slowness of word processors that excites writing teachers even more. The delay between phrasing a point and printing it makes time for revision, and makes the revision less painful than it is with pen or typewriter, so studetns do more revising. Most of us who work on word porcessors think these advantages make us better writers, though hard evidence is as yet lacking. —*University of Wisconsin Teaching Forum.*

Noted.

DANCING

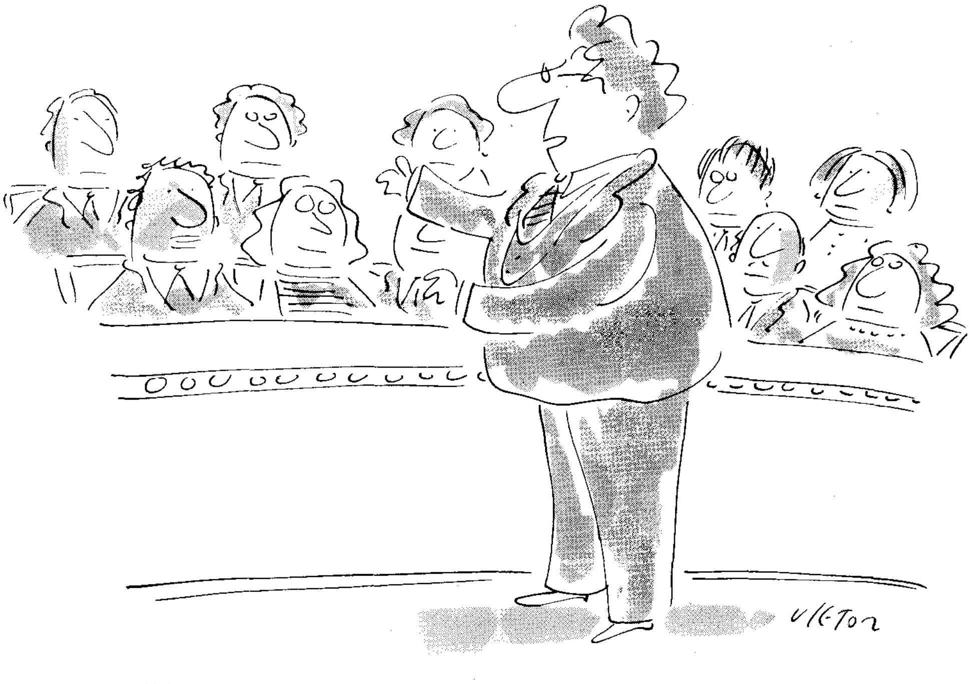
Strangers in the Night

AT the bottom of every national art form lie the tea leaves of a culture, but you have to know the culture to read their meaning. What Butoh, or "dark soul dance," is all about I must leave to the experts on contemporary Japan. From what I have seen of the work of a few local practitioners, notably Eiko and Koma, it is clear that Butoh is an aesthetic rather than a school of movement, and now the visit to the City Center of Sankai Juku, a troupe of five Japanese dancer-mimes, suggests that it has ideological, even political roots. (In fact, as the experts point out, Butoh had its origins in nuclear-protest activities in the sixties.) The performing style of Sankai Juku has a strong mystical cast; the five dancers, all male, with their shaved skulls and white body makeup, their slow writhings and soundless screams, seem to be members of a cult. They inhabit the same theatre of shock and devastation and they use some of the same procedures as Eiko and Koma, but they don't produce anything like Eiko and Koma's primordial and unimaginable sagas of pain—their imagery is more pampered and insular, and this is so despite the fact that they acknowledge the natural world as their primary source of inspiration. Well, I find more nature in early Pilobolus. Sankai Juku doesn't seem as interested in the forms of fishes or birds as in penetrating to some inner state of fishhood or birdhood, and the moment of contact is not always a legible one that we can share. To those not already enrolled in the cult (or willing to be), Sankai Juku is only an exotic disturbance—far too lethargic to be exciting.

This lethargy was the last thing I had expected. I had heard about the sensational aspects of the performance—nudity, bodies hanging upside down, horrendous imitations of cripples and mutants. The reviews seemed to reel from a pounding assault on the senses. It's true that Sankai Juku pounds, but, like some routine horror movie unloading its effects, it just keeps hitting you and then stalling until it finds something to hit you with again. The waiting in between gives you time to notice time, and one of the things that occurred to me was that it wasn't the slow time of classical Japanese theatre—it was slowed-down time. Instead of a pace dictated by events, we had a dribbling of events over vast expanses of time, a constant dissipation of tension, and a deadening of what few lines of communication lay between us and the mystical process unfolding on the stage.

The company was founded in 1975 by Ushio Amagatsu, who remains its director, choreographer, and master mime. The slack pacing and the preciousness are undoubtedly his fault, but he is also responsible for the high moments of the evening, one of which opens "Kinkan Shonen," the troupe's signature piece. Dressed like a schoolboy in cap and short pants, covered head to foot with white flour, mouthing silent syllables in a cavern of silence, he suddenly topples over backward, slamming the floor with such force that a white cloud rises from his clothing. Later, he reappears, knees under his chin, as a midget, rocking from side to side in a shapeless gown. The bodilessness focusses our attention on his face, which laughs, cries, and speaks the same soundless sentence over and over in an agony of repetition. Each repeat is uncannily exact, and the shifting of gears between emotions is accomplished with perfect control. In the final scene, a rectangle of blue sky opens on a blackened stage, and Amagatsu hangs there head down, twisting first in silhouette, then in blazing light. I wish I could say that everything about his performance revealed the precision and physical audacity of these high points. But except for that last image, which gradually brought the show to a close, Amagatsu's great moments were all vitiated by what followed them—the schoolboy gobbled mounds of rice and sent up more white clouds, the midget grew tall and pranced about in a skirt dance. These contrivances struck me as clumsy attempts to sustain transitions in what should have been a sequence of events horrible in its randomness, inexorable in its flow. But the discipline that would have motivated it all aesthetically wasn't there. What we got was one damn thing after another.

PERSONS to whom "Dancing in the Dark" is a ballad by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz and not a record by Bruce Springsteen will be pleased to hear of a new dance company called American Ballroom Theatre, which just made its theatrical début at Dance Theatre Workshop. The four couples who make up the company are all of Springsteen's generation, and they perform the old dances to the old tunes with an ease and a zest and an accuracy that bring them alive again. The sensibility of American Ballroom Theatre is what might be called neoclassical eclectic. The traditional step patterns of the foxtrot, the lindy, the rumba, and so on are revived and invested with a new vitality based squarely on the energy



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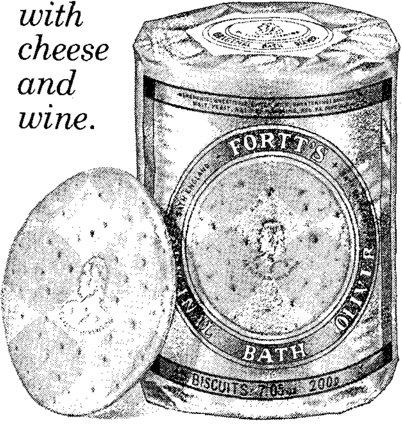

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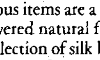

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and the imagination of the dancers who perform them. We see *real* dancing—not dancing that's been depersonalized and embalmed by overconscientious reconstruction. I hate to watch young people reverently revisiting the past or trying so hard to score points in traditional competitions that they overscale the steps and flatten the dynamics. American Ballroom Theatre gives the dancers room to entertain themselves. And it entrusts them with the key to the life of these dances: differentiation. The dancers as they move keep differentiating particles of rhythm, of pace; they keep the shape of a step moving and changing and catching new lights; they make you see that the fun of discriminating among fine details is the whole fun of dancing.

Personalization is an aspect of differentiation founded on rhythm. Another aspect is founded on simple knowledge of the field. In American Ballroom Theatre many strains are joined and evoked by implication: the Savoy, Roseland, the Harvest Moon Ball, the Latin hot spot, the dinner club with the specialty act whirling in a spotlight, the intimate revue with the wisecracks, and the big jazzy stage show with squads of exhibition dancers trucking in front of the band. For such a panoramic sweep to succeed, there has to be a measure of specialization among the dancers, and there is. Pierre Dulaine and Yvonne Marceau, who are the company's artistic directors, are an exceptionally elegant acrobatic-adagio team, whose lifts (and descents) are prodigious without being arduous. Gary and Lori Pierce are the more lyrical, John and Cathi Nyemchek the more bravura of two exhibition-dance pairs. (The Nyemcheks, shorter and more chunkily built than their colleagues, are glittering stylists; they brought down the house with their quickstep to "Anything Goes," and they reprised the head-to-head circuit of turns in "The Carioca" with a manège of barrel turns wrapped in each other's arms.) Then, there are Wilson Barrera and Margaret Burns—handsome, unstereotyped Latin dancers. But all the dancers are handsome; and all of them do the complete repertory—that's what makes them a company. That, and the choreography of John Roudis.

Ballroom dancing is a salon art, hard to expand in theatrical space. These days, we see it mostly in movies or on ice; the medium does the job of expansion without destroying the inti-

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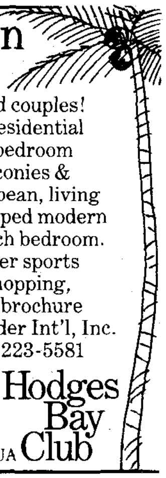

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macy of the style. Roudis began his dancing career in vaudeville in the twenties, and his staging has the nimbleness and musical fluency of a golden era. In the American Ballroom Theatre performance I was interested to see how the elasticity of the dancing kept adjusting space-time ratios, and how Roudis followed through on that, shifting the focus from one couple or one dance to another, separating and reuniting couples, splintering numbers into segments, and in general applying whatever theatrical tactics seemed natural and useful to the form. The result was a show that opened up on its own terms. The stage at Dance Theatre Workshop was actually too small for it.

A more serious impediment was the musical soundtrack, which consisted mostly of pop records. The records were fine, but they kept forcing the transitions between numbers into awkward holding patterns. This is a problem for the new company to iron out. I can't see that it has much else to worry about. It is personable and talented. It has a unique identity and (if the reception at D.T.W. was any indication) a waiting audience. It encourages individuality in the dancers, yet the style is firmly centered on the standards of exhibition ballroom dancing. Roudis, who has worked with professional ballroom dancers for the last thirty years, doesn't comment on the form, as Twyla Tharp does in "Nine Sinatra Songs," and the few times he ventured into additional material I thought he was wrong to. The swirling bullfighter capes in the "flamenco" section were particularly distracting. And in what classy boîte of yesteryear would a male dancer have been permitted to play his partner's bottom like a bongo drum? Yet the tango, the waltz, and the foxtrot were full of the romantic sexual attitudes of the past, openly proclaimed. I don't object to them when they're part of the dance, but there's no place for the kind of fervent sentiment one doesn't see anymore outside of Dracula movies. After all, American Ballroom Theatre is saying that classical social dancing is still good to see and do; one doesn't have to strike poses.—ARLENE CROCE

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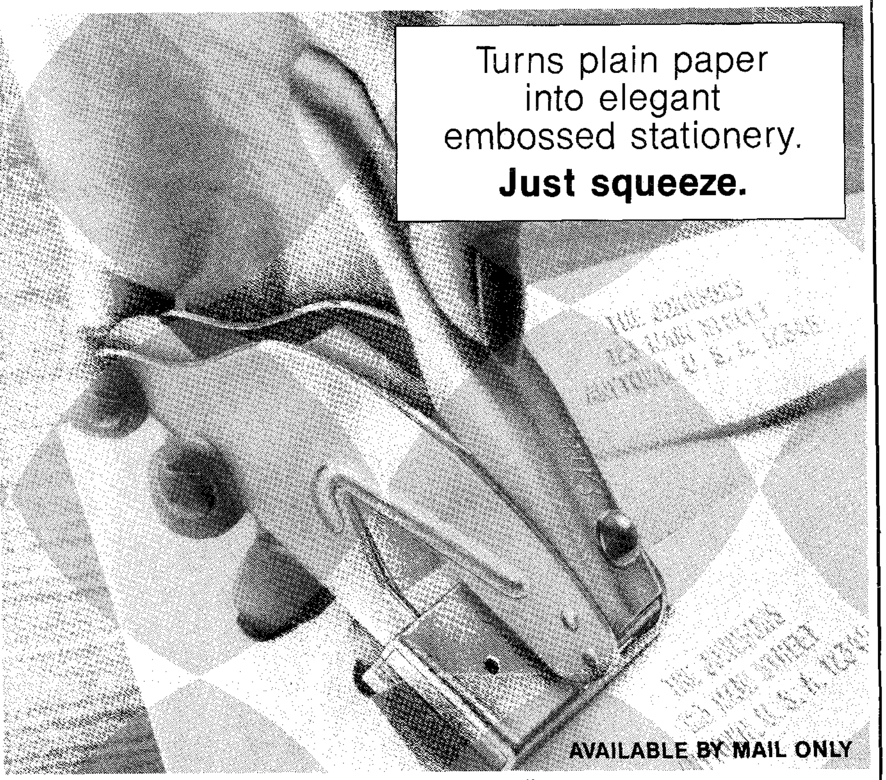

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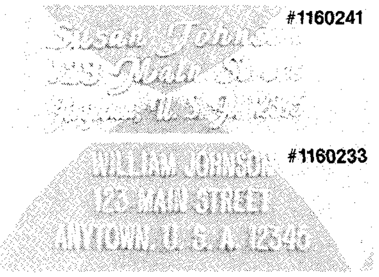

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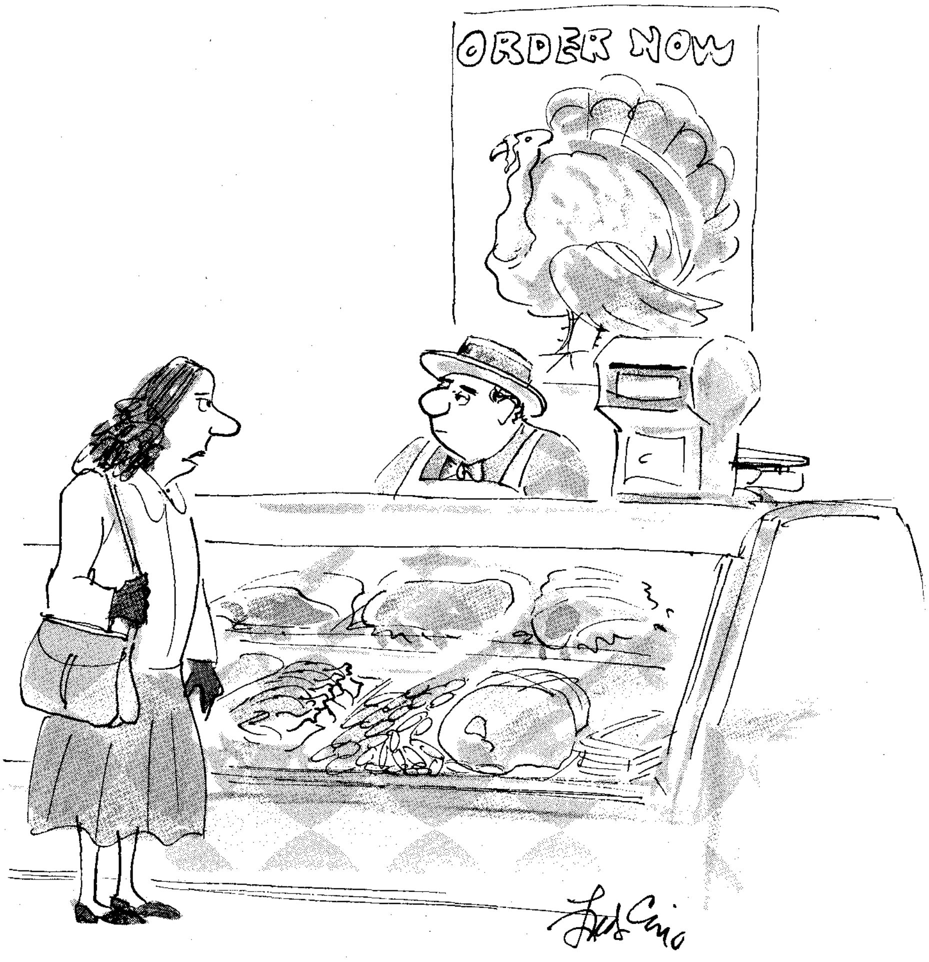
MUSICAL EVENTS

Desert Song

PHILIP GLASS's latest opera, "Akhnaten," appeared at the State Theatre last week, in a production that was first seen in Houston in October and goes to the English National Opera next year. It's the third in a series of "portrait" operas—successor to "Einstein on the Beach" (1976) and to "Satyagraha" (1980), which dealt with Gandhi's career in South Africa. Glass has described the themes of the three as science, politics, and religion. Akhnaten (Akhenaton, Ikhnaton, etc.) was the name adopted by Amenhotep (Amenophis) IV, the fourteenth-century-B.C. pharaoh who declared that there was only one God, symbolized by the sun, the giver of life, and that he, Akhnaten, was His son. He destroyed images of the old gods, built a fair new city, and lived there pacifically with Queen Nefertiti (whose portrait bust is in Berlin) while the far-flung empire his forebears had won crumbled. After his death, the old gods were reinstated, and his capital was abandoned. Some thirty-two centuries later, there were found among its ruins state documents and communiqués, tomb scenes depicting the life of the city, and hymns to the Sun God whose imagery anticipates that of the Old Testament:

Thou hast filled every land with thy
  beauty . . .
All the beasts are satisfied with their
  pasture,
Trees and plants are verdant,
Birds fly from their nests, wings spread,
Flocks skip with their feet,
All that fly and alight live when thou hast
  arisen.
How manifold is that which thou hast
  made!
Thou sole God, there is no other like thee.

James Breasted, whose "History of Egypt" (1909) is cited as a source of Glass's libretto, called Akhnaten "the world's first idealist." Karl Abraham, in the first issue of *Imago* (1912), discerned in him a forerunner of Mosaic monotheism, and even of Christ. And Freud, in his last work, "Moses and Monotheism" (1939), wrote of "the first and perhaps the purest case of monotheistic religion in the history of humanity."



"I want a turkey I can trust."

Glass was drawn to the pharaoh by a reading of Immanuel Velikovsky's "Oedipus and Akhnaton" (1960), a popular work in which speculation about parallels between the history and the myth moves to confident statement: "Freud did not realize that his two heroes—Oedipus, of his first book, and Akhnaton, of his last book—were one person." Glass at first considered a double-stage drama but then concentrated on Akhnaten only and plunged into eighteenth-dynasty history and texts. The libretto, credited to the composer and four collaborators, is drawn from these texts (sung or spoken in Egyptian, Akkadian, or English translation), together with verses from Psalm 104 (sung in Hebrew) and, at the end, sentences from Fodor's and Frommer's guides to Egypt, accompanying modern tourists as they potter through the remains of Akhnaten's city. There are ten scenes, between a prelude and an epilogue, arranged in a narrative sequence: from the funeral of Amenhotep III, through the new king's coronation, his proclamation of the new religion, his building of the new city, and his peaceable life there, to a rebellion against him and the restoration of the old order. It's an interesting story and makes good matter for an epic opera: processions, dances, hymns, love duets and ensembles, conspiracies, attacks, triumphs provide an almost Meyerbeerian framework for music. Glass's setting of the hymns aspires to a mystical, ecstatic quality, but the spiritual aspirations of the opera are to some extent undermined, I think, in the City Opera production by the presentation of Akhnaten as a flighty, ineffectual hermaphrodite and not much else. The printed libretto bears a composer's note saying that the text "represents the conception of the opera as originally intended by its creators," although "it is possible that different productions will depart in some detail from the descriptions contained herein." This production does. (So, by all accounts, did the Stuttgart première, in which the opera was designed, directed, and "adapted" by Achim and Ilona Freyer.) According to the libretto, Act I ends with Akhnaten alone, "gazing at the distant funeral cortege floating on barques across a mythical river to the Land of the Dead." But at the State Theatre the young king, his mother, and his bride went capering about like

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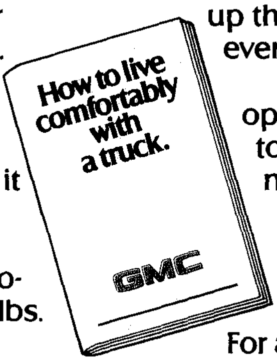
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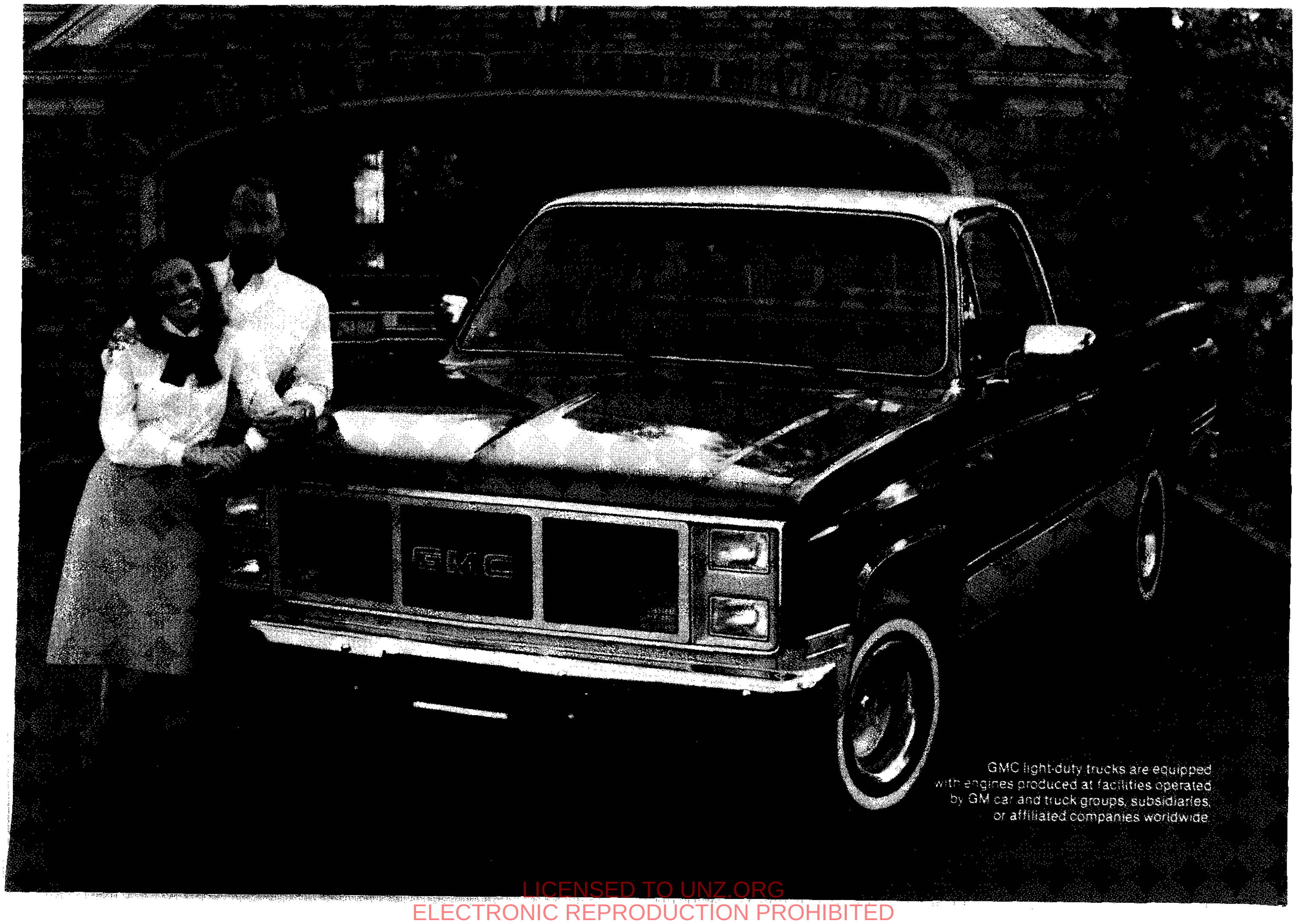

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giddy flower children—to the dismay of their subjects—for what seemed like five minutes.

The settings, by Robert Israel and Richard Riddell—two of the collaborators on the libretto—evoke images of sky, sands, and the Nile. (Strips of real water traverse the forestage.) They are beautifully conceived, but their technical execution is not altogether deft: the backcloths hang rumpled, and a doorway into the sky, toward which Akhnaten ascends at the close of Act II (another departure from the libretto, but a symbolically apt one), is clumsily built. In David Freeman's staging, the ritual elements of the work are understressed: two further visions of Amenhotep III's funeral cortege on its journey to the heavenly land of Ra—in Act II and at the very end—are also omitted. Mr. Freeman (whose production of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," for the English National, I described in these pages three years ago) is the founder and director of small, carefully rehearsed operatic ensembles, called Opera Factory, in Sydney, Zurich, and London. (The London Factory has produced operas by Cavalli, Harrison Birtwistle, and Michael Tippett.) He cites Martha Graham, Peter Brook, and Jerzy Grotowski as influences on his work, and he expects his actors to be able to move as freely and expressively as they sing. I've not seen his small-scale presentations, but in the big-house shows—"Orfeo" and now "Akhnaten"—excitingly complete individual performances have mingled with episodes that look dangerously close to amateurish group improvisation. (There's a caucus-race in Act II of "Akhnaten" that might have come straight from "Alice.") He's not afraid of cliché: at one side of the "Akhnaten" stage, throughout the evening, there's a man winnowing, and, at the other side, a man fashioning mud bricks; pharaohs come and go, but ordinary life continues. Akhnaten's new city is built onstage as a sand castle and then stamped and kicked to bits by the insurgents' feet.

There are differences between "Einstein on the Beach," created jointly by Robert Wilson and Glass, and its successors. "Einstein" was a four-act opera, without intermissions, that lasted nearly five hours. It was scored for the Philip Glass Ensemble (five instrumentalists, amplified), a violinist, a singer, speakers, and a company that danced, acted, and sang, its text being numbers to count the rhyth-

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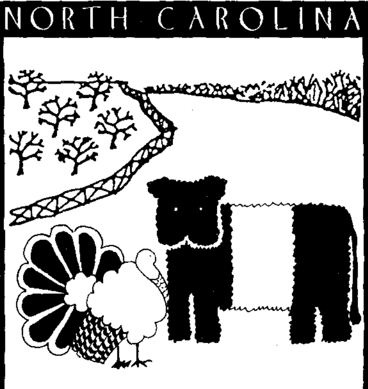

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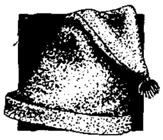

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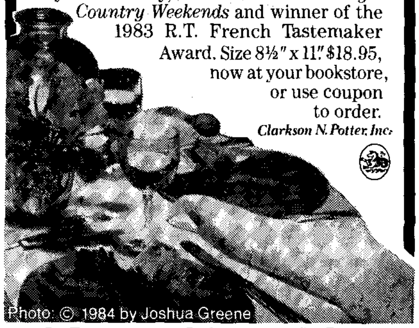
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mic patterns of the score or sol-fa syllables naming the notes sung. There were no "characters," although the violinist could be seen, in Glass's words, "perhaps as Einstein himself." The imagery was abstract, nonrealistic. "Satyagraha" and "Akhnaten," on the other hand, are sequential narratives composed for regular opera-house forces (opera singers, chorus, and orchestra) and at not immoderate length. (The three acts of "Akhnaten" lasted about forty-five, forty, and thirty-five minutes.) They are less demanding works than "Einstein," simple, straightforward, and more general in their appeal.

Glass's music for "Akhnaten" uses Victorian harmonies, moving at a slower pace than almost anything in nineteenth-century music except the first thirty pages of "Das Rheingold." Woodwinds, much of the time, limn the harmonies in arpeggio figures. (One began to feel sorry for the relays of wind players called on to sound endless pages of toccata-like keyboard figuration.) The only section of the score I've seen, the Akhnaten-Nefertiti love duet, is two hundred and seventy-five bars stuck in an arpeggiated E minor, colored by passing notes and added notes. There are pedals and some slow, occasionally dissonant counterpoints in the form of climbing chromatic scales. The lovers' voices shine out above this in a slow, chorale-like melody, crossing, overlapping (Akhnaten is a countertenor, Nefertiti a mezzo), and ending each phrase on a unison, octave, or fifth. The metres and the phrase lengths vary. It's a carefully composed, carefully proportioned stretch of music.

The principals—all of them City Opera débutants—sang surely and purely. Christopher Robson took the title role, Marta Senn was Nefertiti, and Marie Angel was Queen Tye, Akhnaten's mother. Kurt Link was Aye, Nefertiti's father; Peter Lightfoot was Horemhab, a general; and Michael Austin—vivid of presence and strong of voice—was the High Priest of the old order. Christopher Keene conducted with unflagging enthusiasm. There should perhaps be a word for the six living Segals who stood near-motionless in complicated group-wrestling poses throughout the evening.

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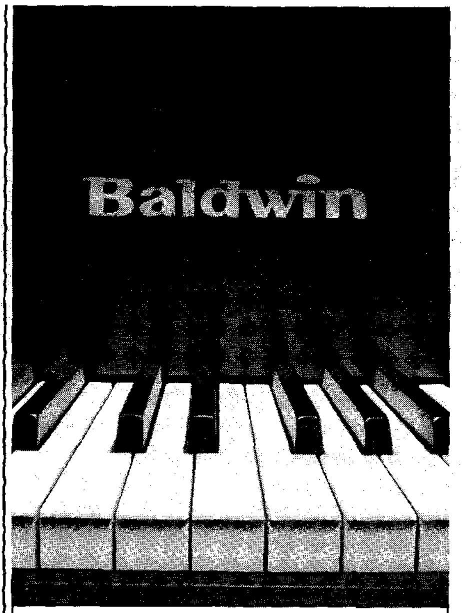

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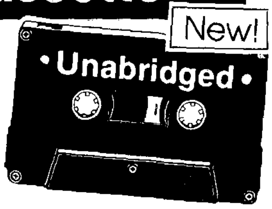

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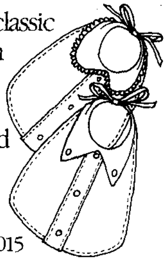

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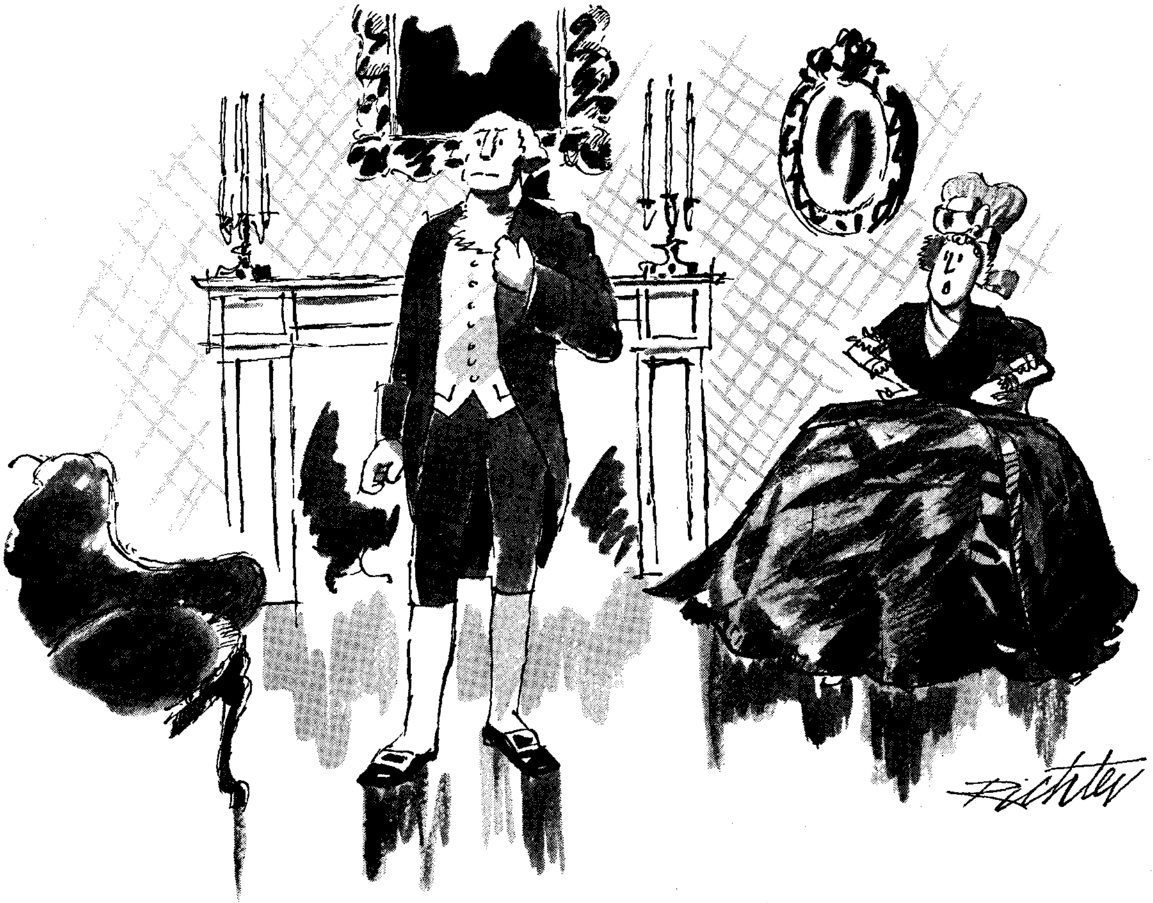

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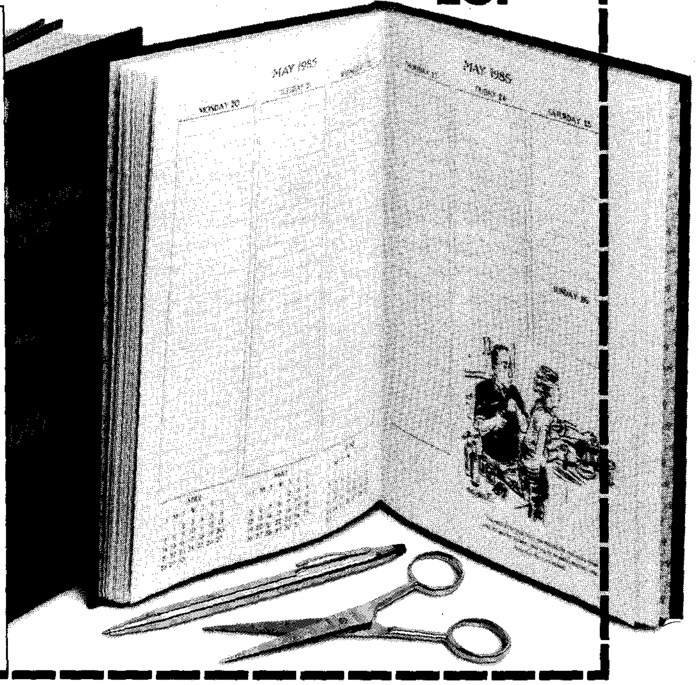

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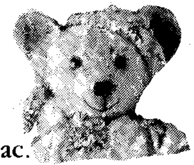

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the Academy's Opera House last month, as part of its Next Wave Festival. ("Einstein on the Beach" has a revival there next month, for a two- or three-week run.) It's a cantata, lasting about fifty minutes, for chorus (twenty-four voices in eight-part writing) and large orchestra (fourfold woodwinds, full brasses and strings, eight percussionists, two four-hand piano duos). The voices are amplified, each group of three clustered round a separate microphone, and are doubled throughout by woodwinds or by muted brass. The woodwinds are also amplified. The general timbre seemed to be dense and dark, very different from the bright shine of Reich's "Tehillim," though people seated on other levels of the house reported otherwise, and a critic of the Cologne première told of "extraordinarily colorful sound" and of "rich, many-hued, shimmering orchestration." The soprano voices, emerging from loudspeakers, sounded canned, and there was an almost Andrews Sisters effect in the swells and diminuendos created by closing in on, *then withdrawing from*, the mikes, in close harmony. "Tehillim"—four Psalm settings—had a dancing, joyful quality and a glittering surface. "The Desert Music" uses a darker, plainer text—lines drawn from poems by William Carlos Williams, a poet that Reich also set in his early days—to which darker, denser music is appropriate. The five movements are built on long, slow-moving harmonic cycles of squidgy added-note chords, unresolved or irrationally resolved, rolling inexorably on and on. At the center of the work there is a six-part double canon for women's voices, setting and illustrating (at length) the lines

> It is a principle of music
> to repeat the theme. Repeat
> and repeat again.

The work doesn't have the melodic buoyancy of "Tehillim," but it brings together, in a long, elaborately planned score, many of the ideas with which Reich has latterly been working (constantly changing metres within a steady tempo being one) and adds a new element in the form of big, slow, resonant choral writing such as might fill a great cathedral. There's also plenty of the familiar pulsing. The Brooklyn performance was given by twenty-seven singers (there were three extra first sopranos) and an orchestra of eighty-nine (seventeen members of the Reich ensemble and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with the Colorado

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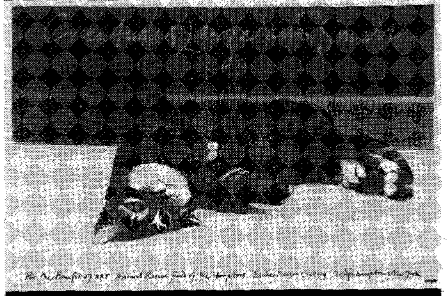

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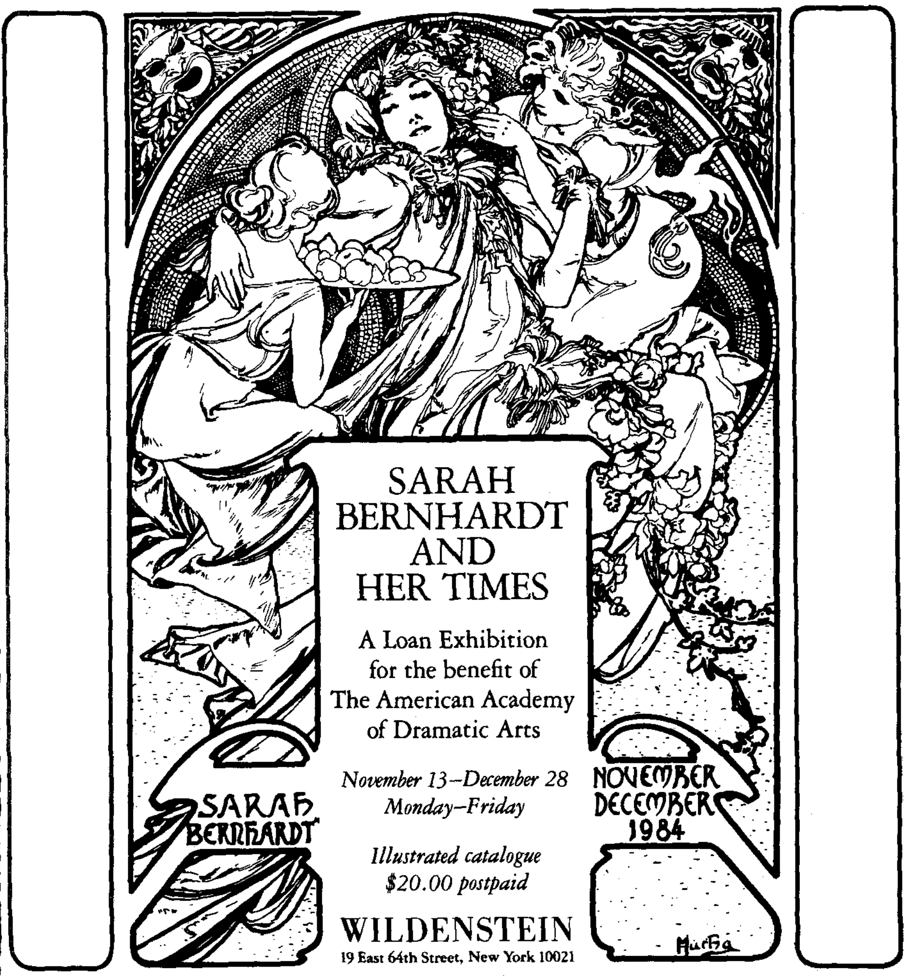
BOTH Glass and Reich apply busy, animated surface activity to slow, repetitive underpatterns. A difference between them might be described, baldly, as that between arpeggiation and pattering: where Glass goes *diddle-diddle-diddle* or *diddledy-diddledy-diddledy*, rocking up and down, Reich goes—to quote the text of the first fourteen pages of "The Desert Music"—"*De De De De De De De De De*" on repeated chords. (The chorus sings that syllable hundreds of times there, and perhaps thousands of times before the work is done.) A likeness between them in recent years is that each, who used to work mainly with his own specialized, dedicated ensemble, has now been composing for regular, established forces—opera companies and symphony orchestras. Linked reflections arise that may help to explain why some people who were once captivated or, at the least, fascinated by Glass's and Reich's music are now beginning to feel some dissatisfaction, disillusion, and perhaps even the hostility of Pauls become Sauls. It may be—it seems even likely—that the minimalist idiom is one better suited to chamber than to large forces. And it is certain that in the work of the Philip Glass Ensemble and of Steve Reich and Musicians there is a virtuoso performance element, adding to the allure, that executants with more traditional skills find hard to capture. (Both points were illustrated when "Tehillim," which had been so sparkling when Steve Reich and Musicians did it at the Metropolitan Museum, sounded stodgier, even bloated, in the full-scale version given by the Philharmonic at the start of the 1982-83 season.) Moreover, when this music is no longer a refreshing occasional alternative but seeks to enter the mainstream it tends to be judged—however unfairly—against a different background. Episodes of pounding, irregularly accented "stamping," of ever-unresolved "altered" chords, or of single harmonies endlessly sustained through changing orchestration can seem childish, simplistic, poster-crude to the listener through whose mind there moves a memory of "The Rite of Spring," "Tristan," or "Das Rheingold." Despite the variety—the little changes of note or stress, the sudden drastic shifts, the iridescence of timbres—that Glass and Reich employ, there's still an immense amount of straight repetition in



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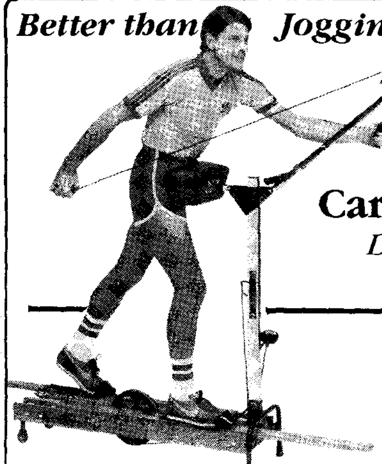

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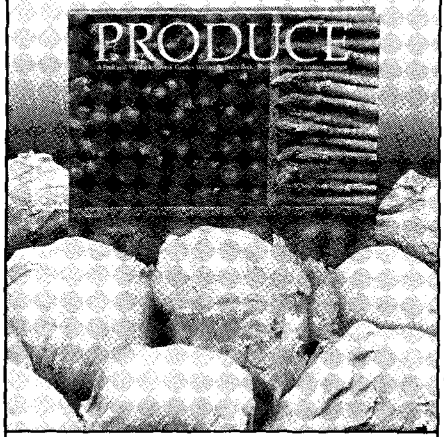

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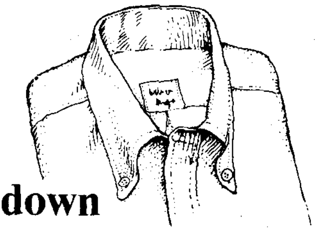

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their music, of a kind hard to bear patiently unless one is spellbound, numbed, or soggily inattentive.

Critics may breathe out threatenings and essay verbal slaughter of minimalist music, but it continues to draw the public. (The "Sold Out" sign goes up at the State Theatre when "Akhnaten" is on; in Brooklyn "The Desert Music" played to three full houses.) Performances proliferate here and in Europe. In this world that's so full of a number of things, minimalism is not one of those that mean most to me—I'd rather listen to Carter, Maxwell Davies, Wuorinen, Babbitt and have my powers of understanding, not my patience, challenged—but I don't feel any call either to rave and thunder or to "rave" in the opposite sense. "Akhnaten" offers an unusual, interesting, and at times moving theatrical adventure. I enjoyed and was impressed by "Satyagraha" when it was spaciously laid out at Artpark, and was then bored stiff by the repetitiveness of the music when a Stuttgart production of the work was compressed onto a television screen. But the appeal of minimalism as a socio-musical phenomenon needs consideration. Wim Mertens, a young Belgian musician associated with the movement, considers it in his "American Minimal Music" (Alexander Broude). After short studies of La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Reich, Glass, and their methods, there is an Adorno-influenced section on "the historical development of basic concepts;" Schoenberg, Webern, Stockhausen, and Cage pass in brief review. Then there's a section—not clearly formulated or argued, but worth wrestling with—on "ideology." Mertens contrasts Adorno's critical theory and defense of dialectical art with the "libidinal philosophy" of Gilles Deleuze and Jean-François Lyotard—nondialectical, anti-intellectual—and reaches disturbing conclusions: that minimalist music may provide at best Freud's "return to the infantile experience of hallucinatory satisfaction," and that one of the main reasons for its popularity is "the drug-like experience and the imaginary satisfaction it brings about . . . even more obvious in disco music and space-rock, the popular derivatives of repetitive music." Finally, he suggests that what began as a liberating movement—a possible escape from an impasse toward which modern art unwelcomed by large audiences seemed to be heading —may have become something more

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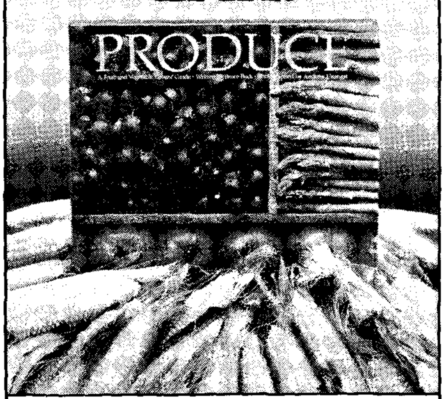

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sinister. Invoking Marcuse (who "says that late-capitalist society has an extraordinary capacity to turn emancipatory movements into movements that accommodate the ruling monopolistic powers"), he ends, "The breakdown of dialectics . . . the desertion from history in favour of a utopian world . . . can bring only pseudo-satisfaction and will probably serve to strengthen the historical impasse." Mertens wrote his book a few years ago. (It first appeared, in Flemish, in 1980.) Since then, Glass and Reich have been taken up by big—well, fairly big—business in the form of major opera houses, record companies, and music publishers as well as by big audiences. In an increasingly uncritical and irresponsible society, it's perhaps harder than ever for a musician to surrender to their beguiling, mesmeric *diddledy-diddledy* or *de-de-de-de* with anything approaching an easy conscience—even when the subject matter and the texts are elevated.

The minimalist discography is large. Of the works mentioned here, the 1979 recording of "Einstein on the Beach" has been recut and reissued by CBS, and "Tehillim" is on the ECM label. The Brooklyn performance of "The Desert Music" has been recorded by Nonesuch, and a City Opera recording of "Satyagraha" is due next year from CBS, to be followed in 1986 by a stage production.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

"Controlling a plant," says Theodore J. Williams, a researcher at Purdue University, "takes a wider attention span than any one person could possibly have." But with a distributed computer system, Mr. Williams added, "You can increase profitability, increase productivity, reduce raw materials and reduce emissions, because the computer system is flexible, process, rather than an entire plant. The system is flexible, allowess, rather than an entire plant. The system is flexible, allowing anather than an entire plant. The system is flexible, allowing an operator to rearrange a manufacturing process from his seat at the console. "If you change your mind," said Robert E. Otto, a technical consultant at the Monsanto Co., "you don't have to rewire, you can just reprogram."

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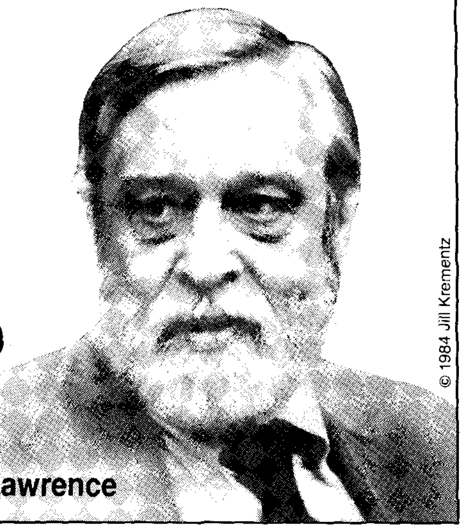

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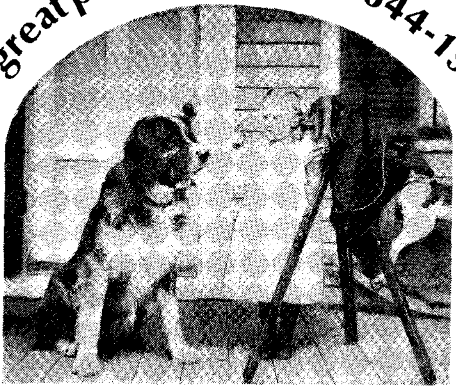

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THE THEATRE

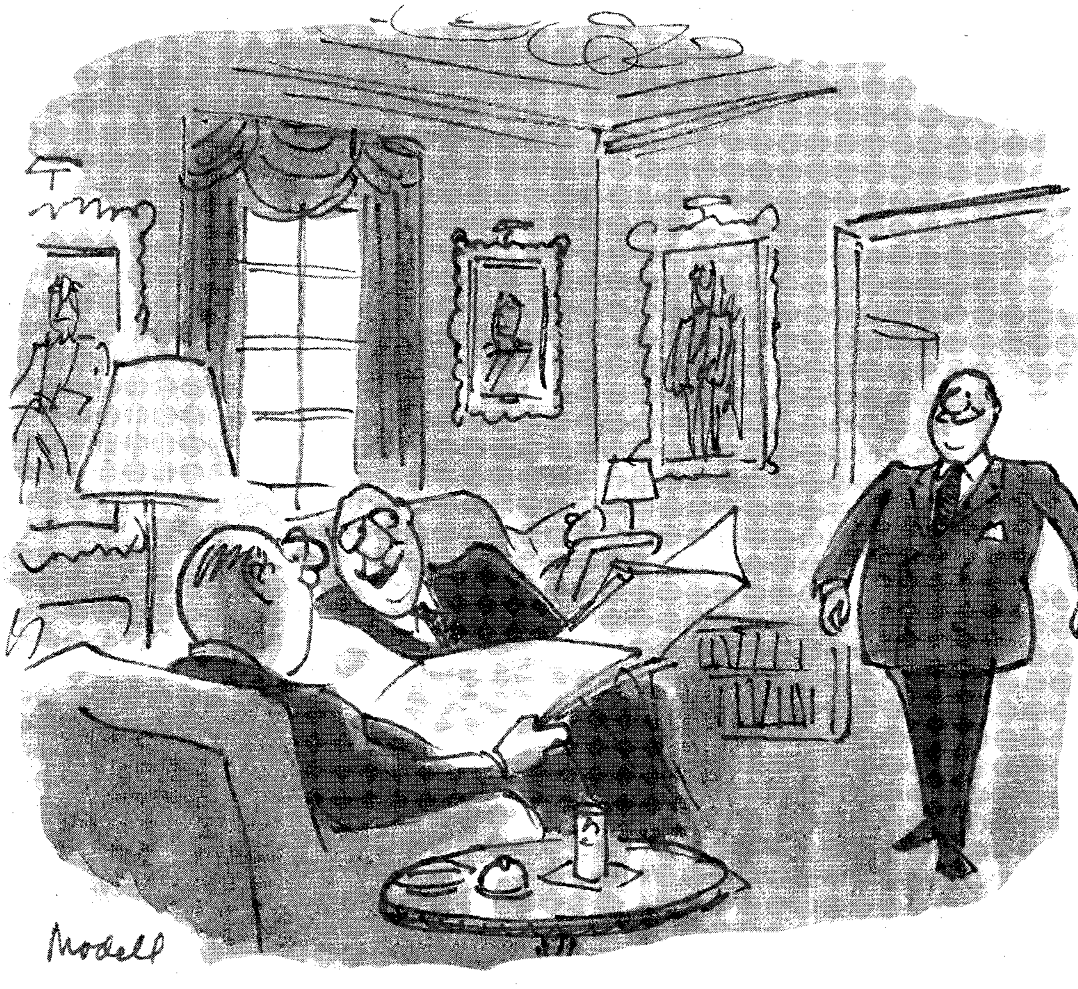
Grave Robbers

“The Three Musketeers,” at the Broadway, is so thoroughgoing a disaster that one is constantly tempted to avert one’s eyes from it, as from some frightful roadside accident. Out of kindness, a reviewer might be willing to call its *miserable heaping up of failed intentions* laughable, but the fact of the matter is that the production, lying upon the stage like the colossal wreckage of a Spruce Goose doomed never to fly, yields not even a single rueful smile. Grave robbers have been at work, exhuming a Ziegfeld extravaganza of the nineteen-twenties that ought to have been allowed to remain out of sight and out of mind, embalmed by time; the music is by Rudolf Friml, the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey, and the book is by William Anthony McGuire, an amiable hack of the period, who for his innocent purposes ransacked the celebrated novel by Alexandre Dumas. Mark Bramble is given credit for the present version; to call his hand heavy is to compliment him beyond his deserts. As for the scenery (by Nancy Winters) and the costumes (by Freddy Wittop), they are alike in being ugly and cumbersome. The huge cast, headed by Michael Praed, is distinguished only by its hamminess; it may be that the director, Joe Layton, mistakenly assumed that boisterous overplaying by the actors would fill the gap left by their almost total lack of talent. Among the characters that circle round the young hero, d’Artagnan, are King Louis XIII, Queen Anne, Cardinal Richelieu, the Duke of Buckingham, Milady de Winter, Lady Constance Bonacieux, and, of course, the three musketeers—Athos, Aramis, and Porthos, who seek in vain to model their performances on the Ritz Brothers’. The nobility of the French court speak with coarse Middle American accents; duelling reduces itself to fisticuffs and the odd knee in the groin. The high moment of the musical is reached early in the first act, when d’Artagnan makes his entrance on horseback, reaching the stage after a stately progress through the auditorium. That high moment having been savored, one ought to feel free to depart, abandoning the crudely fashioned fictions of a synthetic seventeenth-century France for the welcome authentic squalor of twentieth-century New York. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

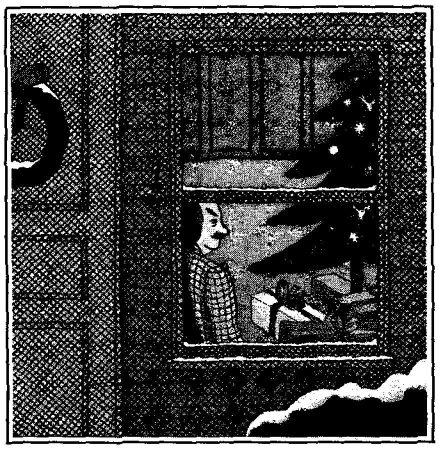
Not Much to Celebrate

“In Celebration,” which opens the season of the Manhattan Theatre Club, at the City Center, was written by David Storey, the English dramatist of “Home,” “The Changing Room,” “Life Class,” and “The Contractor,” among other winners, and directed by Lindsay Anderson, who was the original director of all of them. What credentials! Yet in spite of them, and of the distinguished actors in the company, the play doesn’t work. “In Celebration” is about the return to their Yorkshire home of the three grown sons of a coal miner and his wife to celebrate the parents’ fortieth wedding anniversary. The brothers are Steven, the youngest and easily the favorite, a schoolteacher who has abandoned the novel he has been working on for the past seven years; Andrew, the eldest, a lawyer who has left his wife and the law to become a painter, although he claims that he is not particularly interested in art; and Colin, in the middle, who has become a prosperous executive at an automobile factory. The father, at sixty-four, still goes into the mines every day, and the mother, a supercilious woman with social pretensions, does little to

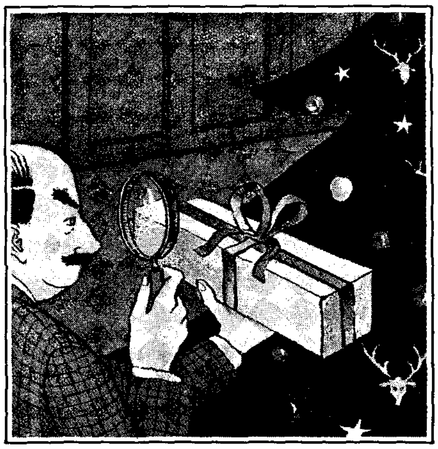


“He’s on a diet. Tell him he looks thin.”

THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



"Bah, humbug," I cried unseasonably as I surveyed the puzzling presents clustered 'round my tree. " 'Tis not the spirit *behind* the gifts that's mystifying me," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit *in* them."



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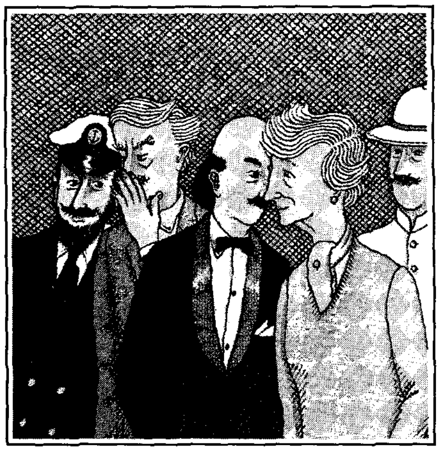
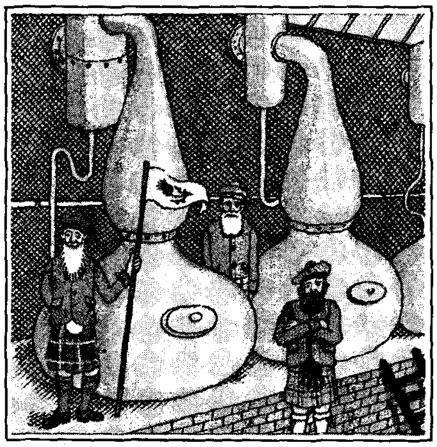
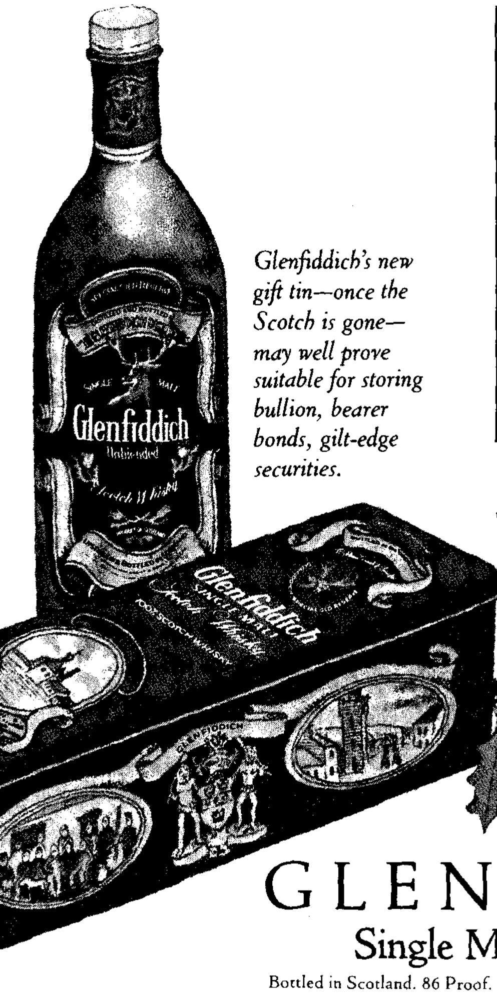


Despite the good will of the season, base suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put a *blended* Scotch beneath my tree? Had some cabal of cronies shared the sterling Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scottish Nationalists seized Banffshire? Was there no more *Glenfiddich* to be had?"



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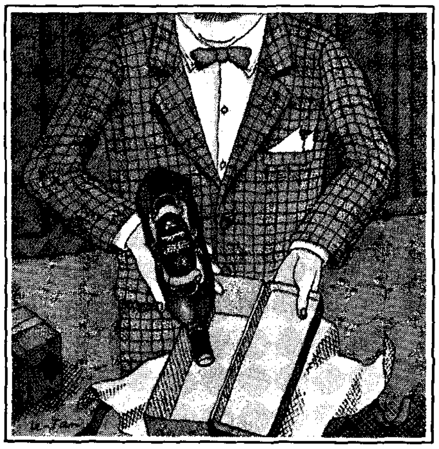

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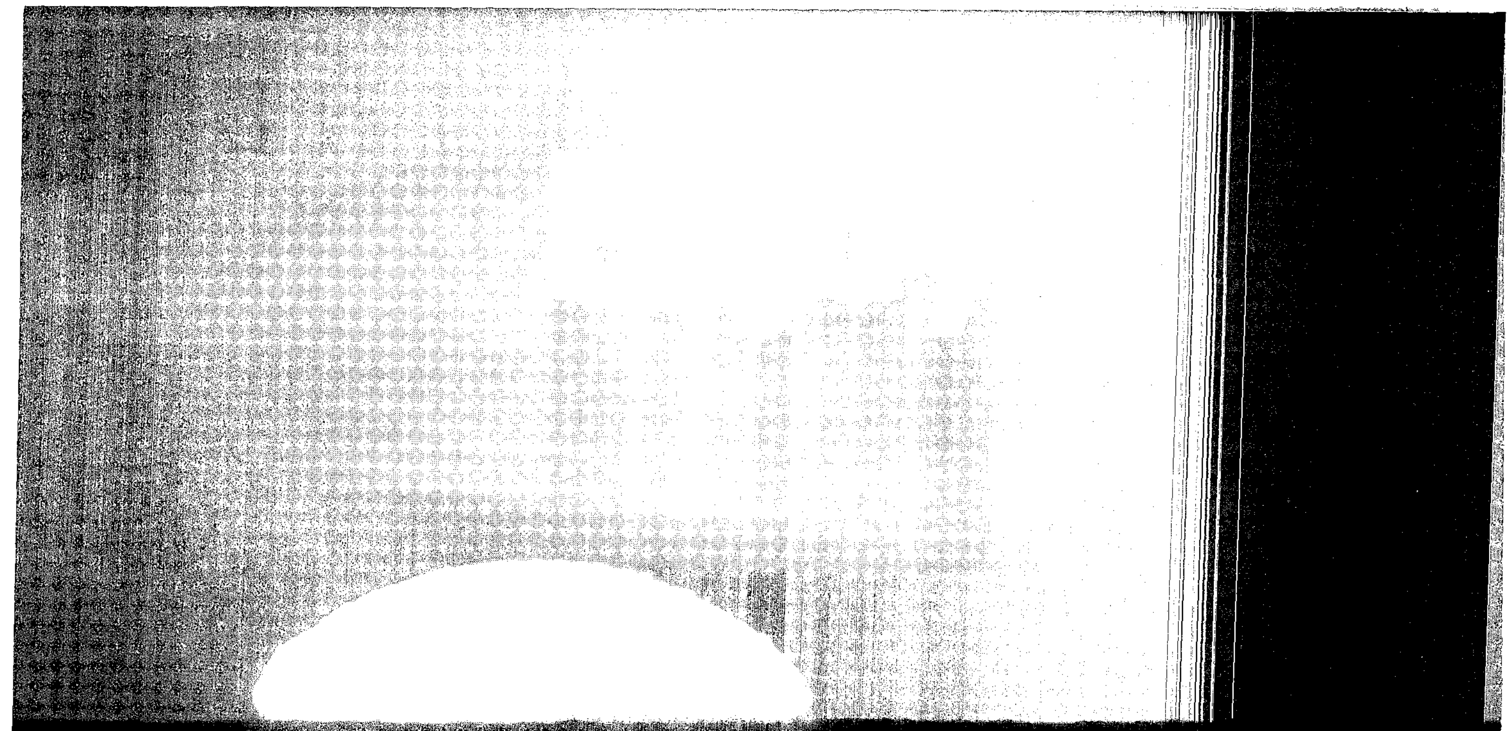

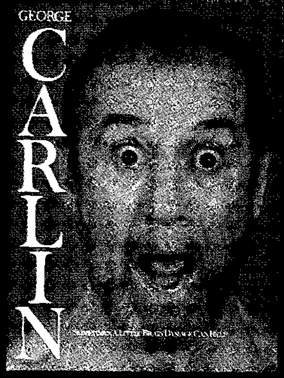
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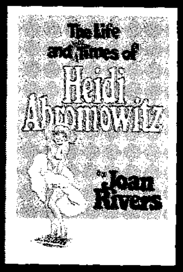
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The Life and Times of
Heidi Abromowitz
by Joan Rivers

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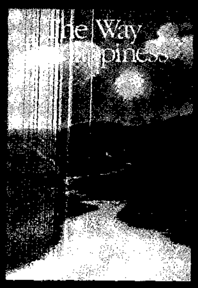
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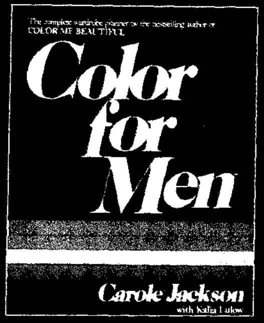
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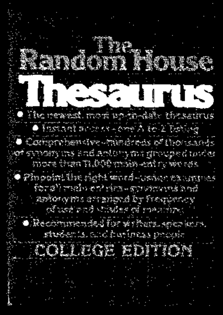
Carole Jackson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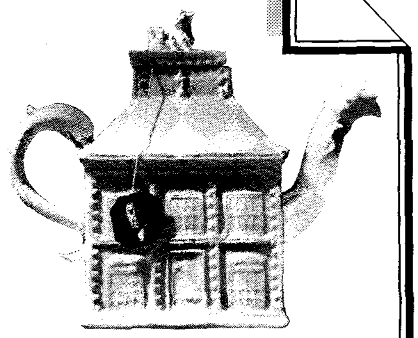
stop him. The sons have been educated to rise above their class, and there is some discomfort about that. The action takes place in the family living room, and in the first act Steven is almost mute with depression, Andrew is aglow with malice and mischief and resentment, and Colin is cool and aloof. Although the amenities are preserved, we can see trouble ahead. In the second act, all the trouble rises to the surface, as incidents from the past boil over into present rage and misery. Andrew, the angriest and most deliberately abrasive (and funniest), has never forgiven his detested mother for many wrongs. A secret sexual episode of the mother's, many years before, and the loss of their bearings in the middle class have devastated Andrew and Steven. Despite all this bleakness, a lot of the dialogue is bright and amusing.

"In Celebration," which was written in 1969, was Mr. Storey's second play, and although there is no question here of his talent, the play is weak, and even the splendid cast cannot strengthen it. Malcolm McDowell is bitter, witty Andrew; Frank Grimes is Steven; John C. Vennema is Colin; Pauline Flanagan is the mother; Robert Symonds is the father; and Margaret Hilton is a nosy neighbor. The impeccable setting is by John Lee Beatty, the impeccable lighting by Dennis Parichy.

"THE FOREIGNER," by (and with) Larry Shue, at Astor Place, is a silly, funny farce, for Shue has a truly humorous and jokey mind and the knack of turning a phrase. A British Army officer, a demolitions expert, comes to an inn in Georgia on some assignment or other, bringing with him a friend called Charlie, whom he must leave there from time to time. Charlie, a shy man, is overcome by panic at the thought of having to make conversation with strangers, so, to protect him, the officer tells the proprietress of the inn that Charlie is a foreigner unable to understand English, much less speak it. That is the premise (and basic joke) of the play, and what you do is place it on the tip of your tongue and gulp it down. Just when Charlie, alone, has decided to confess to the hoax, a sinister, two-faced minister enters, and down the stairs rushes his pretty fiancée to announce that she is pregnant. Loud, intimate conversation follows, and suddenly she notices Charlie, head in hands, and raises hell. Proprietress re-



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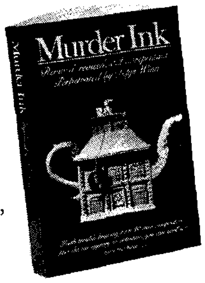

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assures her that Charlie can understand nothing. In the course of the action, Charlie overhears quite a lot—there is villainy and skulduggery afoot, but the villains take no notice of him whatever. Since surprise is the *essence of farce, you'll get no more* from me, except that at the end the villains are thwarted, the Ku Klux Klan is turned back, and everybody good lives happily ever after.

I have no critical comment to make, unless expressing enjoyment can be considered criticism. I laughed start to finish at one comic surprise after another. Anthony Heald, that fine young actor, appeared to be having the time of his life as Charlie, and so did the late, adorable Sudie Bond as the credulous, rapt proprietress, Kevin Geer as a dim-witted handyman, Robert Schenkkan as the shifty clergyman, Patricia Kalamber as the fiancée, and Mr. Shue as the British Army officer. Jerry Zaks was the quick-witted director.

—Edith Oliver

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It was as if Rembrandt stood back for a moment to admire his work on the Mona Lisa, then accidentally spilled paint on her face.—*Fran Blinebury in the Houston Chronicle.*

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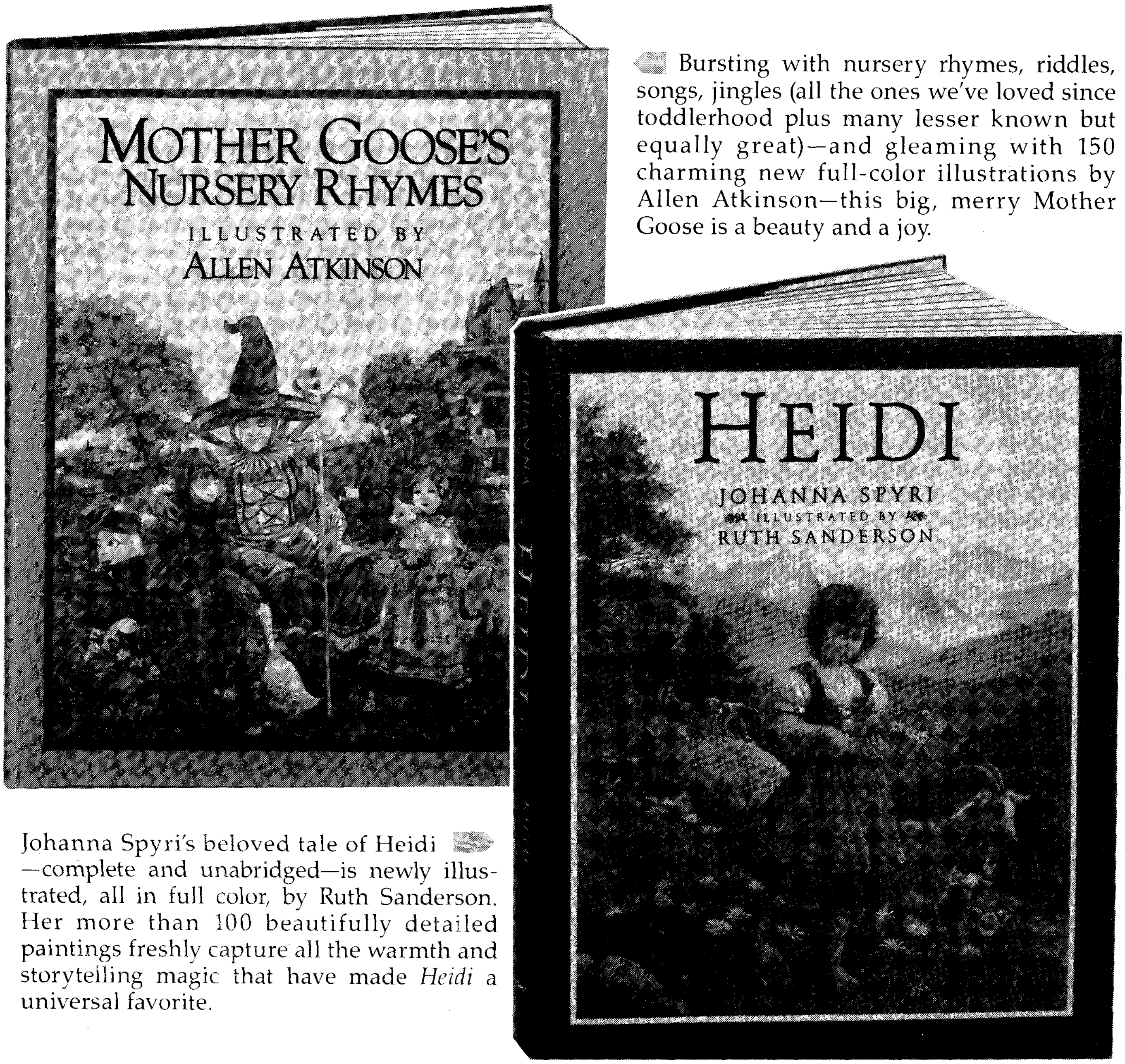
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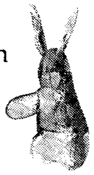

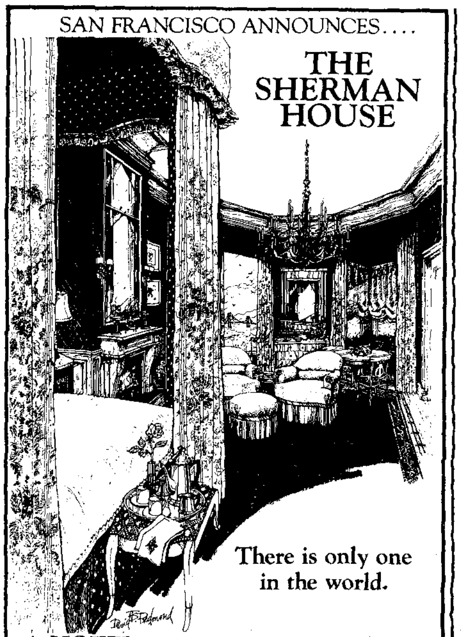

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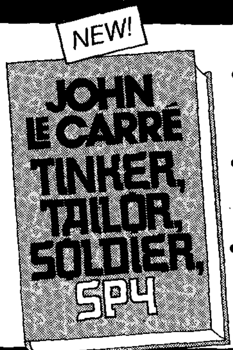

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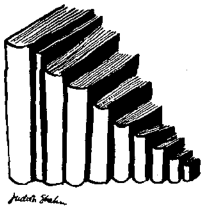

Victory Over Japan: A Book of Stories, by Ellen Gilchrist (Little, Brown; $15.95). "Sherry looked up the long curving marble stairway made of pink Georgia marble to the landing where John had stood the last time she ever saw him." This excerpt from a novel-in-progress by one of Ellen Gilchrist's less talented characters may send a shiver of gratitude through the reader, who may have been taking for granted the cliché-free writing of the previous seventy-eight pages. The collection of fourteen stories is divided into four parts, three of which feature three headstrong heroines: a Kentucky teenager who has not acquired her passion for Dorothy Parker and Lucky Strikes from her parents; a cousin of hers, a divorced heiress whose son inherits both his parents' instinct for recklessness and exercises it at her second wedding; and a reformed robber from New Orleans foolish enough to follow her old flame to California and practical enough to buy a toy gun when push comes to shove. The remaining stories involve diet pills, lithium, a real gun, and a plantation hat that annoys Sherry's author, and that may look like the one Ellen Gilchrist is sporting in a photograph on the dust jacket.

Parachutes & Kisses, by Erica Jong (New American Library; $16.95). The further adventures of Isadora Wing, that "bad girl of American letters" who is also a Jewish babyboomer, raised on the upper West Side in the nineteen-fifties; an ex-wife twice over, and recently separated from one of the sixties' flower children; and the head of a post-seventies single-parent household in a hideaway high in Wasp country, where she has entertained a parade of lovers and housed a parade of nannies and cooks. Flashbacks illuminate both parades, if not Isadora's newfound love of flying, which gets her to a witches' convention in California, where she finds that neopaganism has gone commercial, and to Russia, where she recites some poems about her Russian grandfather and negotiates a sort of intrapersonal détente between her ambitions and her memories. That Erica Jong's fourth picaresque novel (the third one she has set in the "post-Portnoy" world) seems somewhat dated, with all its tongue-in-cheek intimacies, may be a measure of her impact upon her fellow-writers' ambitions, and upon her readers' memories.

Say Goodbye to Sam, by Michael J. Arlen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). " 'I'm nothing like him,' I said. '*Nothing?*' she said." "King Lear" may spring to mind as one reads this exchange, and, later on, so may "Oedipus Rex." The setting is the arid ranch—kingdom—of a ferocious old movie director, who taunts his quiet son (the narrator) and courts the son's young wife while testing the patience of various other guests and of his employees and his neighbors. Playing court jester at his own table, the old man relates an anecdote about Buster Keaton that is meant as a warning and a boast: Don't bother us great men with your little questions. By the end, though, the narrator has come far closer to manifesting Keaton's sort of power, both in his watchful person and in his uncluttered prose.

GENERAL

The Economic Illusion: False Choices Between Prosperity and Social Justice, by Robert Kuttner (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). Current economic theory and policies in this country, Mr. Kuttner argues, are mistaken in assuming that economic growth demands less social spending and that the cost of social justice is a drag on the economy. He helps us recognize that what American economists describe as immutable laws are in fact local decisions—American politics. He demonstrates, for example, that free-world countries with some of the highest rates of taxation since the Second World War have also had the highest rates of economic growth in that period, while Great Britain and the United States, which have grown slowly, have taxed at a relatively low rate and in an extremely regres-

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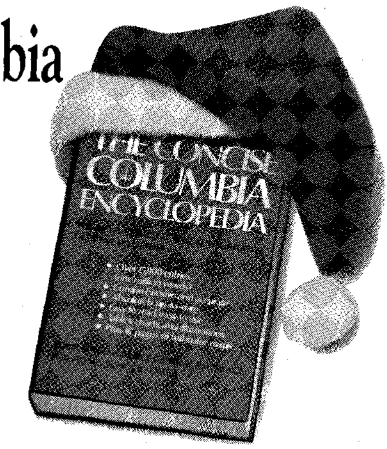

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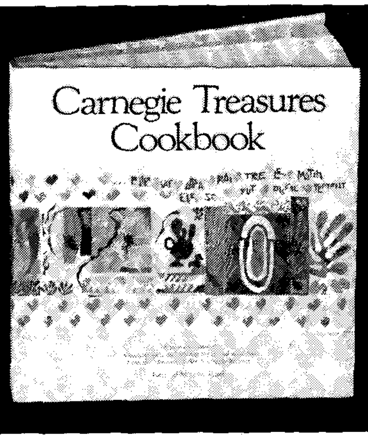

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sive fashion. The countries whose economies have grown have had precisely what Reagan, Thatcher, and the supply-siders oppose: strong labor movements, heavy social spending, and formal national economic planning. The last, Mr. Kuttner is convinced, will be forced on the United States by the need to compete internationally. He is masterly in discussing the ways other nations have solved problems that puzzle us. (The Swedes, for instance, have funded their social-security system on the model of a private pension plan, and invest contributions.) He thinks it economically possible for Americans to be at once rich and good, prosperous and just. How to get there? He suggests a more powerful and inclusive labor movement, and hopes for a national leader who could inspire the population toward greater equity. Greater equity is desirable not only on moral grounds, he finds, but because our current inequitable patterns, which favor wealth, do not stimulate investment.

HAS MODERNISM FAILED?, by Suzi Gablik (Thames & Hudson; $14.95). A thoughtful and sometimes scathing analysis of late-twentieth-century art. In a series of eight related essays, the author discusses such things as the phenomenal growth of a "market-intensive, professionally manipulated art world" (which in New York City, its virtual center, does a two-billion-dollar-a-year business) and its disastrous effect on the lives and the creative powers of the artists who supply the product. "A market atmosphere," Miss Gablik says, "with its constant demands for something new, is highly unfavorable to the creation of authentic and permanent values." She also expounds, in almost homiletic tones, on the insistence by certain influential artists and critics that art must have no social function, must be an end in itself, must have no meaning.

THE EXPERTS SPEAK: THE DEFINITIVE COMPENDIUM OF AUTHORITATIVE MISINFORMATION, selected and edited by Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky (Pantheon; $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). The editors have gathered here more than a thousand statements by several hundred politicians, scientists, industrialists, journalists, artists, and military men that were (or were sooner or later seen to be) in error. The selection is, of course, amusing (as error always is in others), but it also often seems a little smug, and the nature of the misinformation varies greatly. There is certainly a difference in the ignorance manifested by the Greek philosopher Theophrastus—"The sound of a flute will cure epilepsy, and a sciatic gout"—and that manifested by Ronald Reagan: "Alaska . . . has a greater oil reserve than Saudi Arabia." Or between Henry Kissinger—"I have no question that the President [Nixon] will insist on the full disclosure of the facts"—and David Sarnoff: "It is probable that television drama of high caliber and produced by first-rate artists will materially raise the level of dramatic taste of the nation." Or between General MacArthur—"Japan will never join the Axis"—and Virginia Woolf on Joyce's "Ulysses": "I . . . think it is a mis-fire. . . . The book is diffuse. It is brackish. It is pretentious. It is underbred, not only in the obvious sense, but in the literary sense. A first-rate writer, I mean, respects writing too much to be tricky." And there are just as many differences between the usual dogmatisms about the impracticality of the automobile or electricity or the airplane or the movies or modern warfare and the usual artistic dismissals—Zola of Cézanne, the New York *Times* of Degas, Manet of Renoir, Ben Jonson of Shakespeare. And between the Psalmist—"The meek shall inherit the earth"—and the *Daily News* appraisal of the rookie Willie Mays: "Just so-so in center field." Many illustrations, many of them powerfully illustrative.

NOTE: "The Medical Detectives, Volume II," a new collection of Berton Roueché's Annals of Medicine, has been published by Dutton ($22.50). All the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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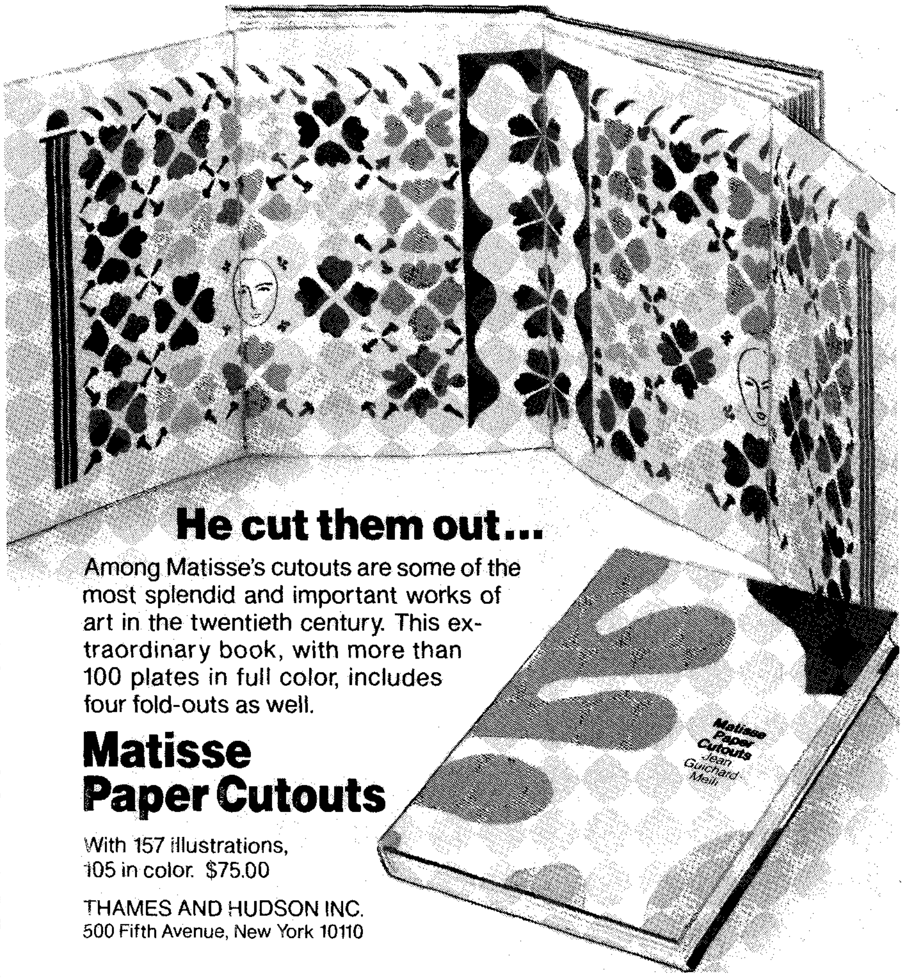
[*From Tax Practitioners Newsletter, published by the I.R.S.*]

FORM 945

There may be some confusion due to a reference on the new Form 8109, Federal Tax Deposit Coupon Book, to Form 945. Instructions for backup withholding direct taxpayers who treat backup withholding as a separate tax to mark the "Form 945" box on their deposit coupon. These instructions are correct. However, Form 945 does not exist and no such form is needed to deposit or report backup withholding.



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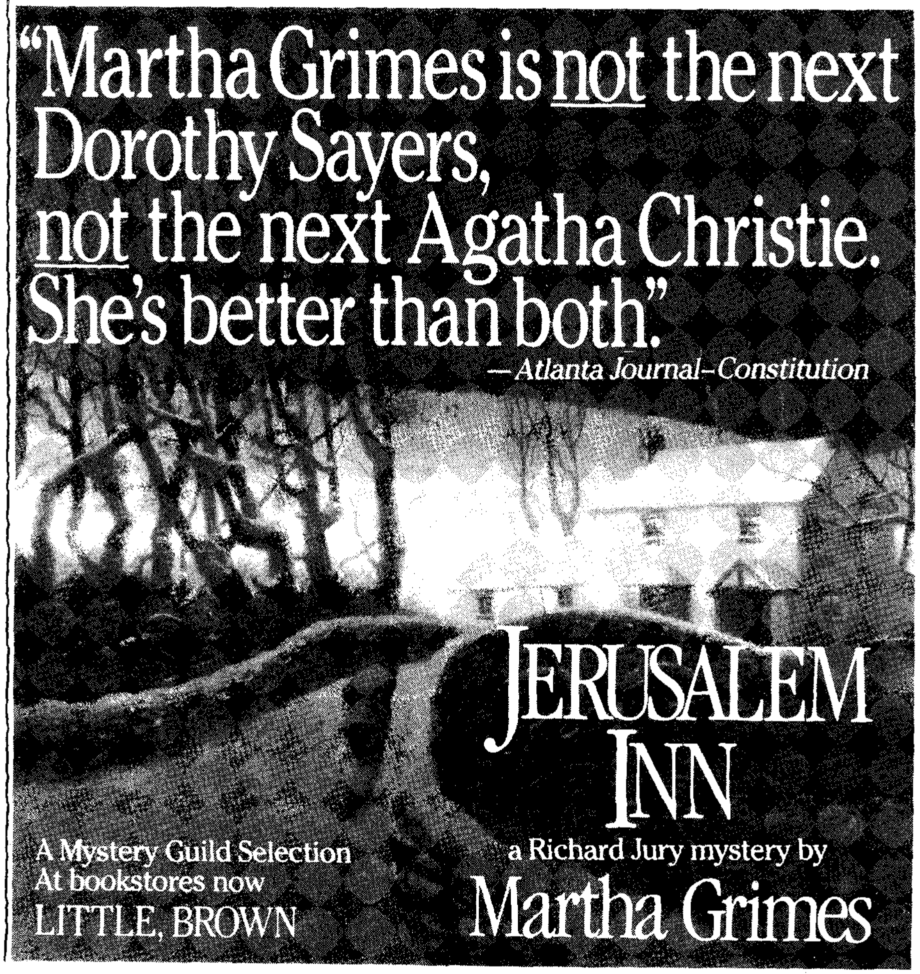

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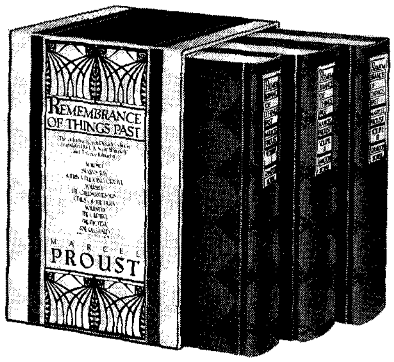

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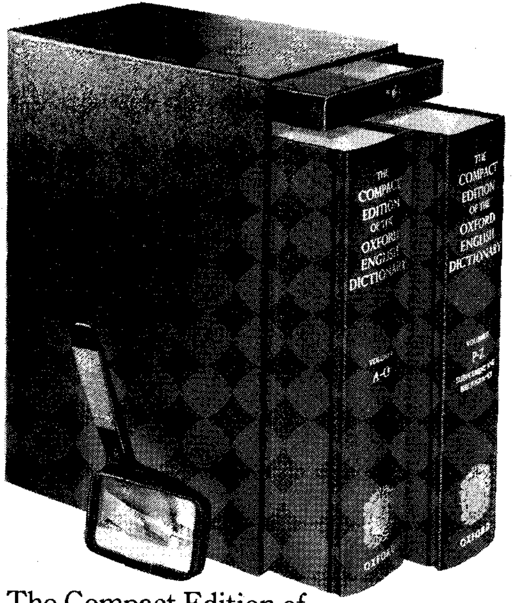

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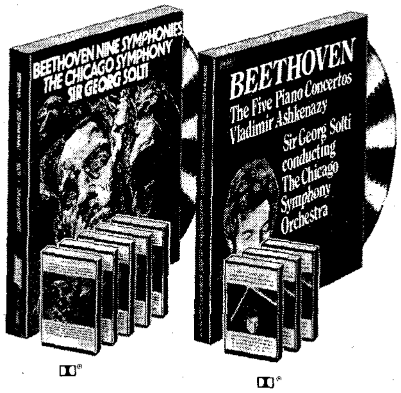

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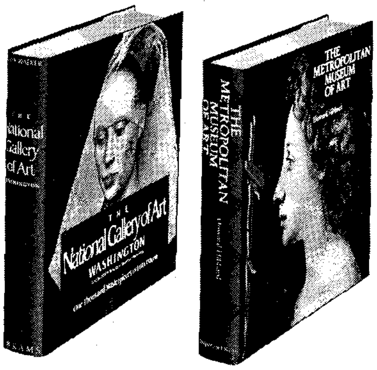

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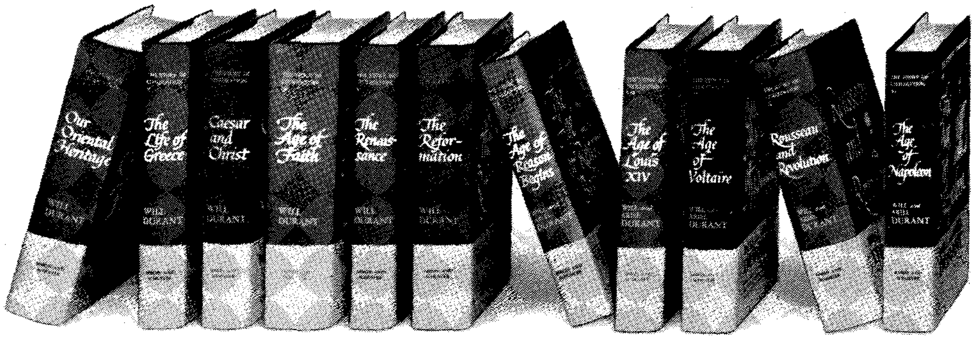

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